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THE NEW YORKER

John O'Brien

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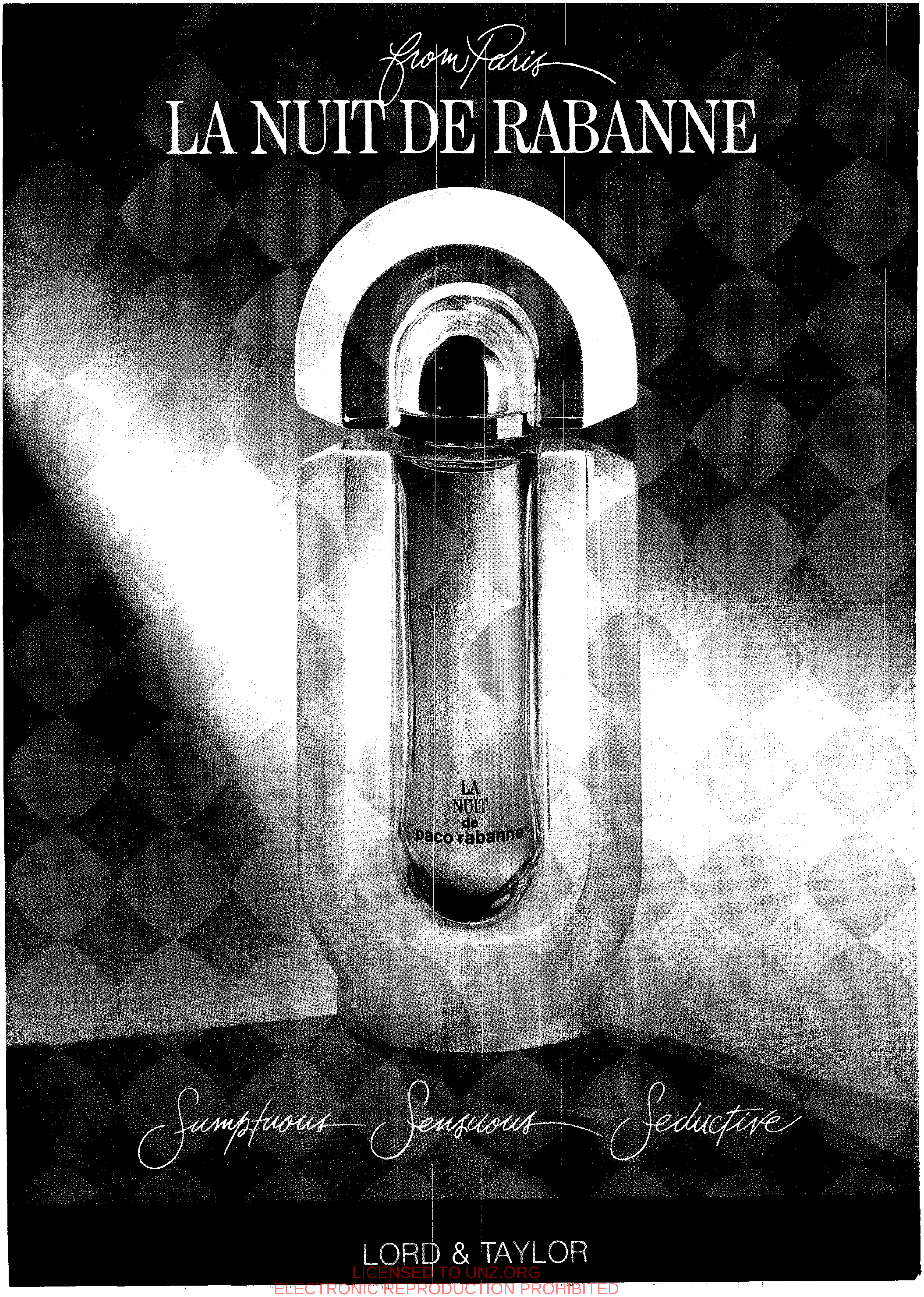
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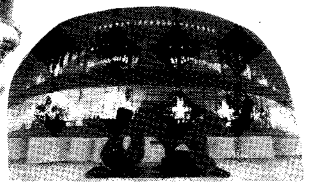

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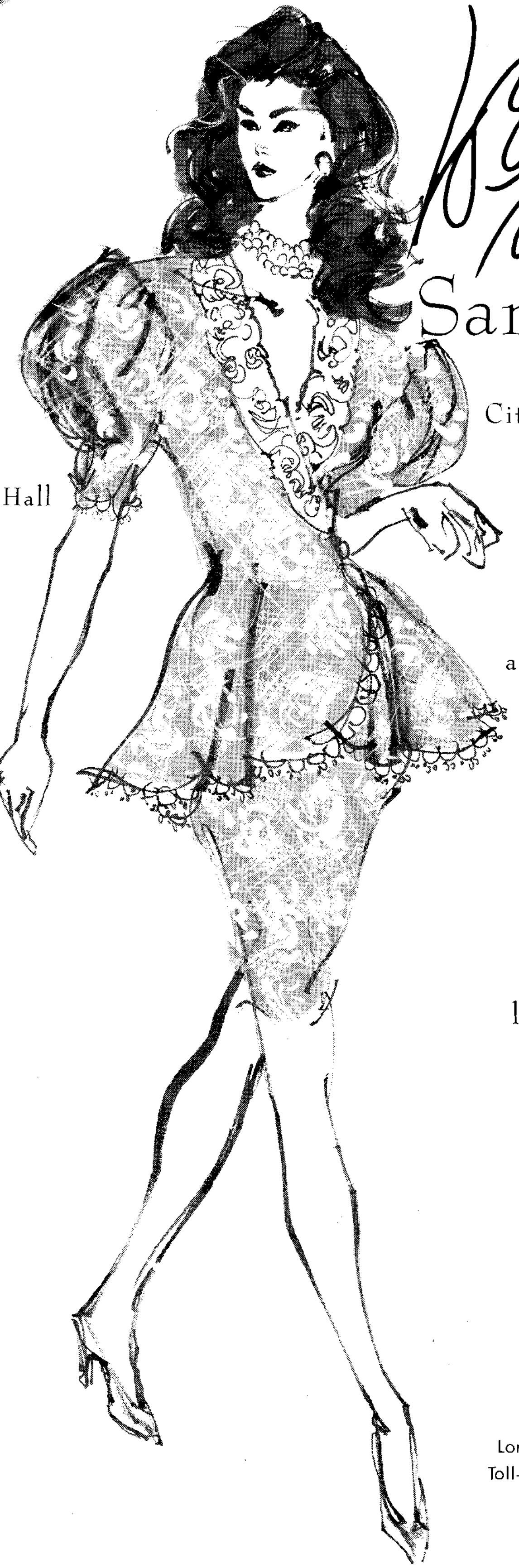

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Boys Next Door—The "boys" are three retarded men and a schizophrenic who, under professional supervision, share an apartment. Tom Griffin's good play, though inevitably touching, is also often very funny, and never sentimental. It is acted to near-perfection by a first-rate company, which includes Christine Estabrook, Josh Mostel, and William Jay. (2/22/88) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi is accomplished and fascinating as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Even the fine performances of Erland Josephson as wistful, hapless Gaev and Željko Ivanek as scruffy, passionate Trofimov cannot shed light on Peter Brook's opaque production of Chekhov's masterpiece. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Circle Repertory Company—**Borderlines**, a double bill of short plays by John Bishop, is the fourth of this season's productions. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting **A White Rose of Memphis**, by David J. Hill. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7, and will run through Sunday, May 1. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays and Tuesday, April 5, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For reservations, call 758-9435.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gospel at Colonus—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus," with a book by Mr. Breuer (taken from Robert Fitzgerald's translation), lyrics by Mr. Breuer, and music by Mr. Telson. We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—

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sometimes both. The superb cast is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's powerful and stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by Joe Turner, a white plantation owner from Tennessee, and has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover; Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mr. Universe—A play by Jim Grimsley. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Music Man—The New York City Opera's lacklustre revival of Meredith Willson's love song to small-town America. With Bob Gunton as a disappointingly colorless Professor Harold Hill. (3/21/88) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

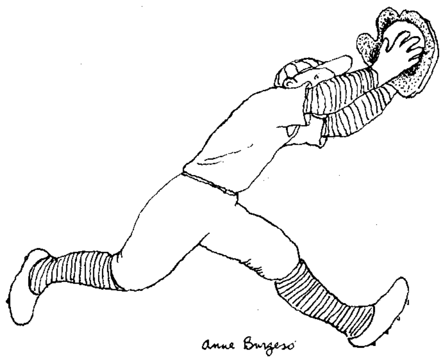
The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oba Oba—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rashomon—A revival of the 1959 play by Fay and Michael Kanin based on stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. The cast includes James Saito, Kiya Ann Joyce, and Norris M. Shimabuku. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 24.)



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Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Señora Carrar's Rifles—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's 1937 play, with Miriam Colón in the title role. Directed by Alejandro Quintana. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday evening, April 11.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Blythe Danner, as Blanche Du Bois, is not at her best in this Tennessee Williams revival. The production, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos, features Aidan Quinn as a preppie and petulant Stanley Kowalski. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($60 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 6, and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give performances as distinguished as the roles themselves. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wenceslas Square—This play by the late Larry Shue, about an American professor and one of his students in Prague in 1974, is insubstantial but, under the imaginative direction of Jerry Zaks, always fascinating, whether funny or sad. Four fine actors appear as the many characters, Czech and American. (3/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of **LOST IN THE STARS,** the Maxwell Anderson–Kurt Weill musical based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country." (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday evening, April 4.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,632 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by Larry Shue is a source of laughter from beginning to end. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 27j-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at Y, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PSYCHO BEACH PARTY:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-eighteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300. Through Sunday, May 1.)

BITTERSUITE—A pleasant revue of songs about middle age by Elliot Weiss (music) and Michael Champagne (lyrics). (Palsson's Supper Club, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's **YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Wednesday, April 4-6, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 9, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 831-1383, Monday through Friday between 1 and 3 and between 6 and 8.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, April 10: **THE DESERT SONG,** by Sigmund Romberg. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 13: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LILIANE MONTEVECCHI ON THE BOULEVARD—A one-woman show. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

DANCE

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 1—Tuesday evening, April 5: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 6: "Cloven Kingdom," "Rhapsody on a Theme" (première), "House of Cards," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 7: "Kith and Kin," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 8: "Esplanade," "Runes," and "Brandenburgs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 9: "Arden Court," "Last Look," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 10: "Kith and Kin," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 10: "Cloven Kingdom," "Rhapsody on a Theme," "House of Cards," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 12: "Roses," "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," and "Counterswarm" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 13: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," "Homeward" (première), and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays at 7; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 3.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Friday, April 8, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 3: "Forces of Rhythm," "Concerto Barocco," "Saffron Knot," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Troy Game," "Concerto in F," and "Banda." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent

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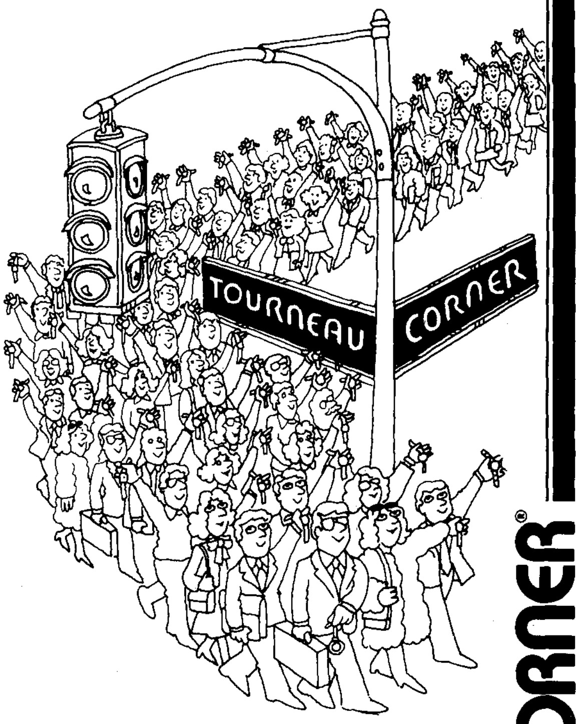

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Joan Miller's Dance Players—With guest artists Dyane Harvey and Martial Roumain, in a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Friday, April 8, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

Joel Hall Dancers—Programs of contemporary dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, April 5, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, April 6-8, at 8; Saturday, April 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Steve Ross,** a singer-pianist whose interests run from Eddie Cantor to Kander & Ebb, performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **Jim Morris,** a takeoff artist best known for his ability to mimic the thought processes and speech patterns of Ronald Reagan, is here at nine Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9, making fun of all the boys running for Reagan's seat. **Jonathan Schwartz,** who can be heard morning and afternoon on WNEW-AM discoursing on Sinatra and the Boston Celtics and other elevated subjects, sings here at nine starting Tuesday, April 12. The song-and-comedy team of **Daugherty & Field** gets started at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. The Metropolitan Bopera House, a hard-bop Gotham quintet led by drummer Danny D'Imperio, performs on Monday, April 4; Brazilian singer-pianist **Tania Maria** will be here Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10; and starting Tuesday, April 12, the singing **Hendricks** clan, led by father **Jon,** trades sets with singer **Marlena Shaw** and her trio. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **John Hammond,** the son of the late talent scout and record producer, who has devoted most of his life to singing the blues. He performs Monday and Tuesday, April 4-5, along with **David Lindley** & El Rayo-X. On Wednesday, April 6, there's a kind of variety show (no animal acts; some intellectual content) run by a performance artist named Mike. Mike's guests include Quentin Crisp, Chucklehead, and Brian O'Connor. The following five nights, April 7-11, have been turned over to people who used to perform at Reno Sweeney, a West Village cabaret that flourished in the seventies. Proceeds from the shows will benefit AIDS-support programs in New York. The performers include **Barbara Cook** (April 7); Jane Olivor (April 8); **Sally Kellerman, Phoebe Snow,** and **Jimmy Webb** (April 9); **Karen Akers** and **Geraldine Fitzgerald** (April 10); and **Peter Allen** (April 11). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **James Williams,** a pianist in his mid-thirties who came to the fore with Art Blakey, works with bassist **Ray Drummond** through Saturday, April 9; **Tommy Flanagan,** one of the wonders of bop piano, comes in with bassist **George Mraz** on Monday, April 11. Sundays belong to the Aloisio Aguiar trio. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

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Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **Helen Merrill,** whose soft, whispery voice seems to suggest that each word she sings is a secret, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10; the Australian Jazz Orchestra takes over on Tuesday, April 12. **Hamiet Bluiett,** the baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, directs a big band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

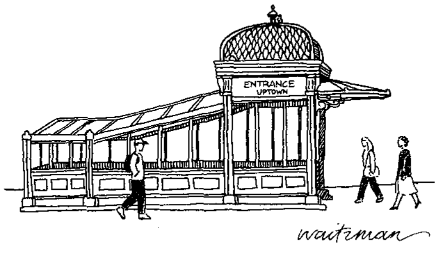
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. **Beverly Peer** (bass) and **Robbie Scott** (drums) are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **Ron Carter** leads an almost all-string octet (his usual two-bass quartet—he plays a piccolo version of the bass in this setup—plus four cellos) Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10; trumpeter **Randy Brecker** brings in a band on Tuesday, April 12. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **Les Paul.** Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **Mickey Tucker,** who handles the piano chores in the Farmer-Golson Jazztet, will be on duty Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9; guitarist **Ted Dunbar** joins him on Friday and Saturday. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **John Pizzarelli,** a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer whose inspirations include Nat Cole ("Hit That Jive, Jack" and "This Will Make You Laugh" are in his repertoire), is here on Thursdays with his trio. On Friday, April 8, clarinettist **Ken Peplowski** heads up a quartet that includes guitarist **Frank Vignola,** a fleet young Django Reinhardt admirer. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The singers: Monday, April 4, **Bob Stewart;** Tuesday, April 5, **Barbara Lea;** Wednesday, April 6, Nancy Baxter; Thursday, April 7, and Saturday, April 9, Yvonne Constant; Friday, April 8, Steven Davis; and starting Tuesday, April 12, Lauree Berger (with pianist and harpist **Corky Hale**). Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **Bill Mays** works out on it, with bassist **John Goldsby** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9. On Sundays and Mondays, a young New Orleans pianist named **Harry Connick, Jr.,** plays Monk ("Blue Monk") or Rodgers and Hart ("Blue Moon") or the Beatles, and, occasionally, in a light, homemade voice, sings something like "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Monday, April 4, a septet led by Lounge Lizards **Curtis Fowlkes** (trombone) and **Roy Nathanson** (saxophones); Tuesday, April 5, the Booker T. Williams trio; Wednesday, April 6, drummer **Errol Parker's** septet; Thursday, April 7, Nora York and Sez Who; Friday, April 8, **Hugo Largo** and Black Girls; and Saturday, April 9, saxophonist **Steve Coleman's** band. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The schedule: Tuesday, April 5, British blues-rockers **Long John Baldry** and **Mick Taylor;** Wednesday, April 6, downtown rock drummer **Anton Fier** and South African singer-guitarist (and onetime Beach Boy) **Blondie Chaplin;** Friday, April 8, **Robert Gordon;** Saturday, April 9, Western Swing revivalists **Asleep at the Wheel;** and Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, Chicago bluesmen **Buddy Guy** and **Junior Wells.** Music after nine. Dining.

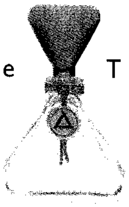
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **Ruth Brown** on the bandstand. Ms. Brown, an R. & B. star in the fifties and the bewigged R. & B. d.j. in "Hairspray," John Waters' new movie, sings at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9. Dining. Closed Sundays.

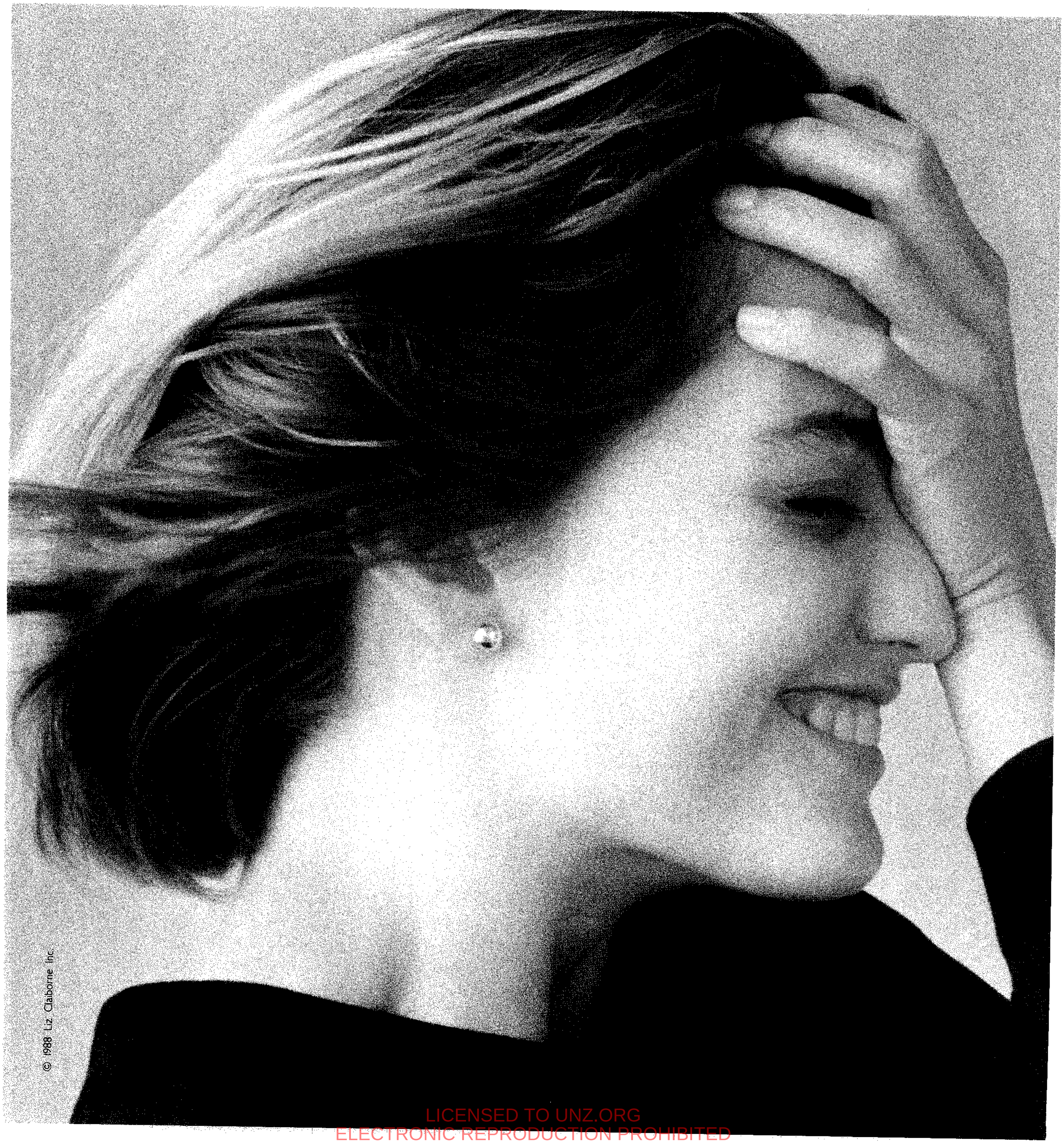
Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **Screaming Blue Messiahs,** a British trio whose leader has a fashionably naked skull and a head full of not-Top Forty songs about the Flintstones and violent Yanks, hold forth on Friday, April 8; Pop Will Eat Itself, a group of British lads hooked on rap and low comedy, will be here on Saturday, April 9. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday, April 5, Brazilian guitarist-singer **Thiago de Mello;** Wednesday, April 6, Puerto Rican *cuatro* player **Yomo Toro;** Friday, April 8, Carl and Carol Jacobs; Saturday, April 9, Dominican saxophonist **Mario Rivera** and his **Salsa Refugees;** and Tuesday through Thursday, All you have to be is you.

Liz Claiborne The Fragrance





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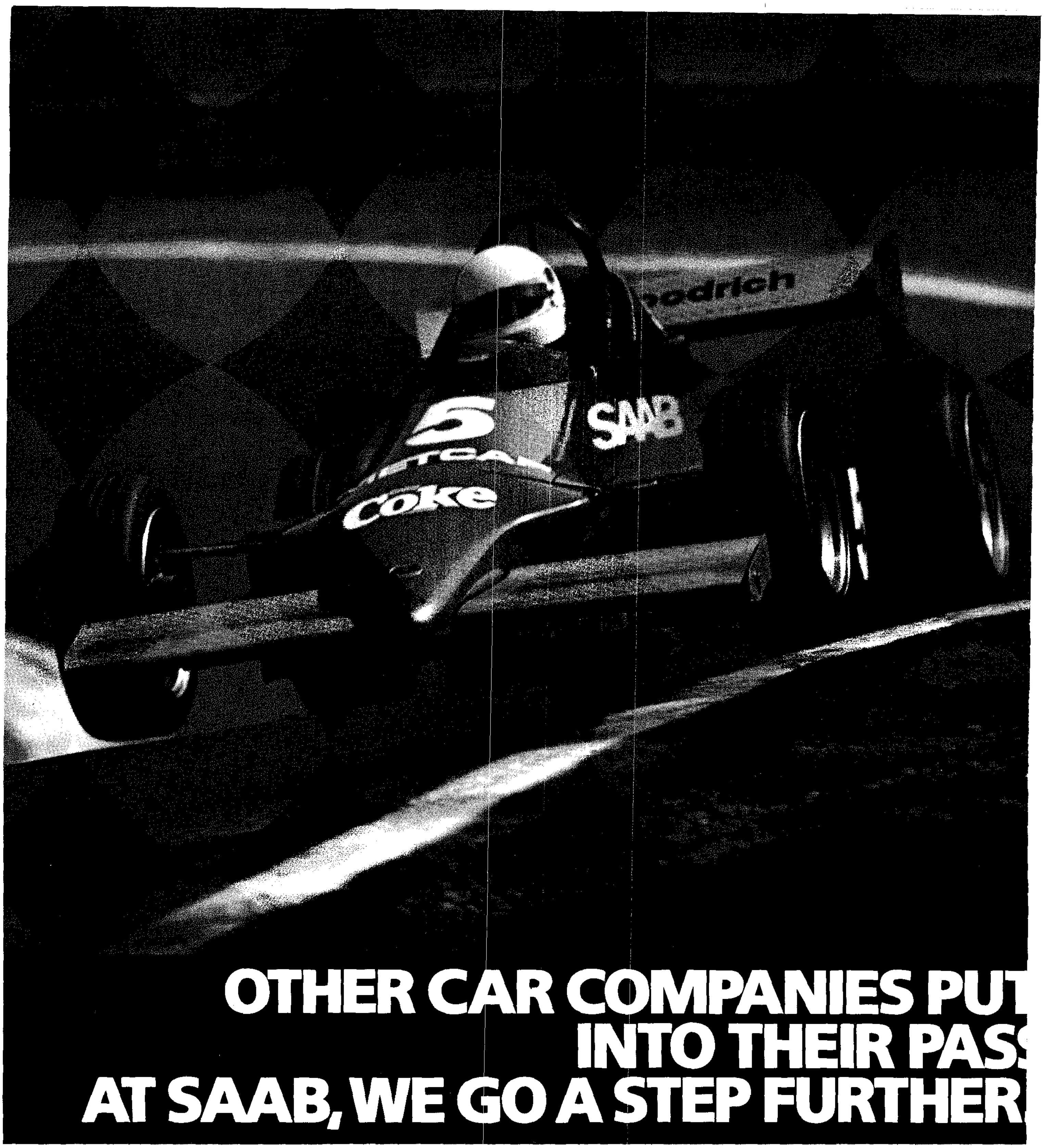

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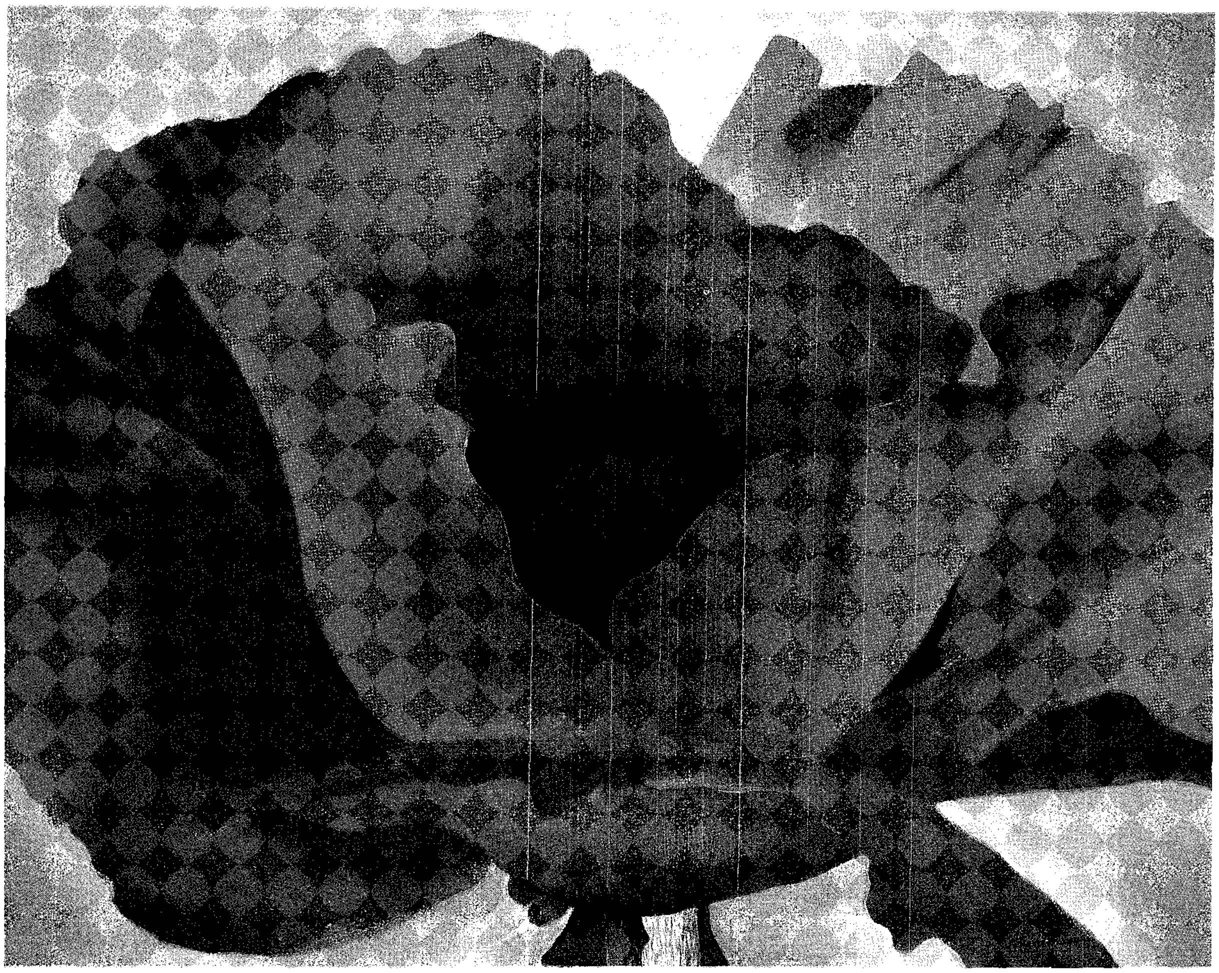
"Still–in a way–nobody sees a flower–really–
it is so small–we haven't time–
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."
—Georgia O'Keeffe



Red Poppy, 1927 *Oil on canvas 7" × 9", Private collection, Geneva* *Photography by Malcolm Varon*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 12-14, the **BHUNDU BOYS,** a Zimbabwean pop band. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **FRANK CHRISTIAN,** a blues-minded folkie, has the floor on Friday and Saturday, April 8-9. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **JAMES MOODY,** a saxophonist, a flutist, and a humorist who spent many years on the road with bebop's leading cutup, Dizzy Gillespie, directs his band Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10; **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the South African-born pianist once known as Dollar Brand, comes in with his septet on Tuesday, April 12. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Mondays, April 4 and 11, the **SURREAL MC COYS;** Tuesday, April 5, Aldo (Powderhorn) Jones, who is the bassist in the Ben Vaughn Combo and will be here with a guitar and two backup singers; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, the **EDDIE KIRKLAND** Blues Band; and Tuesday, April 12, **ANDY IRVINE,** the mandolinist and singer of the traditional-Irish-music quartet Patrick Street. Shows from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hep-cat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On April 4, saxophonist **JOHN PURCELL** takes a solo or two with bands led by Tommy Olivencia and Gilberto Santarosa. Activity from nine-thirty. The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—the decade-old all-reed ensemble that sounds at various moments like a finicky modern chamber group, a barrelhouse R. & B. band, and a reed section escaped from a swing orchestra—will be around Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9, along with trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE** and his **BRASS FANTASY.** Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** is on duty from ten Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10. Fridays through Sundays, from about six until ten, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** a hard-bopping tenor man, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, April 5-10; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** moves in with his foursome on Tuesday, April 12. Mondays belong to **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. A combo run by tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES** will be on hand Thursday through Sunday, April 7-10; cornettist **ED POLCER** and some Dixieland fanciers perform on Tuesday, April 12. Music from about nine. Dining.

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ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** work together every night but Sunday, when the long-running duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** (guitar) and **MICHAEL MOORE** (bass) have the floor. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

FRANK SINATRA AND SAMMY DAVIS, JR.—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday through Saturday, April 6-9, at 8.

JOHN KELLY—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, April 6-9, at 8; Sunday, April 10, at 3; and Wednesday, April 13, at 8. Through Sunday, April 17.

NED ROTHENBERG—With Gerry Hemingway and Mark Dresser. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. Thursday, April 7, at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

ROLAND HANNA TRIO—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 8, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JOHN ZORN—With Fred Frith and Bill Frisell. (Roulette. Friday, April 8, at 9 and 11.)

YVONNE MEIER—With Ishmael Houston-Jones. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Friday through Sunday, April 8-10, at 9.)

THE SKATALITES AND THE ANCIENT VIBRATIONS—Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, April 9, at 8.

JOHN JESURUN—Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Saturday and Sunday, April 9-10, at 8 and 10.

CARL STONE—Dance Theatre Workshop. Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, at 8.

THE NEW MUSEUM—Thursday, April 7: Ishmael Houston-Jones, Robbie McCauley, Doug Skinner, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8: Kimati Dinizulu, Bill Callihan, Mary Shultz, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9: Jeffrey Essmann, Maxine Lapiduss, and others. (583 Broadway. 219-1222. Evenings at 9.)

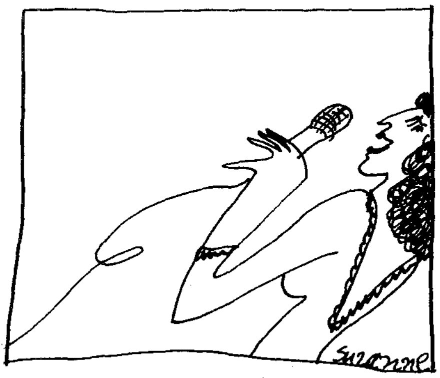
BENEFIT CONCERT—A salute to Lionel Hampton (who will also perform), with Branford Marsalis, Art Blakey, Harry Connick, Jr., and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOSEF ALBERS (1888-1976)—Nine paintings from his "Homage to the Square" series. Through April 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)



MARY FAULCONER—More than fifty small tempera paintings of, for example, Charlie Chaplin's sitting room and Katharine Hepburn's town house. Through April 16. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

ANTHONY GREEN AND MARY COZENS-WALKER—Autobiographical paintings and drawings by Mr. Green, including portraits of himself and Ms. Cozens-Walker (they are husband and wife), who is exhibiting sculptures in mixed mediums. Through April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Imposing sculptural works in modified concrete and wood. Through April 22. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RICHARD HICKAM—Abstract paintings, many of them vaguely figurative. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

DIMITRY MERINOFF (1896-1971)—Five works in mixed mediums. Through April 29. (Uddoh, 233 E. 84th St. Open until 7.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—Etchings, aquatints, and lithographs dating from 1938 to 1978. Through April 30. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

REEVE SCHLEY / LUCY MITCHELL—Watercolors. / Collages, many combining stamps and leaves. Through April 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOAN SNYDER—Recent paintings, among them the twenty-four-foot-long "Morning Requiem (For the Children)," which includes velvet, papier-mâché, and wire. Through April 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—New paintings from this veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through April 23. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

BOB THOMPSON (1937-66)—Figurative paintings. Through Saturday, April 9. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

CHARLES WELLS—Angels carved in wood, and other sculptures. Through April 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS—WPA-sponsored paintings. Through April 28. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FOLK ART FAKES AND FORGERIES—This show, presented by the Museum of American Folk, zeroes in on counterfeit folk art by displaying it with the real thing. Boxes, paintings, rugs, weathervanes, and furniture. Through April 30. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: A selection of nineteenth-century American paintings, including works by Arthur B. Davies, Asher B. Durand, and Louis Eilshemius. Through April 30. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **BERNARD,** 33 E. 74th St.: Fifty-one paintings and drawings that shed new light on the phrase "starving artist." The show is titled "The Artist's Palate," and Francis Bacon's "Side of Beef" and David Hockney's "Strawberry Cake" are on the menu. Through Saturday, April 9. . . . **SPANISH INSTITUTE,** 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty-three miniature portraits on copper and vellum by Spanish artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through April 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Thirteen paintings to which the artist has affixed a great number of paintbrushes. Through Saturday, April 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD BALLARD—Pastoral paintings inspired by the artist's summer visits to central France. Through April 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New landscape drawings. Starts Wednesday, April 6. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

MATTIE BERHANG—Suspended sculptures incorporating found objects. Through May 7. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Terra-cotta works: stelae with shallow carvings, and pigmented masks. Through April 16. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELIZABETH DE CUEVAS / ROBERTO CORTAZAR—Fourteen sculptures. / Paintings. Through April 16. (Kerr, 37 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DRAPELL—Acrylic gels in abstract pat-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

terns on large canvases. Through April 23. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Sculptures in the "Hourlope" series, and paintings. Through April 30. (James Goodman, now at 41 E. 57th St.)

Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures, many of which incorporate limestone the artist recycled from demolished New York buildings. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chuck Forsman—New realist paintings on Masonite, set in sculptured frames. Through April 23. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Folding screens made of cast bronze and color intaglios. Through April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—New paintings of Long Island landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lifes. Through April 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leon Goldin—Abstract paintings, not as strictly geometric as some of his past work. Through April 14. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Greene / Robert Mapplethorpe—*Landscape paintings. / Dye-transfer prints of still-lifes and figures.* Through April 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michel Haas—Drawings characterized by figures shaded against a blizzard of short marks. Through Saturday, April 9. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Valerie Jaudon—Large-scale geometric paintings. Through April 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Jensen—Recent paintings. Through May 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Landscapes and cityscapes painted with the darker colors of his palette. Through April 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. A survey of the artist's prints is at the Brooklyn Museum until Monday, April 11.)

Herbert Katzman—Paintings and drawings. Through May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jim Lawrence / Sam Messer—Loosely painted figurative sculptures that aim for the grotesque. / Abstract drawings and prints. Through April 27. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Paintings from the thirties by this early modernist. Through April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Landscapes and still-lifes from the twenties and thirties. Through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings of spring, summer, winter, and fall. Through April 16. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Donald Shambroom—Paintings that comment on technology and the abuse of the earth's resources and that recall the stylistic virtuosity of Bosch, Brueghel, and C. D. Friedrich. Through April 23. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

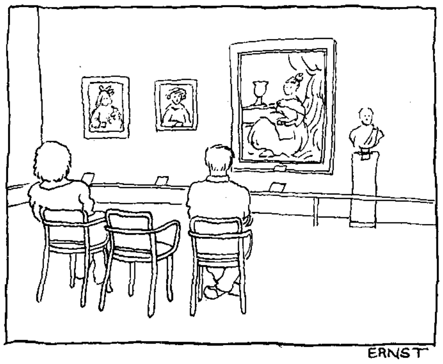
Kimber Smith (1922-81)—Abstract paintings. Through May 7. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Recent drawings. Through April 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Exhibitions of the artist's work are also at the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum.)

John Van Alstine—Sculptures. Through April 30. (Haime, now at 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Albert York—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings from the past twenty-five years. Through Saturday, April 9. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **deutsch,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of American towns and cities by American artists working in the first half of this century, among them Ralston Crawford, Alice Neel, and Charles Burchfield. Through April 27. . . . **galerie lelong,** 20 W. 57th St.: Sculptures, drawings, and photographs by Gordon Matta-Clark (1945-78) and a number of artists in his circle. Through April 16. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Studies and paintings for WPA-sponsored murals. Artists include Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Ben Shahn. Through Saturday, April 9. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Artists who camouflage their references—Nam June Paik superimposes Chinese calligraphy over video images; Richard Phillips reduces furniture to two-dimensional leather-and-metal constructions. Also, works by Kim MacConnel and Andy Warhol. Through April 23. (Open Mondays.)



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GALLERIES—SoHo

Hanno Ahrens—Wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through May 7. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

William Anastasi—The artist wore a blindfold or simply averted his eyes when he made these large-scale paintings and works on paper. Through April 16. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—A retrospective of wood constructions and paintings. Through April 16. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Gretchen Bender—Politically inspired assemblages that incorporate video, photographs, and computer graphics. Through April 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jonathan Borofsky—Paintings. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Saturday through Monday, April 9-11, at 8, Mr. Borofsky and Gary Glassman will be in the gallery for screenings of their film "Prisoners," about inmates in the California Institute for Women and elsewhere. Admission is free.)

Paul Bowen—Wood constructions. Through April 16. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Hans Breder—Geometric paintings, drawings, and sculptures, and a video. Through April 27. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Chryssa—Metal wall constructions, most of which incorporate neon lighting. Through April 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Brett De Palma—Assemblages. Through April 16. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Daria Dorosh—Paintings, including the "Roman Drawing Series" for which the artist has altered black-and-white photographs of Roman ruins and superimposed various patterns on them. Through April 23. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of genre scenes in Santo Domingo, where the artist lives about half the year. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gérard Garouste—Paintings inspired by Dante's "Divine Comedy." Through April 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Giovanopoulos / Evelyn Ellwood—Paintings, each one of which offers variations on a single subject; for instance, Mona Lisa appears as if painted by Botticelli, Lichtenstein, and Dali, among others. / Paintings. Through April 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Denise Green—Oil paintings and lithographs. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Barbara Grossman—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Susan Hall—Paintings. Through April 23. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Duncan Hannah—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jan Hashey—Abstract portraits and still-lifes in pastel and oil. Through April 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

John Hejduk—Colored-pencil drawings of an imaginary town. Through Saturday, April 9. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Clinton Hill—Constructions and assemblages made of overlapping parts of either handmade paper or painted wood. Through Thursday, April 7. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Holland—Wall reliefs and freestanding sculptures. Through April 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

David Ireland—An installation. Through April 16. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Christopher James—Watercolors and photographs that offer an irreverent perspective on the Vatican: one watercolor shows three nuns in brilliant-red habits. Through May 14. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Mark Kostabi—Paintings and figurative bronze sculptures. Through April 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

June Leaf—Recent paintings. Through April 16. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Niki Logis—A large painted-steel structure that viewers can sit in, stand on, or just lean against; smaller works are also included. Through April 23. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Gerald Marcus—Paintings and drawings. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Annette Oko / Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Photo-Realist paintings. / Color lithographs. Through April 30. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—The "Berlin Wall Series," consisting of hand-painted photographs and what looks like a fragment of the wall, is presented as though it were documentary evidence in a twenty-first-century exhibit. Through April 15. (Schulte, 565 Broadway.)

Wade Saunders—Sixty bronzes made to rock back and forth and hold water. Through April 23. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Miriam Schapiro—Figurative paintings. The central work shows three dancers dressed from top hat to tap shoes in multipatterned fabric collage. Through Tuesday, April 12. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Recent paintings. Through April 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvärd—Large-scale sculptures carved in cedar. Through April 30. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Stephen Whisler—Sculptures. Through April 16. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Robin Winters—Works on paper dating from 1973 to the present. Through Saturday, April 9. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Joan Witek—Abstract paintings characterized by a liberal use of white and irregular black markings. Through April 23. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Brian Wood—Recent drawings, photographs, and prints. Through April 30. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **bryers,** 111 Greene St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper which has something to say about the color white; included are works by Donald Lipski, Jasper Johns, and James Hyde. Through April 16. . . . **49th parallel,** 420 West Broadway: Somewhat didactic Canadian and American art that claims to "reactivate" the everyday object. Louise Lawler's Cibachrome prints and Bernie Miller's futuristic installation with found objects are included in this exhibition, part of which was originally mounted at the Power Plant, in Toronto. Through April 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Polly Apfelbaum—Minimalist wood sculptures and drawings. Through April 24. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Diao—New paintings. Through Sunday, April 10. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jene Highstein—Three six-to-seven-foot-tall elm-wood carvings, plus works on paper. Through April 30. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Susan Hiller—Two installations, one of which is audiovisual. Through April 17. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christy Rupp—Sculptures, including "Deadline," which features a life-size cardboard-and-steel dinosaur called a Deconstructadon. Through April 24. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Julie Wachtel—New paintings. Through April 24. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Works from the late fifties and early sixties by Louise Bourgeois, John Chamberlain, Mary Frank, and twenty-three others who in those days sponsored their own shows at co-op galleries. Through April 15. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Cecil Beaton (1904-80)—A two-gallery retrospective of works by the fashion and celebrity photographer. Through April 23. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9. . . . ¶ Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—A retrospective of works by the photojournalist who did *Life's* first cover. Through May 1. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brassaï (1899-1984)—Thirty-three photographs documenting Picasso and his environs from 1932 to 1944; the work is on loan from the Musée Picasso, in Paris. Through April 23. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

William Christenberry / Louis De Clerq (1836-1901)—New abstract photographs, plus sculptures and drawings. / Photographs of architectural monuments. Through April 23. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Ess—New photographs. Through April 23. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Lee Friedlander—A series of photographs depicting workers in high- and low-tech industries. Through May 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Lucas Samaras—Photographs. Through April 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Joyce Tenneson / Holly Wright—Pale, misty photographs with nudes as the subjects. / A series of photographs entitled "The Flesh." Through April 14. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

James Welling—Polaroid photographs. Through April 16. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Among the fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage are Rembrandt's "Sacrifice of Isaac," Hals' "Young Man Holding a Glove," and van Dyck's "Family Portrait." Through June 5. . . . ¶ A show of Fragonard paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of three reconstructed outdoor installations by Vito Acconci that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum, in Basel. Through June 5. . . . ¶ Large-scale prints of black lemons by Donald Sultan, who also has shows at the Brooklyn Museum and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevelson, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. A complementary show is at Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Charles Sheeler retrospective offering paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Starts Friday, April 8. Related shows are at the Museum of Modern Art and at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Prints by Alex Katz. Through Monday, April 11. A complementary show of paintings is at Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A survey of present-day Scandinavian crafts comprising the work of thirty-five artisans. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred decorative-art objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Starts Tuesday, April 5. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Swedish silver covering a three-hundred-and-fifty-year period. Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love" are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by Leonid Pasternak (1862-1945), the Russian Impressionist painter and the father of Boris Pasternak. Genre scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits (of, for instance, Lenin, Tolstoy, and Einstein). Through May 22. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This year's annual juried show has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists from all over the United States. Among the prize-winners are Robert LaHotan, Lennart Anderson, and Marianna Pineda. Starts Wednesday, April 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of paintings, oil studies, and drawings by Francis W. Edmonds, an early nineteenth-century American genre specialist. Starts Wednesday, April 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Bird prints in the library's collection, organized chronologically (1550-1900) and selected so as to show a range both of birds and of print techniques. Through May 7. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and other works of art by forty-two black artists who live or work in Harlem. Through April 16. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

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(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, April 4, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Diana Montague, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 5, at 8: "Werther," with Frederica von Stade, Betsy Norden, Alfredo Kraus, and Richard Stilwell; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Leo Nucci; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Lulu," with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Ronald Hamilton, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Werther," with Martine Dupuy, Dawn Upshaw, Alfredo Kraus, and Lenus Carlson; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 1:30: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Diana Montague, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Leo Nucci; Michelangelo Veltri. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 11, at 8: "Lulu," with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Ronald Hamilton, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Richard J. Clark; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Werther," with Frederica von Stade, Dawn Upshaw, Alfredo Kraus, and Richard Stilwell; Jean Fournet. (Metropolitan Opera House, 362-6000.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting the New York stage premières of three short operas: Mira J. Spektor's "The Passion of Lizzie Borden," Elias Tanenbaum's "Keep Going by George," and Memrie Innerarity's "Moonlight Sonata." (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh

Ave., at 23rd St. Thursday, April 7, at 8; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sunday, April 10, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

Amato Opera—Presenting "The Magic Flute." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 10, at 2:30.)

I Cantori di New York—Performances of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," presented in collaboration with the New Opera Theatre of New Orleans. Conducted by Bart Folse, and staged by Brian Morgan. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday and Sunday, April 9-10, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Charles Dutoit conducting a Beethoven-Bartók program, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, and Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra—In its first performance here. Simon Rattle conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

European Community Youth Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Nobuko Imai, viola; and members of the Harvard Glee Club. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8: Music by Carter, Bruch, Tchaikovsky, and Copland. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 10, at 2: A celebration of Israel's fortieth birthday, with the Kolan Singers and the Rimon A-Cappella Choir. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Jorge Mester conducting, with Jill Gomez, soprano, and Charles Neidich, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

Haydn's "Creation"—Peter Tiboris directing a three-hundred voice chorus, the Manhattan Philharmonic, and vocal soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Composers Concordance—Contemporary chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Monday, April 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Katherine Ciesinski and Daniel Blumenthal—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a program of early-twentieth-century works by Russian Jewish composers. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, April 5, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Playing the two Brahms sextets, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

Marvis Martin—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

Nina Tichman—Piano, in the last of her three-concert series of all Debussy's piano works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Audubon String Quartet—With Joe Kennedy, Jr., jazz violinist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Helen Donath—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

Music of the Verein Revisited—Presenting the première of Alexander Zemlinsky's "Psalm 23." With I Cantori di New York and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

Barry Douglas—Piano, in a Brahms-Liszt-Beethoven concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

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Emerson String Quartet—In a Bartók-Smetana program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Stephen Burns—Trumpet, performing, among other works, a piece about origami, in which dancers and sculptures appear onstage. With Jean Kopperud, clarinet. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Continuum—Presenting a concert in honor of Valentin Silvestrov's fiftieth birthday. With assisting artists and a chamber orchestra. The composer will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Michael Limoli—Clarinet. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 2.)

Waverly Consort—Playing music by seventeenth-century Spanish and Portuguese composers. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, April 10, at 2.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano, with James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

Richard Goode—Piano, in the last of his seven-concert series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—In a Baldassare-Saint-Saëns-Schubert program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the Tallis Scholars, a ten-voice chamber choir from England, directed by Peter Phillips. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, April 10, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Odyssey Chamber Players—With Yehudi Wyner, piano, in the première of his composition for piano and flute (with Wendy Rolfe). (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 10, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Trio on Original Instruments—Frans Brueggen, recorder; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; and Anner Bylsma, baroque cello, in a program of mostly seventeenth-century sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 7:30.)

Sahan Arzruni—Piano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 8.)

New York University Chamber Music Society—Presenting the second of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of Ernest Chausson. With Yukiko Kamei, violin; Jerome Lowenthal, piano; Gary Hoffman, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—Presenting Sheldon Berkowitz, clarinet, in a program of contemporary music. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the first of four all-Schubert concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

Vermeer String Quartet—In a Beethoven-Britten-Dvořák program. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

Galina Heifetz—Violin, with Nina Lelchuk, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Coletti-Martin-Mitchell Trio—In its first performance here. The musicians are Paul Coletti, viola; Marya Martin, flute; and Emily Mitchell, harp. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Cantata Concert—With Julianne Baird, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi and D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-sopranos; Jeffrey Thomas, tenor; and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. Newell Jenkins will conduct the Clarion Concerts Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Note—Peter Donohoe, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 24, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 11, in the order that written applications are received (by mail) on that day. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—First big-league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6, at 1; and Thursday, April 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 7:30; and Sunday, April 10, at 1:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Tuesday, April 12, at 1:35.

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Tuesday, April 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Sunday, April 10, at 1. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Monday, April 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City Finals. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 7:30.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesday, April 12, at 1; through Monday, May 9.

Running—Asics Cup America's Ekiden, a fifty-kilometre relay race with nine five-man teams from around the world, will begin at 7 A.M. on Saturday, April 9, at First Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and end, about 9:30, after covering much pavement along Manhattan's perimeter, near the Tavern on the Green.

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Tuesday, May 3.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Kate Burton, Blythe Danner, Edward Herrmann, and Sam Waterston reading from the poetry of T. S. Eliot on the occasion of his centenary. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, April 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Hardwick and Susan Sontag reading from their own essays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Merrill reading from his own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, April 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—Stephen Jay Gould speaking about his work. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Tuesday, April 5, at 6. Free admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

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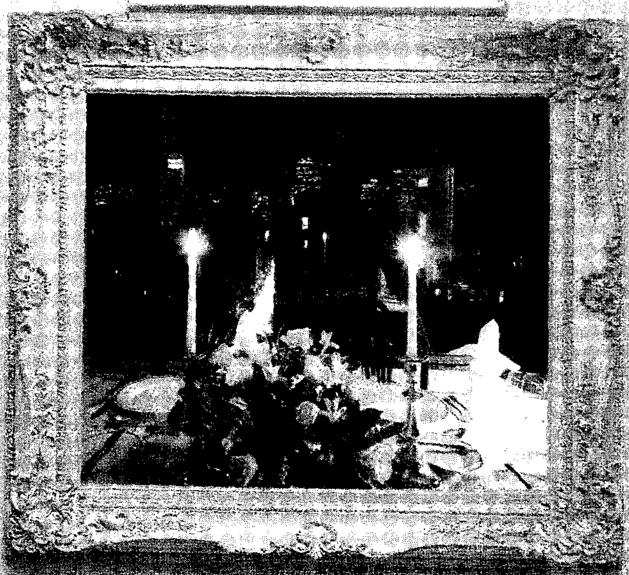

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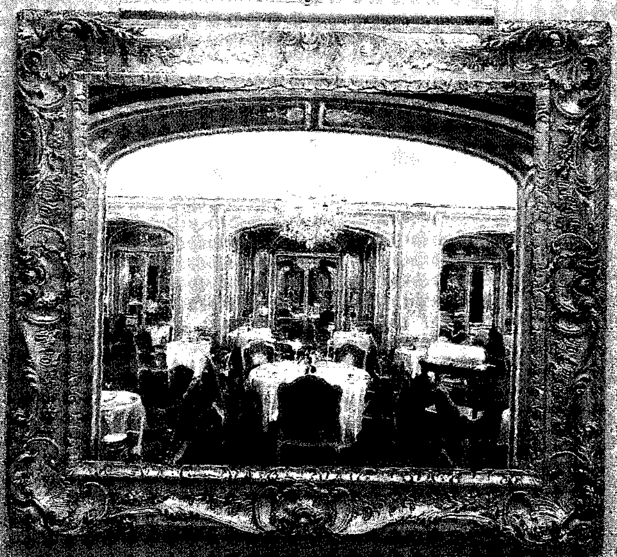

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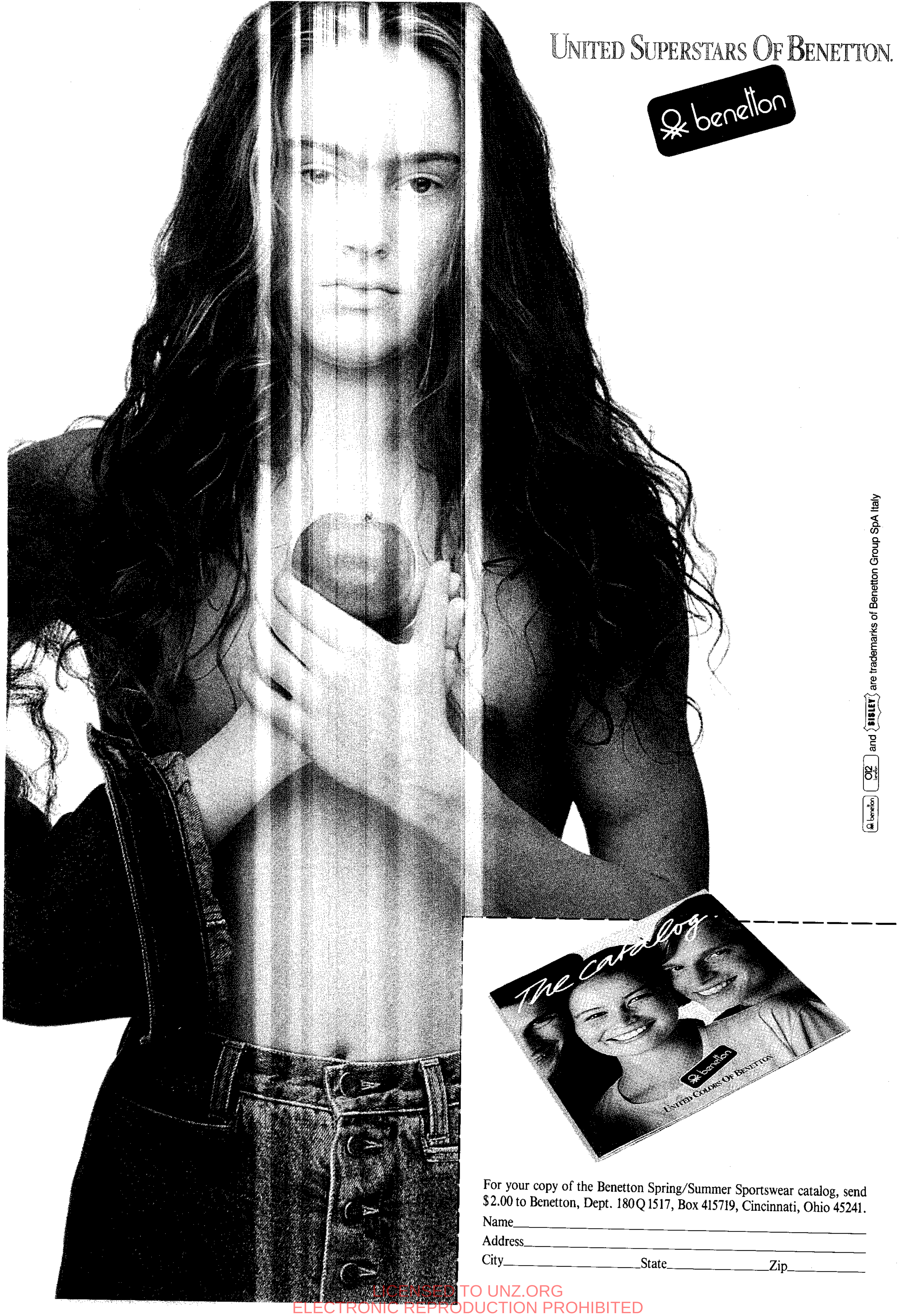

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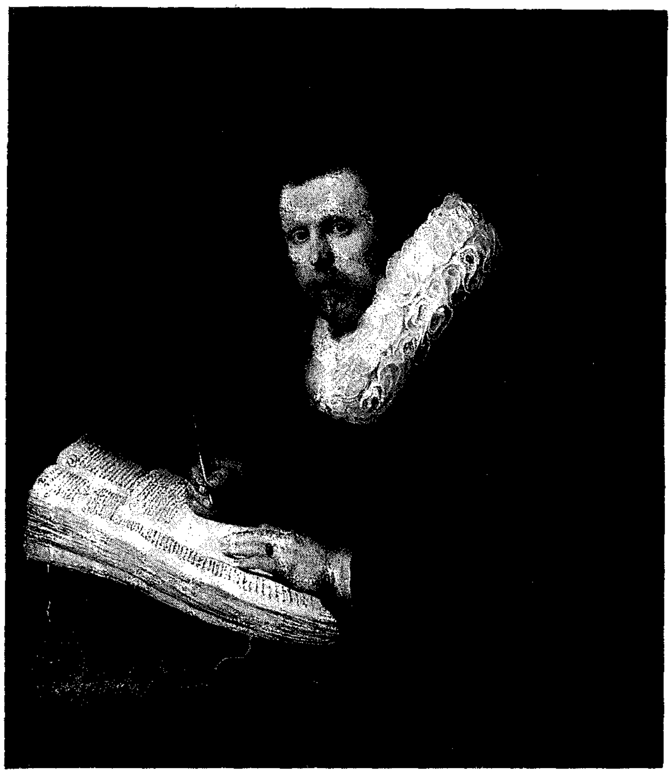
An Historic Event...

From the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad—the fabulously rich treasure house of art and culture—whose collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings was begun by Catherine the Great and is unsurpassed in all the world, come 51 masterpieces. Most have not been seen outside Russia since the 18th century.

Dutch and Flemish Paintings from the Hermitage



Rembrandt van Rijn, *Portrait of a Scholar*

This exhibition is the first in a series of reciprocal exchanges between the United States and the Soviet Union. It was organized jointly by The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Art Institute of Chicago and includes six major works by Rembrandt, five by Rubens, four by van Dyck, and numerous important paintings by such masters as Frans Hals, Jacob van Ruisdael and Jacob Jordaens.

March 26 through June 5, 1988

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

July 9 through September 18, 1988

The Art Institute of Chicago

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MOVIES
Westman

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (595-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through April 7: (Separate admissions) "The Man in the Silk Hat" (1983; directed by Maud Linder), a documentary about Max Linder; and "The Tarnished Angels" (1958; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone.

From April 8: A program of over twenty film and video documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: "Frantic" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"D.O.A." (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 3: "A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Beetlejuice" (Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

(Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Hope and Glory" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through April 7: "Frantic" (†).

From April 8 (tentative): "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Stand and Deliver" (Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "Beetlejuice" (Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 2: "D.O.A." (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 7: "High Season" (†).

From April 8: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†). From April 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

Theatre 2: "Night Zoo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon; in French).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 2: "Masquerade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta. From April 8: "18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Sorceress" (Suzanne Schiffman; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (James Bridges), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "Police Academy 5: Assignment Miami Beach" (Alan Myerson). From April 8: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (directed by Paul Cox). April 6-12: "From the Pole to the Equator" (1986; Yervant Gianikian and Angela Ricci Lucchi). From April 13: "She Must Be Seeing Things" (Sheila McLaughlin), with Sheila Dabney.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart; and "Jean de Florette" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (James Bridges), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "School Daze" (Spike Lee). From April 8: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

Theatre 3: "Stars and Bars" (Pat O'Connor), with Daniel Day Lewis.

Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Theatre 2: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Masquerade" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through April 7: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Hairspray" (†).

From April 8: "18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"D.O.A." (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Through April 10: "The Dead" (†).

From April 11: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Bellman and True" (Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal" (Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through April 5: "Béatrice" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu and Julie Delpy.

From April 6: "Consuming Passions" (Giles Foster), with Vanessa Redgrave and Jonathan Pryce.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Broadcast News" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"A New Life" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Ann-Margret.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Subway to the Stars" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Theatre 3: Through April 7: "Girl from Hunan" (Xie Fei and U Lan; in Mandarin). From April 8: "The Pointsman" (Jos Stelling; in Dutch and French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Playing Away" (Horace Ové).

Theatre 2: "Babette's Feast" (Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745).

Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Stars and Bars" (Pat O'Connor), with Daniel Day Lewis. From April 6: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Bright Lights, Big City" (James Bridges), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 2: "Masquerade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Stand and Deliver" (Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Theatre 4: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 5: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 6: "Beetlejuice" (Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Hairspray" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

Through April 7: (Matinées only) "The Invisible Kid" (Avery Crounse); and (evenings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only) "Johnny Be Good" (Bud Smith), with Anthony Michael Hall and Robert Downey, Jr.

From April 8: To be announced.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "D.O.A." (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "Police Academy 5: Assignment Miami Beach" (Alan Myerson). From April 8: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (directed by Tim Burton), with Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "The Seventh Sign" (Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow.

Theatre 3: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Theatre 4: "The Seventh Sign."

Theatre 5: Through April 7: (Matinées only) "The Fox and the Hound" (1981), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Prison" (Renny Harlin). From April 8: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin.

Theatre 6: "The Invisible Kid" (Avery Crounse).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through April 7: "Shoot to Kill" (†).

From April 8: "18 Again!" (Paul Flaherty), with George Burns.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Masquerade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Johnny Be Good" (Bud Smith), with Anthony Michael Hall and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 4: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Bright Lights, Big City" (James Bridges), with Michael J. Fox.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 7: "Off Limits" (Christopher Crowe), with Willem Dafoe and Gregory Hines. From April 8: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Police Academy 5: Assignment Miami Beach" (Alan Myerson).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through April 5: "The African Queen" (1951; directed by John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

April 6-7: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor; and "All That Money Can Buy" ("The Devil and Daniel Webster;" 1941; William Dieterle), with Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley.

April 8-9: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

April 10-11: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "Summer Holiday" (†).

April 12-13: "Across the Pacific" (1942; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 5: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Henry Hull, and Walter Slezak.

April 6-7: "L'Année des Méduses" (1987; Christopher Frank; in French); and "Heat of Desire" (1980; Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

April 8-9: "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), a concert film with the Talking Heads; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with the Who.

April 10: "The Assault" (1987; Fons Rademakers; in Dutch); and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech).

April 11-12: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

From April 13: "Rendez-vous" (1985; André Téchiné; in French), with Juliette Binoche, Lambert Wilson, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "First Name: Carmen" (1984; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 4: "Quick Millions" (1931; Rowland Brown), with Spencer Tracy and Sally Eilers; "Blood Money" (1933; Rowland Brown), with George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, and Frances Dee; and "Hell's Highway" (1932; Rowland Brown), with Richard Dix, Rochelle Hudson, and Tom Brown.

April 5: "Ex-Lady" (1933; Robert Florey), with Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, and Frank McHugh; and "The Story of Temple Drake" (1933; Steven Roberts), with Miriam Hopkins and Jack La Rue.

April 6: "Blessed Event" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with Lee Tracy and Dick Powell; and "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo.

April 7: "Union Depot" (1932; Alfred E. Green), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell; and "Bureau of Missing Persons" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Pat O'Brien and Bette Davis.

April 8-9: "Scarface" (1932 †); and "Beast of the City" (1932; Charles Brabin), with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston.

April 10: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "The Girl from Missouri" (1934; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone.

April 11: "Two Seconds" (1932; Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson and Preston Foster; "This Day and Age" (1933; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, and Richard Cromwell; and "The Man Who Came Back" (1931; Raoul Walsh), with Janet Gaynor.

April 12: "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young; "Lawyer Man" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson; and "Common Clay" (1930; Victor Fleming), with Constance Bennett.

April 13: "Wild Boys of the Road" (†); and "Heroes for Sale" (1933; William Wellman), with Richard Barthelmess.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 4: "Sleepwalk" (1987; Sara Driver); and "Broken Mirrors" (1984; Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

April 5: "Journey Into Fear" (1943; Orson Welles and Norman Foster), with Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten; and "Falstaff" ("Chimes at Midnight;" 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

April 6: "Bedlam" (1946; Mark Robson), with Boris Karloff; and "The Body Snatcher" (1945; Robert Wise), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.

April 7: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

April 8-9: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925 †); and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

April 10: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "2010" (1984; Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

April 11: "Operation Mad Ball" (†); and "It Happened to Jane" (1959; Richard Quine), with Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, and Ernie Kovacs.

April 12: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Britannia Hospital" (1983; Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

April 13: "Mademoiselle Fifi" (1945; Robert Wise), with Simone Simon and John Emery; and "Youth Runs Wild" (1944; Mark Robson), with Bonita Granville and Kent Smith.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 4: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" (1970; Georges Franju; in French).

April 5: "Marie Antoinette" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, and John Barrymore; and "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka.

April 6: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

April 7: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

April 8-9: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

April 10: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

April 11: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Innocent" (†).

April 12: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Joy of Living" (1938; Tay Garnett), with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

April 13: "Cat People" (1942 †) and "The Curse of the Cat People" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: April 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Paths of Glory" (1957; directed by Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30 and 6: "The 'Real' Julia: The Muriel Gardner Story" (1987; Dan Klugherz and Arthur Zitrin), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "Elevator to the Gallows" (1956; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Moreau and Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6:30: "Tandem" (1987; Patrice Leconte; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Rochefort and Gérard Jugnot. . . . ¶ April 8 at 9: "Travelling Avant" (1987; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French, with English subtitles), with Thierry Fremont, Ann Gisel Glass, and Simon de la Brosse. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2: "Elevator to the Gallows." . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "Travelling Avant." . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30: "Le Cri du Hibou" (1987; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Christophe Malavoy, Mathilda May, and Jacques Penot. . . . ¶ April 10 at 2: "Zazie" (1960; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "Le Cri du Hibou." . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Poussière d'Ange" (1987; Édouard Niermans; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Giraudeau, Fanny Bastien, and Fanny Cottençon. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Vive le Tour!" (1962; Louis Malle) and "Humain, Trop Humain" (1972; Louis Malle), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "The Thief of Paris" (1967; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Geneviève Bujold, and Marie Dubois. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6:30: "Les Keufs" (1987; Josiane Balasko; in French, with English subtitles), with Balasko, Isaach de Bankolé, and Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ April 12 at 9: "Saxo" (1988; Ariel Zeitoun; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Lanvin, Akosua Busia, and Richard Brooks.

Theatre 2: April 8 at 6: "Zazie" (1960; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret. . . . ¶ April 9 at 5: "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5: "Vive le Tour" (1962; Louis Malle) and "Humain, Trop Humain" (1972; Louis Malle), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "Phantom India, Parts 1 and 2" (1969; Louis Malle), a documentary.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. April 8 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Ohayo" (1959; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The second section, featuring music, dance, and theatre, is on view through April 23. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Plays Into Film: The Playwright's Perspective—The last in a series of films and lectures. April 5 at 8: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, and Vera-Ellen. Betty Comden and Adolph Green will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Zorina and Balanchine: The Movie Years—The last in a series of four films choreographed by George Balanchine, starring Vera Zorina. April 5 at 8: "Star Spangled Rhythm" (1942; George Marshall). (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949.)

Brooklyn Museum, Lecture Hall, Eastern Parkway—April 9 at 2: "Machito" (1987; Carlos Ortiz), a documentary about Afro-Cuban jazz. Musicologist Isabel Leymarie and critic-writer Clayton Riley will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext. 233.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Cinema I; through April 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 8. . . . ¶ Festival; starting April 11.)

Broadcast News—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (1/11/88) (Cinema 3.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. While other B-budget horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, the producer, Val Lewton, and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much more imaginative than most of the horror films that other producers were grinding out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith, Jane Randolph, Jack Holt, and Alan Napier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

The Curse of the Cat People (1944)—Val Lewton produced this sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People" (see above), in which Simone Simon tried to convince her husband (Kent Smith) that she would turn into a panther if he tried to consummate the marriage. He sent her to a psychiatrist, who attempted to make love to her and was mauled to death, after fatally wounding her. In the misbegotten sequel, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness he drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting. Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Festival; through April 10.)

D.O.A.—This glossy thriller—a remake of Ru-

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dolph Maté's 1950 film noir, which was itself based on a 1931 German movie directed by Robert Siodmak—has a great narrative hook, and style to burn, but it's less fun than it should be. Dexter Cornell (Dennis Quaid), an English professor and blocked novelist, discovers that someone has slipped him a dose of fatal, slow-acting poison: he has twenty-four hours to live, and uses them in a feverish search for the identity of his killer. The directors, Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, have worked together as animators, music-video makers, and directors of the original British TV film and series featuring Max Headroom. (They had nothing to do with the idiotic American incarnations of the character.) In their first feature they show plenty of visual imagination, an irreverent sense of play with noir conventions, and—unusual for music-video-trained filmmakers—a sure touch with the actors. (They're aided by Michael Miller's inventive editing and the sleek cinematography of Yuri Neyman.) Unfortunately, Charles Edward Pogue's script is a poisonously bad one: the movie will be cruising along for a few minutes on the directors' flair, then abruptly collapse, doubled over with a painful spasm of inane dialogue. By the end of the picture, our pleasure has pretty much expired. Also with Meg Ryan, Daniel Stern, Jane Kaczmarek, and Charlotte Rampling.—T.R. (Gramercy, Coronet, Ziegfeld, and Olympia.)

Fatal Attraction—With Michael Douglas, Glenn Close, and Anne Archer; directed by Adrian Lyne. (10/19/87) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Frantic—It begins promisingly, with Harrison Ford as a San Francisco heart surgeon who comes to Paris with his wife (Betty Buckley); they arrive at their hotel and while he takes a shower she disappears. The director, Roman Polanski, shows his guile and wit, but a thriller needs more than an occasional perverse undertone; it needs some design, some shapeliness. This thing grinds on without ever being able to compensate for its pathetic plot and its unwritten characters. It involves mixed-up suitcases and a couple of night clubs and rooftops, and dope dealers and Arabs and a childlike, amoral tootsie (Emmanuelle Seigner). The script is credited to Polanski and Gérard Brach; the cinematography is by Witold Sobocinski; the music is by Ennio Morricone. (3/21/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . ¶ Sutton; through April 7.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Guild; through April 7, evenings only.)

High Season—Clare Peploe's first feature is a high comedy set on the Greek island of Rhodes, and it has some of the yumminess of a picture like "Shampoo." It's about the relations between expatriates, tourists, and natives, with Jacqueline Bisset giving a warm, juicy performance in the pivotal role of an English photographer who is broke and may have to sell her house and leave this island she loves. Irene Papas plays the Englishwoman's widowed friend—weather-beaten, deeply goofy, and as much a part of the magnificence of the island as the honking donkeys. She regards the tourists as enemies—as an army of occupation, like the Nazis. These two women are both scenic wonders, and so is Sebastian Shaw, who plays an elderly art historian. Shaw—he was born in 1905—was a handsome leading man in British films of the thirties and he's still handsome; his face opens to the sunlight and the camera. The whole movie is superbly cast. The wizardly young Kenneth Branagh plays a practical-minded Englishman, who shares a moonlight dip with Bisset and imagines himself in love. Lesley Manville is his romantic wife, who discovers Byron's poetry; James Fox is Bisset's estranged husband; Ruby Baker is her thirteen-year-old daughter; Paris Tselios is Papas's son; and Robert Stephens is an obscenely rich Greek-American. The script is by the director and her brother Mark; the meltingly beautiful cinematography is by Chris Menges. (4/4/88) (D. W. Griffith; through April 7.)

Hope and Glory—With Sebastian Rice Edwards, directed by John Boorman. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema. Evenings only.)

The Innocent (1976)—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast, but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

Masquerade—A tranquil, sophisticated thriller set in the Hamptons. The orphan heroine (Meg Tilly) belongs to the old rich; her money—about two hundred million dollars—has a patina. The men who circle around her are Rob Lowe as a hired-hand yachting captain, John Glover as the last of her mother's many husbands, and Doug Savant as a new police officer. Thin as the picture is, it has an odd, subterranean pull. Murders take place, but the narrative just keeps unfolding effortlessly, and you're drawn along, wanting to understand the pattern of deceit. Bob Swaim directed, from a crafty and even-toned script by Dick Wolf; the cinematography, by David Watkin, gives the life of the rich a luxuriance—makes it palpably desirable. (3/21/88) (Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The opening makes us expect the worst: as day breaks on a tiny town in the middle of a pretty desert landscape, a spry, sombreroed oldster dances "joyously" in silhouette, playing the movie's theme music on a squeeze-box. The elements that make this montage so excruciating—the mindless pictorialism, the sentimentality, the draggy tempo of the editing—persist throughout Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel (adapted by the author and David Ward). The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Redford treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Dave Grusin's Latinoid score is dreadful.—T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Manhattan Twin. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin. Evenings only.)

Operation Mad Ball (1957)—The perennial war of enlisted men and officers is joined again, luckily under the direction of Richard Quine. The setting is Normandy, where the American troops are stationed; the soldiers aren't allowed to fraternize with the nurses, but Jack Lemmon, the buck-private hero, is determined to stage a mad ball where the men and the nurses can get together. Ernie Kovacs is the maddeningly unctuous, obnoxious officer determined to thwart him—a barracks Malvolio. Dick York is the liaison man between the two factions, Mickey Rooney the sergeant who pulls together a jazz group for the ball. The four of them are good—occasionally so good they seem inspired. If Arthur O'Connell as the commanding officer, Kathryn Grant as the nurse Lemmon adores, and a French maman-concierge could have been eliminated, this might have been a classic American comedy. As it is, it's an often uninhibited farce, and one of the funniest pictures of its period. Written by Arthur Carter, Jed Harris, and Blake Edwards, based on a play by Carter. (Thalia SoHo; April 11.)

The Phantom of the Opera (1925)—A tacky yet unforgettable piece of Guignol claptrap. The first half is a botch and dreary, but then the mixture of the morbid, the gaudy, the ornate, and the rotted becomes scary and, in a way that may be peculiar to movies, thrilling. Lon Chaney is the diabolical genius, Erik, who lives in the dripping cellars of the Paris opera house; hypnotically, he lures the young singer he loves (Mary Philbin) into his bedroom in the sewers and shows her his coffin bed. Norman Kerry is the blundering, deadhead hero. With Arthur Edmund Carewe, Snitz Edwards, John Miljan, and Gibson Gowland. The director was Rupert Julian, but things were not going well, and Edward Sedgwick was brought in to finish the film. (Thalia SoHo; April 8-9.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." Over all, it's a terrific movie, even though the pacing doesn't always seem quite right. The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. Truffaut suggests that Hawks "deliberately directed Paul Muni to make him look like a monkey, his arms hanging loosely and slightly curved, his face caught in a perpetual grimace." The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems; the scene in the publisher's office wasn't directed by Hawks—it was inserted to appease pressure groups. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Film Forum 2; April 8-9.)

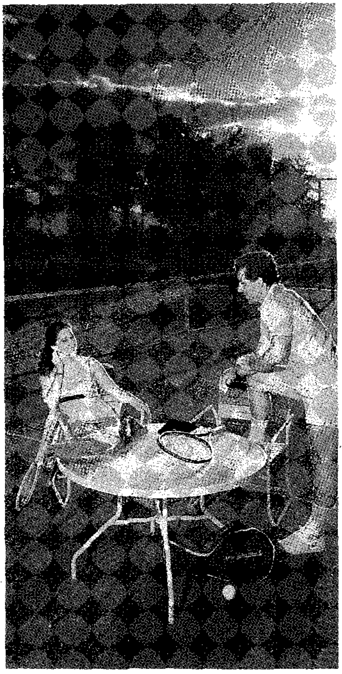
Shoot to Kill—Sidney Poitier plays an F.B.I. agent tracking a deranged killer through the Pacific Northwest wilderness. The screenwriters (Harv Zimmel, Michael Burton, and Daniel Petrie, Jr.) have constructed this story as if they were desperadoes on the run, and Roger Spottiswoode, the director, is a hostage to their slapdash, random-killer methods. The action set pieces are superbly staged, but less powerful than they'd be if there were any coherent narrative context for them. Spottiswoode outclasses the material, and so does Poitier: though he doesn't really have a character to play, his quiet authority keeps the movie from seeming as cold and cheesily manipulative as it might have. Also with Tom Berenger, Kirstie Alley, Clancy Brown, and Richard Masur. The excellent cinematography is by Michael Chapman.—T.R. (Embassy 1; through April 7.)

Summer Holiday (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this essentially ghastly musical version of "Ah Wilderness!," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that, Mickey Rooney, in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, Selena Royle, Anne Francis, Virginia Brissac, and Butch Jenkins, in the role Rooney had played in the 1935 "Ah Wilderness!" The disastrous script was adapted from the 1935 script by Irving Brecher and Jean Holloway; the undistinguished music is by Harry Warren. Shot in 1946, this film spent a couple of years in the editing room and on the shelf. (Biograph Cinema; April 10-11.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Gotham Cinema.)

Wild Boys of the Road (1933)—The freight-hopping excerpt, which has become a standard of anthology films, gives the impression of a very powerful Depression melodrama, but there's a load of sentimentality, too. William Wellman directed, from an uninspired script by Earl Baldwin. With Frankie Darro, Rochelle Hudson, Arthur Hohl, Sterling Holloway, Robert Barrat, Minna Gombell, Ward Bond, and Willard Robertson. (Film Forum 2; April 13.)



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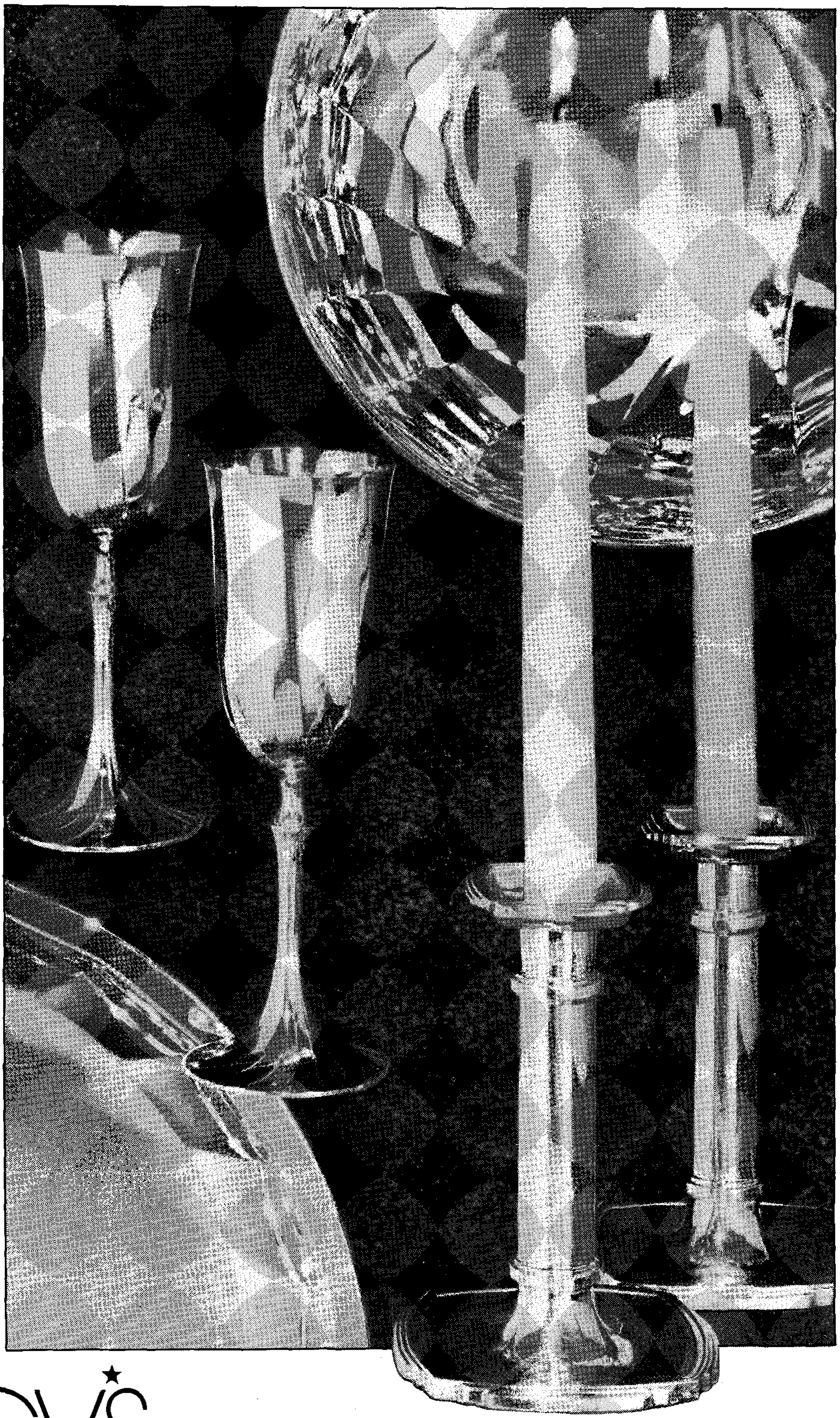

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

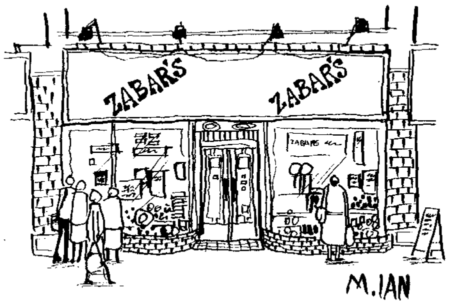
Notes and Comment

LAST month was a terrible one for Northern Ireland. On March 6th, in Gibraltar, three unarmed members of the Irish Republican Army were shot and killed by a unit of the British Special Air Service, or S.A.S., who suspected them of planting a bomb. The bodies were shipped back to Ulster, and on March 16th a joint funeral for the "Gibraltar Three" was held at Milltown Cemetery in Belfast. As one of the bodies was being lowered into the grave, an Irish Protestant gunman began to fire and to throw grenades into the crowd of mourners, killing three people and injuring more than sixty. At the time, it was widely noted that an unmarked white van had been parked next to the cemetery and had taken off abruptly when the shooting broke out. The next day, police said that the white van had been driven by Royal Ulster Constabulary officers from the traffic branch who were on an unrelated assignment, but many Catholics suspected that the van was somehow involved in the incident.

Two days after the attack, a twenty-one-year-old Protestant woman named Gillian Johnston was shot and killed while she was driving, with her fiancé, up the road to her parents' farmhouse, five hundred yards on the Ulster side of the Fermanagh-Donegal border. The I.R.A., taking responsibility for the killing, announced that the murder had been a case of mistaken identity: the target had been Gillian's brother, who the I.R.A. said was working for British security forces. And then, in West Belfast on Saturday, March 19th, at the funeral of Kevin Brady, a thirty-year-old I.R.A. member who was one of those killed by the gunman at Milltown, a silver car containing two plainclothesmen—the British later said they were soldiers who had apparently lost their way (British troops had been briefed about the time and place of the funeral, and told to stay away)—drove to within yards of the hearse and wound up facing the cortege. The soldier at the wheel pulled up on the sidewalk and then reversed quickly, but found the car's passage blocked. The car was set upon by the crowd, and one of the soldiers fired a pistol into the air. Both soldiers were then hauled out, beaten, stripped, and, finally, driven a short distance away and shot. The car was burned. There were photographers and camera crews present, and the film they shot was so horrible that some of the cameramen later got sick looking at their own footage. In one of the pictures, a Catholic priest, kneeling beside the almost naked, blood-soaked, spread-eagled body of one of the soldiers, seems to be attempting mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

The priest was fifty-four-year-old Father Alex Reid, of the Redemptorist Order, from Clonard Monastery, in West Belfast, and late last week we spoke to him by telephone and asked if he would talk to us about the events of that Saturday.

"I don't know exactly how the soldiers' car managed to approach so close to the hearse," he said. "My understanding is that there are normally stewards there at the front, and—Why, if it were me in my car I'd be stopped. There were black taxis behind the stewards, for the dead man was a taxi-driver, and there's been a bit of surmising that the soldiers panicked a little when they saw, you might say, the geography of the place. I do think they acted funny, but you have to put everything in the context of what had already happened, starting with Gibraltar. If it hadn't been for what happened at those funerals at Milltown, perhaps there would have been an interlude in which the soldiers could have been asked 'What do you think you're doing here?' and told to take their leave. There could have been a chance for that sort of moment."



Father Reid paused, and then went on, "I saw that the men were being taken away, and I was getting into my car to try to follow them. Then I heard the shooting, and I thought, The funeral's been fired on—again. I looked up the main road to see if people were diving for cover. Some of them did, naturally, but when I saw others standing and looking around the corner I went in that direction."

We asked why that had been his reaction.

"I've lived with these troubles for twenty years, and I knew what was happening," he explained. "I went to help. To investigate. You see, in the violence, if you know they're not Catholics you don't give them the last rites, and anoint them, but if you don't know whether they're Catholics or Protestants you do. By performing the ceremony, you're only asking God to be merciful—for maybe the person needs it—and it also gives these circumstances what they sorely need, which is dignity and hope. It was an easy bit, what I did. Any priest would have done it, for soldiers *or* for I.R.A. men. I had never attempted resuscitation before, but I've many times anointed victims of the violence. I did it on Wednesday, for I was there when the people were shot at Milltown. The only extraordinary thing about Saturday was that there were photographers nearby, so everybody saw. When I got there, one of the soldiers was showing signs of life—the other one was clearly dead—and, as there were some people behind me, I asked, 'Who here knows how to do mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?' No one did, so I shouted for them to get an ambulance, and I bent over him to try it myself. And then—and this gives the lie to ill reports about the people of West Belfast—two local women appeared from their houses and asked, 'Can we help you, Father?' One of them put her coat over the soldier, and said, 'He was somebody's son, Lord have mercy on his soul.' And I think ninety-eight per cent of the people of West Belfast think like that. And ninety-eight per cent of all Irish."

• •

Hoppers

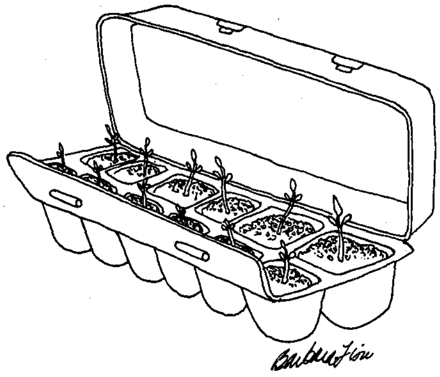
A HYDRANT was open on Seventh Avenue above Twenty-third Street last Friday morning, and we stopped on our way east and watched people hop over the water. It was a brilliant spring day. The water was a nice clear creek about three feet wide and ran along the gutter around the northwest corner of the intersection. A gaggle of pedestrians crossing Twenty-third went *hop hop hop hop hop* over the creek as a few soloists jaywalking Seventh performed at right angles to them, and we got engrossed in the dance. Three feet isn't a long leap for most people, and the ease of it permits a wide range of expression. Some hoppers went a good deal higher than necessary.

Long, lanky men don't hop, as a rule. The ones we saw hardly paused at the water's edge, just lengthened one stride and trucked on across—a rather flatfooted approach that showed no recognition of the space or occasion. Tall men typically suffer from an excess of cool, but we kept hoping for one of them to get off the ground. Most of the tall men wore topcoats and carried briefcases, so perhaps their balance was thrown off. One tall man in a brown coat didn't notice the water and stepped off the curb into fast-flowing Hydrant Creek and made a painful hop, like a wounded heron: a brown heron with a limp wing attached to a briefcase bulging as if full of dead fish. He crossed Twenty-third looking as though his day had been pretty much shot to hell.

Short, fat men were superb: we could have watched them all morning. A typical fat man crossing the street would quicken his step when he saw the creek, and, on his approach, do a little shuffle, arms out to the sides, and suddenly and with great concentration *spring*—a nimble step all the more graceful for the springer's bulk. Three fairly fat men jiggled and shambled across Twenty-third together, and then one poked another and they saw the water. They stepped forward, studying the angle, and just before the point man jumped for the curb his pals said something, undoubtedly discouraging, and he threw back his head and laughed over his shoulder and threw himself lightly, boyishly, across the water, followed—*boing boing*—by the others.

The women we watched hop the water tended to stop and study the creek and find its narrows and measure the distance and then lurch across. They seemed dismayed that the creek was there at all, and one, in a beige suit, put her hands on her hips and glared upstream, as if to say, "Whose creek *is* this? This is utterly unacceptable. I am *not* about to jump a *creek*." But then she made a good jump after all. She put her left toe on the edge of the curb, leaned forward with right arm outstretched—for a second, she looked as if she might take off and zoom up toward the Flatiron Building—and pushed off, landing easily on her right toe, her right arm raised. The longest leap we saw was made by a young woman in a blue raincoat carrying a plastic Macy's bag and crossing west on Seventh. She gathered herself up in three long, accelerating strides and sailed, her coat billowing out behind her, over the water and five feet beyond, almost creaming a guy coming out of Radio Shack. He shrank back as she loped past, her long black hair and snow-white hands and face right *there*, then gone, vanished in the crowd.

And then it was our turn. We waited for the green light, crossed Twenty-third, stopped by the creek flowing around the bend of curb and heard faint voices of old schoolmates ahead in the woods, and jumped heavily across and marched after them.



Neo-Latin

HERE is a concept: Neo-Latin. Neo-Latin "is the third and last major epoch in the history of Latin, succeeding the ancient Roman and medieval periods." It is the epoch we are *in*.

Here is a surprising bit of history from the Neo-Latin epoch:

> Mention must be made of a surprising pamphlet published in 1816 at Tolosa, Spain, by the Spanish priest Michael Olmo. This *Otia Villaudricensia*, directed to eight monarchs who concluded the famous 1815 peace treaty of Vienna, contains a plea for a Latin-speaking principality to be created in Central Europe as part of the remapping of Europe after the Napoleonic era. Absurd as this proposal may seem to us today, it was less so at that time. We should not forget that until 1848 the official language of both Hungary and Croatia was Latin.

And here is the state of *Latinitas* today:

> Nowadays very few Latin writers remain in the world: four or five in Italy and as many in Germany, three or four in the United States, and a few isolated ones in other countries, including Japan.

All this information comes from an article on Neo-Latin in *Helios* (a journal on classical culture published by the Texas Tech University Press) which was written by a Belgian scholar, Jozef IJsewijn. Here is Professor IJsewijn on the use of Latin at this point, today, in the Neo-Latin epoch:

> Today the use of Latin is restricted to the following situations: official Vatican documents such as encyclical letters, the *Codex Iuris Canonici*, the decisions of the Rota and other committees; the papers presented at the annual meeting in Rome of the *Academia Latinitati fovendae* . . . the Proceedings of the quinquennial congresses of the same Academy; three or four Latin or partly Latin journals: *Latinitas* (Vatican), *Vita Latina* (Avignon), *Vox Latina* (Saarbrücken), and *Hermes Americanus* (Bethel, Conn.).

Bethel, Connecticut? We got on the phone. Very shortly, we were talking to Professor Alvin P. Dobsevage. "We are in our fifth year," he said when we asked him about *Hermes Americanus*, of which he is the publisher and editor. Before we could ask any more questions, he said, "I have to coach and referee a lacrosse team, and go to the bank." Then he

relented and said he had time to answer maybe five questions.

"How did *Hermes Americanus* start?"

"Well, years ago, in '77, I met with some people out in Pennsylvania running a small institute in Latin, and only two or three people could handle the language, and I said, 'Why can't we be as good as Europe?' "

"Can *you* handle the language?"

"*Vere si vis mecum communicare, tunc bene latine loquere*," he said, which means yes.

"What's the circulation?"

"It's small, small. The Library of Congress gets it, the New York Public Library, Harvard, Yale. We have about four hundred private people and eighty libraries." Professor Dobsevage paused, and then gave us a bonus, considering he was due at his lacrosse game. "If I retire, I can apply myself. There's no reason we can't be in a thousand libraries." After another pause, he said, "Everyone jumps on the bandwagon in this country. Probably people who don't even know any Latin might start to get it." We had the impression that Professor Dobsevage was considering a Latin *fad*.

"What do you do?"

"I teach French, Spanish, and Latin at Western Connecticut State College, at Danbury."

We sought to use our last question wisely, and asked which Americans can handle the language.

"Boleslav Povsic, of Bowling Green. Konrad Gries, retired from Queens College. There are a few others. John Newman, at Urbana—he can at least write it. Tom Coffey, at Creighton, in Omaha—he can write Latin. And Reginald Foster." Professor Dobsevage paused again. We were beginning to get interested in his pauses. "He's an American. He translates the letters of the Pope into Latin. He sits outside the door."

That ended the conversation, and Professor Dobsevage went to his lacrosse game, but he called back afterward.

"You said he sits outside the Pope's door?" we said, reminding him of our conversation about Reginald Foster.

"That's right. He sits right next to the Pope's office. Here, I can give you his address." We got the address. "That's a religious house of some kind," Professor Dobsevage said. "He can get up, walk twenty minutes, and be at the Pope's office. I saw him very recently. It was at a conference in New York City. That was the first time I'd heard him speak English. On other occasions, he'd been talking Latin. I tried to get him to speak Latin with me, but he didn't want to hurt other people's feelings—that's my interpretation. It's funny—he was dressed like a truck driver. Well, not a truck driver but simply. A lot of the others were in all their regalia."

We asked Professor Dobsevage how the lacrosse practice had gone.

"It went well," he said. "I work with the ninth and tenth graders. I have one young man who played on Long Island in the seventh and eighth grades, and a couple of local kids, but they have to see more games. Lacrosse is a great game. It was a greater game when they used the old wooden sticks and wore very little equipment. Now many of these plastic sticks split in cold weather, and the kids wear so much equipment on their shoulders they can't throw good body checks."

That's our report on Latin. Almost.

One thing we're not going to be doing here is discussing the new Rambling Bayou float trip. At least, we're not going to be discussing it at any length. It *exists*—that's all you need to know. We have higher concerns and aims. *Praeteritio*, for instance. Not every reader will have known what *praeteritio* is, but *we* know. It is when you say "I am going to refrain from mentioning . . ." and then you mention the thing you said you would refrain from mentioning. *We just did it* when we brought up the Rambling Bayou float trip by refraining from discussing it. We think we did it, anyway. As for the phrase "will have known," that's the future perfect tense, a popular one in Latin (or, at least, more popular in Latin than in English), but we *really* won't go into that.

But, look, how about this? At Busch

Gardens, The Old Country, near Williamsburg, Va.—different from Busch Gardens, The Dark Continent, which is somewhere else—they have "a slice of Old World Europe that can only be rivalled by the real thing." Well, one new attraction there is the Roman Rapids, a white-water raft ride. Information that we have says it is "an aqueduct which drenches the entire crew."

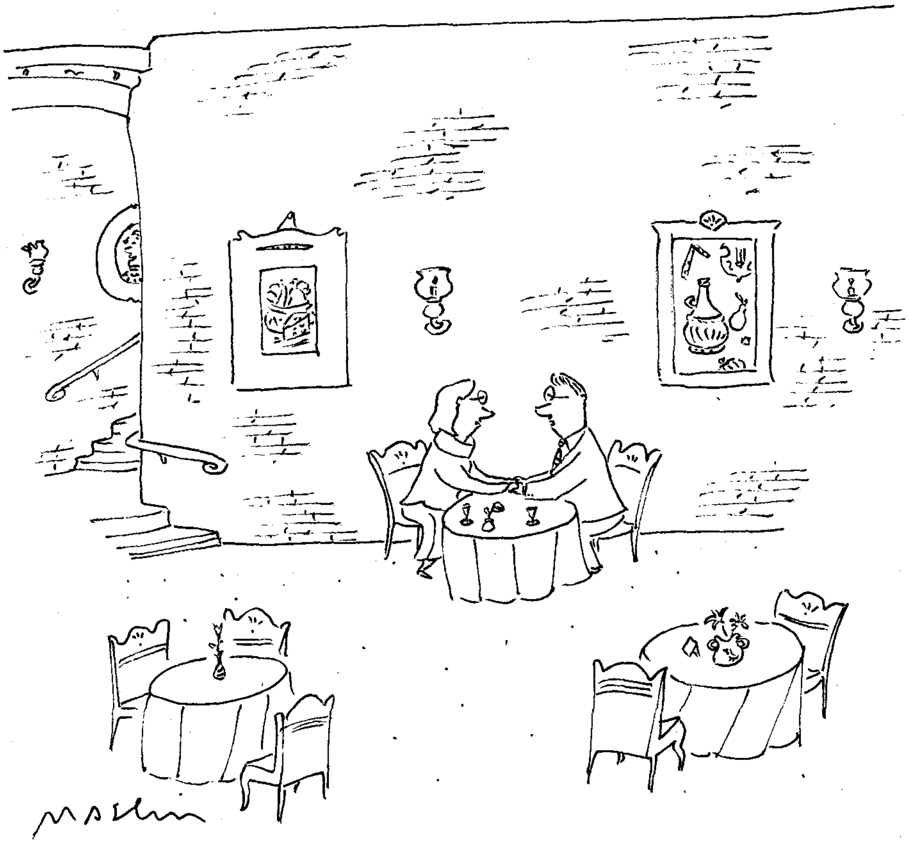
Bashert

OUR friend Susan Sandler invited us to watch the filming of her play "Crossing Delancey," at the RAPP Arts Center, on East Fourth Street, recently, and we got there in time to see the director, Joan Micklin Silver, and her crew assembling on a set that looked like a lower East Side tenement flat. The actors had to make their way through a snake pit of cables, and we watched several takes of a scene in which a young woman attempts to introduce her beau to her grandmother, whom she calls Bubbie, while the old woman, not wishing to accept what she's hearing, presses her granddaughter to take along some food she's packed for her. We recognized Amy Irving in the part of the granddaughter, and Peter Riegert as the suitor, but we were unfamiliar with the older actress playing Bubbie; she had dramatic gray-green eyes, expressive eyebrows, and fluttery hands, and spoke in a Yiddish-accented voice, which sounded by turns pugnacious, world-weary, and sage.

"That's Reizl Bozyk," Susan said. "She's the only one who could play Bubbie in the film. The *only* one. If we hadn't found her, I don't know how we would have done the film. About two years ago, while I was writing 'Crossing Delancey,' I took a Yiddish class at the Workmen's Circle, and the teacher was a young Yiddish playwright named Moishe Rosenfeld. When we were in preproduction for the movie, we still hadn't cast Bubbie. We'd seen every character actress, all the actors from the Hebrew Actors Union, even the mothers of Lenny Bruce, Joel Grey, and Richard Dreyfuss. I asked Moishe, who was in auditions for his new show, 'On Second Avenue,' and he said, 'I'm giving you three names, but this one you can't have, because she's in my show.' Of course, that was Reizl. She's seventy-three, she's never been in an English-language production, and she's never been in a movie. And she's perfect! But it wasn't a complete loss for Moishe. He got a part in the movie as the *mohel.*"

During a break in the filming, Susan took us upstairs to meet Reizl Bozyk. She was in her dressing room with her daughter, Suzanne, who, as it happened, was trying to get her mother to share a sandwich with her, but Mrs. Bozyk insisted that she wasn't hungry. Instead, she sat on the edge of a stuffed armchair and lit up a long cigarette. We asked her how it felt to be on the threshold of a new career.

"I couldn't believe I'd be so at home with moviemaking," Mrs. Bozyk said, raising one eyebrow. "My surroundings are so nice. And, having played character parts all my life, I don't find it a strain playing Bubbie. This is a person I know." She exhaled some wisps of smoke and fanned them. "I never wanted to be in a film," she went on. "I was a coward about it. I didn't think I could do a good job. It's scary to run to another field. If I were twenty-five, thirty years old, full of ambition, that would be different. So I still think in Yiddish, even though I have to speak in English. Otherwise, it might not come out the way I feel."

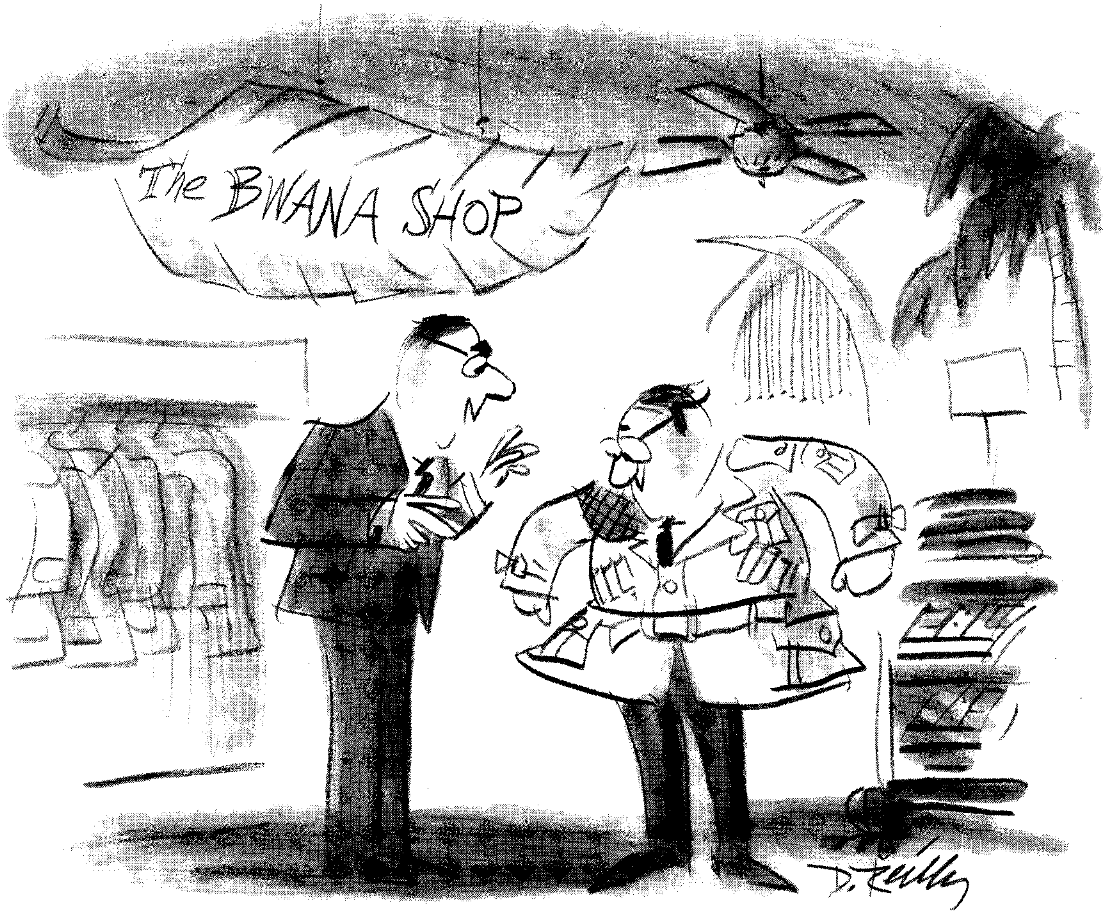


"And your problems will always be my problems, Wendy—except when I'm really, really busy."

Peter Riegert popped his head in. "You were wonderful," he told Mrs. Bozyk. She modestly waved him away.

After Riegert left, we asked Mrs. Bozyk to tell us about her life as a Yiddish actress.

"In Poland, they ate Yiddish theatre with bread," she said, putting out her cigarette. "Warsaw, where I am from, was called Little Paris in my time. But we played *everywhere.* If the town had a firehouse, we played there. Theatre wasn't seasonal, as it is here. You could travel for three years before you covered every little town. And we played every play that had ever been written in Yiddish. In the big city, we played one show at a time, but in the small towns we performed in repertory—which included operettas, melodramas, historical operettas, and comedies—three times a day. We played Sholem Aleichem, Gordin, Goldfaden, even Strindberg and Dostoyevski in Yiddish. What roles did I play?" Her eyes widened to an almost perfect roundness. "The great ones! I started when I was only four, in the Theater für Jugend. And I played opposite all the great actors—Zygmund Turkow, Ida Kaminska, Max Bozyk, who



"The pad on the reinforced shoulder is meant to absorb the recoil of the elephant gun."

became my husband. Whether they were serious actors or comedians, they were all distinctive."

Mrs. Bozyk lit another cigarette and exhaled expansively. "Herman Yablokoff, a New York actor and producer, saw my husband and me perform in Buenos Aires during the war, and he engaged us to come to America to act in one of his theatres. Besides the theatres on Second Avenue, there were Yiddish theatres in Brooklyn and in the Bronx, and there was the Café Royal, the Yiddish Sardi's—all active at the time we arrived. Once the actors became assimilated, they went to Broadway, but we still have a Hebrew Actors Union. It's still very much in existence." She paused, letting her hands come to rest on her lap. "Some of the members are very envious," she added, preening slightly. "I never thought I'd take this job, really. Somebody or something made me do it. Many fine actresses, here and in California, auditioned for Joan. Why me?" She pointed a rigid finger aloft, and said, "*Dus is bashert*—it was meant to be."

Mrs. Bozyk asked us to join her at the wrap party for the cast and crew a few days later, and there we found her surrounded by four grandsons. She was dressed in a bright-red sweatshirt with "The Bubster" printed in silver letters across the front.

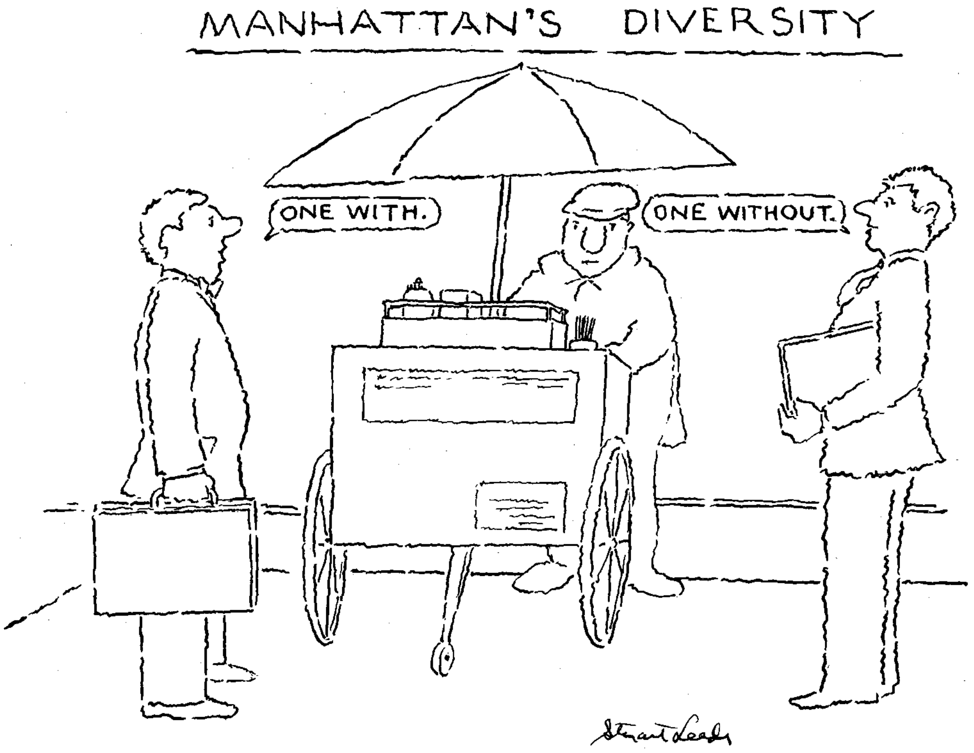
We greeted Ms. Silver, and she told us, "Reizl was the last of many, many actresses I saw, and I was beginning to despair of finding a woman who had both the age and the authenticity for the role—and would be able to act it and have the humor. There are many people who can just play themselves, and they're often very gifted and have good instincts, but when it comes to dialogue they can't cut it. Many of the women who tried out for the role would have been very good as Hallmark grandmothers—the type who can smile when they hear their kids' voices on the other end of the phone. But I love the idea of a woman who's still a part of life at that age, who's still mixing in, bossing her granddaughter around, trying to make things happen. It was such luck for us to get Reizl to come in to read for the part. And maybe I shouldn't tell you this"—she saw that Mrs. Bozyk was at a safe distance across the room—"but it's customary on an actor's last shot for the director to say, 'This is So-and-So's last shot,' and the crew will sometimes applaud, or champagne may be opened, if it's a big, important star. Well, when it got to Reizl— I never heard such a round of applause in my life. It was like a Broadway opening. And this was the *crew*."

Camp-In

HERE is the wilderness creed we lived by last weekend, when we joined forty-seven pre-teen Girl Scouts who were camping in for the night at the American Museum of Natural History:

1. BE JUDICIOUS IN YOUR CHOICE OF CAMPSITES. According to the Scouts pitching their bedrolls in the Hall of Ocean Life, the Hall may *look* like a terrific place to sleep, but it has a lot of features a careful camper should avoid. For instance, you could sleep in the northeast corner of the Hall, but then you'd be right near the giant squid, which has those really long, slimy arms. The opposite corner of the Hall might also seem like a great spot, but it puts you next to a pair of gross-looking tiger sharks. Northwest corner? Giant clam. Octopus. Then, there's the whole issue of spending the night underneath the ninety-four-foot-long blue whale that hangs from the ceiling. "Of course, my lifelong dream has been to sleep under that whale," a Scout in pink sweatpants was saying to us as she spread out her bedroll. "But, you know, things *can* happen in the wilderness."

2. BE HONEST. The troops, who


MANHATTAN'S DIVERSITY
ONE WITH.
ONE WITHOUT.
Stuart Leeds

were from Nassau County, Westchester, Queens, and New City, did bed down in the gloomy corners of the Hall, right near the squid and sharks. We cast our lot with Troop 1157, from Armonk, which established its campsite to the north of the loggerhead turtle and right beside the polar bear. The Armonk campers told us they were impressed by the polar bear's resemblance to the huge Teddy that one of them had brought along, and they honored it by chanting "Who loves Teddys?" This harmony with nature ended around midnight, when a cheery sixth grader named Allison initiated a disinformation campaign by suggesting that the polar bear was dripping blood, starting to walk, and heading directly for the campsite.

3. Be Bold. "I'm very sensitive about animals," a camper named Jamie, who was wearing the unofficial Scout uniform (baggy pastel sweatshirt printed with slogans like "Naf Naf!" and "Guess?," tight pastel pants, bulky socks, clunky white sneakers), told us as we walked with her to the Hall of Early Dinosaurs for a flashlight tour of the bones. "Actually, I was very reluctant to come to the camp-in, because I knew that all the animals at the Museum are dead. But the other girls were excited, and I started to get excited, too. I realized that we were going to go where no one had ever gone before."

4. Respect Nature. Marcia White, an administrator in the Museum's Education Department, who helped organize the camp-in, explained that over the years the Museum had had lots of requests from people wanting to sleep over—especially people who thought it would be nice to spend a night alone with the dinosaurs. "I guess there's just something appealing about spending the night in a museum," Ms. White said as Scouts headed off for workshops on crystals, sharks, arrowheads, and skeletons. "It took us two years to get the scheme set up, and this is the pilot program. We thought we'd start with Scouts, because they're so used to camping."

"Actually, we almost never sleep out," an Armonk Scout named Kati whispered to us. "I think they did more of that in the olden days." She went on to say that Troop 1157 has almost three hundred dollars in its kitty from cookie sales and other stuff. We asked if the members might eventually use the money for a wilderness camp-out, somewhere more rustic than the corner of Columbus and Seventy-seventh. "Nope," she said. "I think we might go on a trip to Brooklyn, though. Just drive around Brooklyn. My other idea is that we should go to Chippendales."

5. Stay Together. The later it got, the bigger and emptier and darker the Museum seemed, so the Scouts stuck close together. And yet, despite all precautions, a troop from Middle Village, Queens, seemed to vanish into thin air after the flashlight dinosaur tour. A tiny girl from Katonah, who admitted to us that she was actually just a Brownie, heard about the missing troop and gasped. "Do you think we'll just leave them here *forever*?" she asked. Her troop leader gave her a hug and said softly, "Don't worry. They're not lost anymore. They've just been spotted between the giant earthworm and the brown bears."

6. Be Resourceful. The troop from Armonk decided to skip the late-night movie ("Time Bandits") and the origami class in favor of activities of their own devising. The first event was a communal hair-washing in the Museum sinks at 1 A.M., led by Kati, who had a head of thick brown hair, and who seemed to us to be exactly the inventive, confident sort that other Scouts respect. "I forgot my toothpaste and clean socks and shampoo," Kati announced to the troop, "but I'm *still* going to wash my hair, because I have to wash my hair." Four other Scouts lined up with her at the sinks.

"Look at all this water," one of them said to Kati. "You know, we could put cold water in all the other troops' sleeping bags. It would be mean, but it would be fun."

"Nope," Kati said to her. "After I wash my hair, I want to meditate."

The girls agreed on a program at half past one: After drying their hair under the bathroom hand dryers, they would run relay races through the Hall of Ocean Life. Then they would accost the guard who was hovering on the edge of the Hall, and check his badge to make sure he wasn't a bogeyman. After that, they would form something they called a chill chain, which meant that they would sit and tickle each other until they got goose pimples. After the chill chain, if everything went as planned and they still hadn't waked up the troop leader, they would levitate three people. Then they would put each other into trances and talk about boys.

"This is what's great about camping," Kati explained to us. "We've already seen the movie anyway."

NUMEROMANCER

Cyberspace. A consensual hallucination experienced daily by billions of legitimate operators [and] by children being taught mathematical concepts.—*"Neuromancer," by William Gibson.*

As for the word "sabermetric," it combines the pronunciation of the acronym SABR (Society for American Baseball Research . . .) with "metric" for measurement.—*The Bill James Baseball Abstract.*

Chiz was 15 years old, although his MJ-model cheekbones made his impassive face look no more than 12.5. He was one of the game's top robojocks. And how he'd gotten there was underground legend among the fans at the Brooklyn-Battery-Hoboken Mall, where Chiz had spent a sweaty preadolescence jacked into a cheap Micronesian Walkmancomputer, the Davey Johnson PC600. At 13, he'd latched on as designated statistician for a Bronx Double-A stickball team, the Fine Young Chemicals. Their software was pitiful (American-made), their data was a sinewy tangle, and even their .42-oz. quartz-halogen sticks were starting to wink out, making their net slugging percentage dip to .299 after Citicorp switched Times Square off at midnight. But when Chiz jacked in he found this:

TEAM	AB	BA	Arbs	MGwts	WUUBA	Samdiff
Chems	2701	.276	12	54×	12.1×3P	+483
L-5 Nexus	2831	.291	14	57×+×	11.7×3P	+312
AmEx	2820	.292	14	56.1×	10.0×4P	+310
DNAbusters	2791	.297	15	58.0y	11.7×3P	+304

The Chems won the league championship by 14 sewers. They awarded Chiz a silicon-studded leather team jacket, and his name was scrawled in pyrolytic graffiti with a half-life of 100,002 years on surfaces from the neon crown of the Statue to the holographic porn palace on 247.4th Street.

When the New New York Yankees heard there was a hot new SABRpunk slam-dancing through the machine, they wired him into the Monystore skybox for an upcoming three-game series against the Trump-Brunei Swallows. Chiz received a signing bonus of 120 million American lire in a 70.45-per-cent tax-free New Zealand account and was promised an additional 102 million and a season ticket if he put up some good numbers. Using a Herzog Chain and 17 hyperamphetamine Skoal plugs, Chiz patched the Yankees' season-long short-relief problems in under 200 Old New York minutes. He launched a preëmptive strike on the Swallows' data bank and created this file:

	tbla	ngftrp	ylm&foa	fjsl/slfj%
NNY Relievers	3	.85	.00781	.0000000003
T-B Hitters	3	.85	.00781	.0000000002

It won the first two games, it was going for the sweep when a slipped disk disabled the Yankees' mainframe, and it revolutionized defensive strategy. Chiz's pitching tactics were based entirely on nuances the Swallows' SABR staff took for granted when they rounded off fractions. (The second game came down to the relationship between a .000032-millimetre hitch in the swing of the Swallows' leadoff hitter and a .000000000012-pounds-per-square-inch adjustment in the Yankee relief clone's grip on a tenth-inning curveball.) Within a week, the CD of Chiz's analysis went platinum.

By December, the Yankees were entering their stretch drive. Chiz was confident. Maybe a little too confident. His pet project, a winter-solstice/screwball anomaly, led him to advise the new Yankee manager, Martin47b, to send a neoprene Japanese lefty with a Rawlings prosthesis into a crucial game tied 2.715–2.715. The kid's arm short-circuited in the bottom of the 13th, he lobbed in a floating 142.31-m.p.h. fastball, the season flew over the 203-metre left-field fence, and the electronic media instantly spewed out millions of lines of negative feedback. Chiz knew he'd bought himself a one-way ticket to the doghouse.

Within 7.65 minutes of the final out, Chiz was standing in front of a gunmetal-gray hydrogen-cell door decorated with a Babe Ruth hologram that pointed repeatedly at a heat-sensitive doorbell. When the door zipped open, Chiz walked into a white room cooled to 43° C. which had obviously once been a sushi bar. In the middle of the room was a turquoise hydropool filled with polycarbon piranha, their silvery incisor implants glinting treacherously. In the geometric center of the pool, seemingly amused by the needlepoint nibbles of the fish, stood the Boss. His head was encased in a late-model SportsChannel video terminal.

"Hello, dear. Come on in."

The voice startled Chiz, and for a millisecond he didn't know why. Then it hit him like a Force 10 electromagnetic pulse slamming into a North Korean calculator—it was his mother's voice! A snowy image of her flipped into Chiz's mind—her solid Midwestern face smiling above a steaming plateful of apple-pie construct.

The Boss was above nothing when he had a pennant in mind. "Simple DNA scan," he snapped in his own voice. "I could also do your great-great-great-grandfather, but I didn't bring you here for cheap neuromimicry. I saw the game today. This is what happens with so many young turks when you sign them to a fat contract. You could turn out to be just another Mr. October. But if I put my Committee on you, you'll be rehabilitated fast—better than new. It's up to you. Do you want to stay with the organization?"

Chiz knew what the offer meant: The Yankees' neuromedical staff, made up of ex-managers accredited by the Yankees' Dominican Republic medical affiliates, would deconstruct his brain byte by byte with neat's-foot-oil neurotoxins. Then there would be months of Double-A ball with Best Western Motor Inn computers and primitive Runs Created averages.

Chiz realized his mind was made up—and he'd done it himself.

With a smooth motion he yanked the ball out of his jacket slit, and he had just enough time to give the horsehide an extra squeeze before he released a respectable high fastball. The Boss's head shattered spectacularly as Chiz executed his proper lower-body follow-through.

The ball bounced back at him, and he fielded it cleanly.

—Michael Caruso

THE BOY ON THE TRAIN

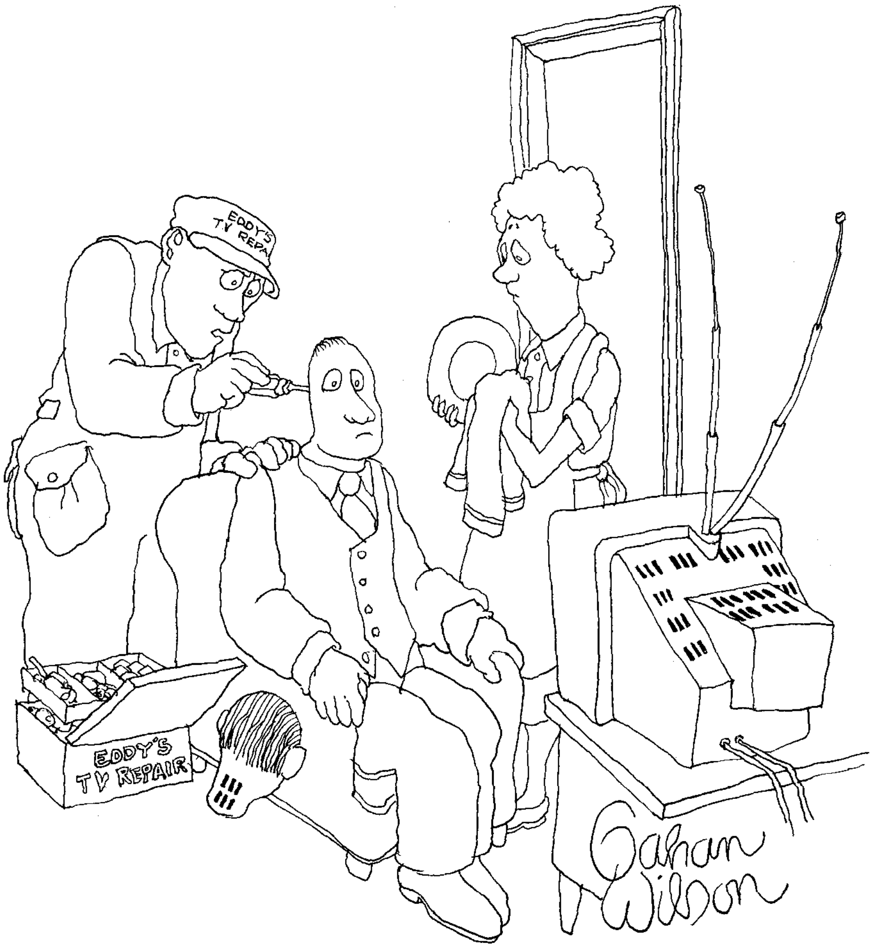
IN 1891, at the age of five, Lewis Barber Fletcher travelled alone from Jacksonville, Florida, to the little town of Camden, thirty-one miles northwest of Utica, in upstate New York. Fifty years later, his wife, children, and friends heard about his trip for the first time when this item appeared on the editorial page of the Utica *Daily Press* under a standing head, "50 Years Ago Today in the Press": "Lewis B. Fletcher, 5, arrived in Utica yesterday on a New York Central train on his way to join his mother in Camden. He was travelling alone from Jacksonville, Florida." A friend spotted the item and phoned Mrs. Fletcher, who called her husband at his office and read it to him. She had to read it twice before he got it straight; he was hard of hearing and even with an amplifying device on his telephone often had trouble understanding, mostly because he became tense when he had to use it. When he understood what she had read him, he gave an embarrassed "Ha!" and said he had forgotten about the trip. There was no further discussion—he disliked talking about personal matters at his office, possibly suspecting that all work stopped while the help listened for material for gossip. When he came home that evening, he had already read the item at work, clipped it, stuck it in his billfold, and developed an attitude toward it—a sort of amused self-conscious pride that seemed to say yes, he had travelled nearly fourteen hundred miles by himself when he was five, with two changes of train, one of them involving a ferry from Jersey City to Manhattan, and had managed the whole thing, as he had everything else in his life, by strict application to business.

The item was a sort of one-day sensation. Two clippings were put away in a photograph album, and the subject was pretty much forgotten. Sarah, the youngest child, occasionally resurrected it when the family was together at Christmas or, in later years, during vacations at the elder Fletchers' place outside Utica. In the evening, when their parents had gone to bed and the children stayed up talking, Sarah might say in a reverential tone, "Can you imagine him travelling alone from Jacksonville to Camden when he was five?" The two others—Howard, the oldest, and Edward—would say they could imagine it, that it was the easiest thing in the world to imagine. The picture they'd then conjure up was of a five-year-old old man with white hair, steel-rimmed bifocals, and a hearing aid that he kept turned off to save the flat, half-pint-shaped battery. (Edward and Howard had never thought of him as anything but an old man, even when they were small and he was in his thirties.) He would have dickered, they'd say, with the railroad until it agreed to give him a ticket in exchange for some worn-out toys, and he would have worked a deal in the dining car for his food, perhaps agreeing to polish silver. He would have brought along candy, fruit, and tattered copies of old newspapers to sell on the train. When he wasn't busy selling, or polishing silver, he'd be doing his bookkeeping. At every stop, he'd buy more stuff to sell, and at Jersey City he'd trade some of his inventory for the ferry ride to Manhattan. He'd be too busy to see the Hudson River or the Mohawk Valley, and when there was nothing else to do he'd make notes for the lectures he'd someday give his sons on How to Get Ahead and Be Somebody. "You don't get anything in this life without working. . . . You'll never get anywhere until you learn to apply yourselves. . . . How do you suppose we got this nice home? Nobody handed it to us. I worked hard for everything we've got. . . . If you don't develop some get-up-and-go, you'll never amount to anything or have anything." He'd write a note to himself to mention the horrible example of Uncle Reggie, who was two at the time and showing unmistakable signs of having no get-up-and-go.

"Lately I've been getting into compassion."

Edward did wonder that his father seemed to have forgotten about a trip that should have been a momentous experience for a five-year-old. He decided that his father *may have felt there was* something shameful about it and the shame had caused him to repress the memory. The children were dimly aware that their paternal grandparents had separated in Jacksonville and were later divorced, and that their grandmother had brought up Lewis and Reginald in Camden, her home town, but they didn't know any details; a divorce in a churchgoing family was a matter of some embarrassment. What Edward learned later was that right after the separation their grandmother had returned to Camden with Reginald, leaving Lewis with their grandfather. The grandfather, who wasn't much good, had apparently decided that he didn't want Lewis and had put him on a train for the two-day trip to his mother's. It was not an amusing picture: a five-year-old had been left behind by his mother and then sent off alone by his father—abandoned by one, rejected by the other. Edward would try to imagine him without white hair, hearing aid, or steel-rimmed bifocals, a small boy with brown hair and a grave face, being taken to the train by his father, so dumb with misery and fright that he couldn't cry, knowing only that he was going somewhere out there into unknown space. A train would thunder into the station, all smoke and steam. He had seen trains from a distance, and this one was all the more terrifying for being seen from three feet above the platform. His father would take him aboard and stow a bag in the rack. After reminding him when to eat the food he had brought along, his father would embrace him and leave, possibly waiting on the platform to gesture and smile until the train moved, and then walking a few steps with it and waving. Lewis would sit there, keeping a toy close to him, putting off as long as he could going to the toilet, because so many people would be watching him walk through the aisle and because he wouldn't be sure he could undertake such a project without help. Maybe two days of sitting there and sleeping in a berth, if his father had bought him a Pullman ticket—long enough for the railroad car to become his world—and then Jersey City, the end of the line. A conductor or Pullman porter who had been tipped would take him across the river on a ferry to a horse-drawn cab and instruct the driver to take Lewis to Grand Central and see that someone put him on a train for Utica. Then the train out of New York and up the Hudson and through the Mohawk Valley. At Utica he would change trains for Camden. Edward supposed Lewis's mother would be at the Camden station to meet him.

Edward went over the trip from time to time, adding details, trying to get inside the boy to experience his anxiety and despair and very likely his distrust of people on the train, whose brief, unctuous kindnesses betrayed their fear of ending up with him on their hands.



"Here's your problem."

• •

THIS was the image of his father that could move Edward, and it seemed to bear no relation to the anxiety-ridden old man in his early forties who sat all evening with a *Saturday Evening Post* in his lap, his hands clasped over his stomach and his thumbs revolving first one way and then the other while he went over and over whatever was worrying him—whether his sons would turn out like Reggie or his own father, whether there'd be enough profit at the end of the year to enable him to meet his bank loan, whether the new Jewish family in the neighborhood meant more to come. In 1928, a pressing worry was whether a cocky Irish Catholic from New York City would defeat Herbert Hoover and succeed in destroying business and the country—Hoover, surpassed in wisdom and ability only by his great predecessor, Calvin Coolidge.

What upset their father as much as anything else was the attitude of his sons, particularly Howard's. They had done nothing to earn their good life, and yet they took it for granted, with never a word of gratitude or any acknowledgment of what he had done for them. He tried to teach them that it all came hard, that at eleven he supported his mother and Reggie by taking care of the fire in the Camden library stove, carrying the morning and evening Syracuse papers, delivering telegrams, shovelling walks in winter and doing yard work in summer, working in the hardware store on Saturdays, and pumping the organ in the Presbyterian church on Sundays. As he explained the importance and the rewards of work and the seriousness of life, Edward would stare past his head, glassy-eyed, and Howard would wear a bored smirk. At an age when their father was supporting his mother and Reggie, his sons were coasting on their Flexible Flyers, skating, building snowhouses and forts, riding bikes, exploring in a nearby *woods, or playing baseball or football* in vacant lots. He would come home to find the driveway unshovelled and be forced to park in the street, or the lawn unmowed, or the garage or attic uncleaned. There was always agitation for more things—for skis, pack baskets, hockey skates, hockey sticks, a double-bladed axe, new or more golf clubs, punching bag and rings for the attic, or a stay in the Adirondacks in summer. They were establishing attitudes that would be lifelong unless he succeeded in persuading them that life was more than play.

Dinnertime was lecture time. The speeches flowed right past both boys in a meaningless litany they knew by heart. Conversation at the table was on two levels: one, loud, between their parents, who were both slightly hard of hearing and left their hearing aids turned off to save the batteries, and the other among the children, who could carry on a protracted quarrel without their parents' knowledge until Sarah—it was usually Sarah—raised her voice to alert her parents that she was being picked on. Then both parents would set about adjusting their hearing aids to get tuned in. Sometimes, with heads bent, Howard and Edward would recite their father's speeches along with him, occasionally commenting on omissions ("He forgot money doesn't grow on trees"). Howard refined a talent for rephrasing their feisty mother's numerous sayings, turning them into nonsense. At the end of one of their father's speeches, Howard commented, "I always say you can lead a horse to drink but you can't make him water." All three children were convulsed; it was far and away Howard's most successful effort, and they were helpless with laughter. Their father, red-faced, demanded to know what was funny. Sarah, still shaking, said it was something Howard had said. Their father ordered Howard to tell him what it was. The thought of Howard's having to repeat the saying set them off again. Their mother, who loved a good laugh and was always on their side, joined them, although she didn't know what was funny. When Howard finally got it out, their mother gave a delighted shriek. Their father was left out of it altogether, a red-faced spoilsport.

"Reggie all over," he said.

ULTRAMUNDANE TRAVELLER

Because you were the youngest, we told you
you were adopted. Though you looked
just like us, you could never see it,
your view of the world, slightly dyslexic;
your face askew under the felt beanie
with plastic gyres and a turtle
on a spring; your grasp, left-handed.
You thought you were amorphous, orphaned, negligible.

No wonder, then, walking down Mars Road one evening,
you hoped something vanguard and aluminum
might land in the arrowleaf clover
to take you apart, and you would see us
reduced from afar,
sitting without you at the wrought-iron table,
spirit lamps low-lighting the party. . . .

The road will open before you, Orfeo,
a voice spoke from the sky
to Orfeo Angelucci, driving home from Lockheed
after the night shift,
balls of green fire hovering in the air
above him, and when he stopped,
he drank from the crystal cup placed on the fender
for him. Inducted into mystery,
he said he was refreshed as never before,
and when he returned to the everyday world,
he said it was an abode of shadows.

You, too, believed in the pure light of invasion,
that in your lifetime peaceable creatures
would come to lift you
bodily into beauty, and you would ride
on the simple ship of the 1950s
drawn on wide-ruled paper
with a thick pencil in your bedroom.

• •

"Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud," their mother said.

Their father's attitude toward Howard grew harsher and he often predicted Howard would amount to nothing, like Uncle Reggie, unless he changed. Howard, near tears, would fight back and was sometimes sent away from the table. Their mother, tears streaming down her face, would say their father was always picking on Howard. "I don't see why you can't leave him alone," she'd say.

"He thinks life's a joke. Well, it isn't, and it's time he learned it isn't. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about."

"Maybe you'd be better off if you loosened up a little."

"Loosen up. Loosen up. I like that."

He'd say Howard wasn't a Fletcher, he was a Davies. Their mother's name was Davies, and her father, a carpenter, had come from Wales. Her maternal forebears were farmers who had settled in central New York.

"Howard inherited a mean Welsh temper, just like your father's," he'd say.

He'd try to eat—he couldn't bear to waste food—but would have to give it up. He'd lay his napkin on the table, breathe deeply, and put his hand on his chest; these scenes brought on heartburn. A little later he'd mix a glass of Citrocarbonate, then sit in the living room with the *Saturday Evening Post* in his lap and a worried expression on his face.

Howard had a bagful of tricks with which to annoy his father. At the table he'd pour himself milk, starting with the pitcher close to the glass, then moving it higher and higher until it was a couple of feet in the air, all the time being careful not to spill. His expression throughout was one of in-

You put away McGuffey's Reader with tales
of Hugh Toil and Mr. Idle
to read how worlds collide. Outside
the sheer curtains at your window,
the ringed planets,
wide-wheeling, travelled through the skies.

We stand over you now at Baylor Hospital,
charcoal pumping through your nose.
For you, the cessation of desire
made a world you couldn't live in. Next door
in Imaging, they photograph the body
under its skin,
its shape more corporeal than we imagined,
the ghostly bones and outlines of organs
hanging in rows
on fluorescent boxes. *Speak to him,*
the nurse says, and we call to you, each in turn,
though I'm afraid you've travelled
too far already to hear us,
the instruments beside your bed,
the ventilator and the sphygmomanometer,
monitoring you as you go.

Orfeo Angelucci slept once for a week,
and when he waked, he said
he had been taken in a shining bubble
with vortices of flame
for propellers
to a planetoid with nectar and ambrosia. Reclining
in a shimmering chair,
he said he shocked the cosmic company
with his erotic feelings for Lyra. Will you
come back to search for mortal beauty,
or will we find you someday lying on the back seat
of a car with a vacuum-cleaner hose,
or breathing in the ethylene gas that issues forth
from the wounded tree of heaven?

—SUSAN PROSPERE

• •

tense concentration, as though he were performing some difficult but necessary task. It was a performance that Edward loved, partly because they both knew what was coming.

Their father would strike the table with the flat of his hand. "We're not going to have such goings on at our table," he'd say.

Howard would look incredulous. "You mean I can't drink milk?"

There'd be no reply.

"You can't do anything around here, Percival," Howard would say.

"Don't call me Percival," Edward would reply.

With the handle of his spoon, Howard would depress the tablecloth to form a crease where the pads under it came together; the crease marked a boundary between his and Edward's territories and was necessary, Howard insisted, because of Edward's habit of encroaching on Howard's territory with his elbow. It was really needed to annoy their father. By Howard's decree, territorial violations were punishable by a hit on the upper arm, administered with a flick of the wrist and the knuckle of the middle finger extended. Edward, who liked living on the brink, kept his elbow as close to the crease as he could and tried to find excuses for crossing. There were disputes in an undertone over whether his elbow had actually crossed and he had a hit coming. Howard always found him guilty and passed sentence, and for a few seconds, while Howard explained how sorry he was to have to do it, Edward tingled with suspense. Then Howard hit him. The pain was excruciating, and Edward would double over, laughing hysterically and weeping from pain.

Hearing aids came on. There were warnings, and their father would ask rhetorically if they couldn't have one dinner in peace. Edward carried a permanent bruise.

If everything else failed, Howard could often get things started by calling Edward Percival, or Archibald. Then he discovered a wonderful term, "poop deck," which sounded indecent but wasn't.

"Poopdeck, hand me the butter."

"What did you call him?" Sarah asked.

"Poopdeck."

Sarah, loud: "Howard used a nasty word."

Hearing aids were adjusted and there was debate about whether "poop deck" was a nasty word. Their mother didn't think so; she'd seen it in novels and, she thought, in the *Press* crossword. Their father said Howard wasn't to use it. Howard said he had a right to use it—it was part of a ship—and Edward didn't mind being called Poopdeck, did you, Poopdeck? Their father said Howard was only calling Edward *that* to get something started and he was not to call him *that* again at the table and that was final.

"Percival, the butter."

"Please."

"Poopdeck, you want your arm in a sling?"

Sarah, loud: "He's using that word again."

Howard was sent away from the table.

THEIR father seemed to get a new hearing aid every year or two as improved models came out. Their mother got the old one. They were bone-conducting devices, held in place behind one ear with a narrow band of spring steel that fitted over the head. A cord ran from the bone-conducting unit behind their father's ear down inside his collar and emerged from his shirtfront to connect with a microphone, which clipped to a vest pocket. Another cord led from the microphone to the battery pack in his hip pocket. A switch and volume control were on the microphone. Sometimes, after their father had fumbled with the control and still couldn't hear, Howard would suggest that maybe he was sitting on the cord. The possibility that current couldn't get through a wire because their father was sitting on it was one of their standing jokes. Whenever their father had trouble getting tuned in at the table, Howard would trot out the idea: "I think you're sitting on the cord." It amused them even more that their father would always reply, "What? What?" and feel around under him.

Their mother was self-conscious about having to wear a hearing aid and did her hair so as to conceal it; one had to look closely to see the cord that emerged from her hair at the back of her neck and disappeared into her dress. She didn't want anyone to know about the embarrassing gear she wore under her clothes. Doctors found nothing organically wrong with her hearing; her impairment, they said, was "sympathetic." The children referred to the hearing aids as speakers, and before saying anything to either parent would ask, "Is your speaker on?"

Edward—thin and small-boned—had more passive ways than Howard's of resisting their father. He was rarely hungry, and at dinner invariably became nauseated halfway through the meal. The nausea always came suddenly, usually when he had food in his mouth. He'd park it (a family expression) in a cheek and wait for the nausea to pass, meanwhile dangling his fork between two fingers and batting it between thumb and little finger, daydreaming. Their father was as distressed about seeing Edward's cheek packed with food he wasn't even chewing as he was about Howard's tricks—and it was food bought with his hard-earned money, the only kind of money he ever had.

"Chew," he'd exhort Edward. Edward would chew a couple of times experimentally and give up.

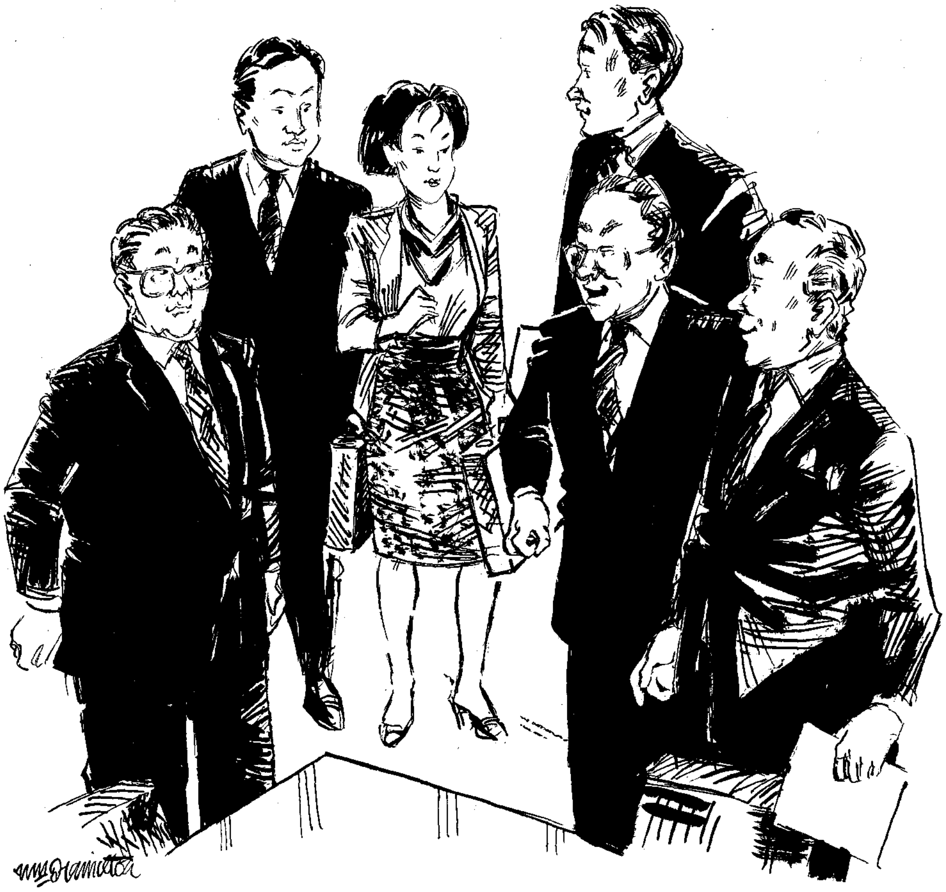
"Watch me chew," his father would say. He'd lean above Edward and solemnly chew. The sessions of chewing instruction were frequent, and Edward came to know every pore on the shiny plane at the tip of his father's nose. The image of his father's big face above him, his gray eyes peering down through steel-rimmed bifocals, was often what he remembered when he thought of his father, the jaw going in a slightly circular fashion, like a cow's. He was fully grown before he discovered pleasure in food, that things he thought he hated—peas, for example—were really rather good. He was never able to eat rice. It evoked a picture of his father at lunch, about to pour cream into a bowl of steaming rice mixed with brown sugar and butter, saying, "Oh, boy!," which was his way of expressing perfect contentment. Years later, Edward would feel the old nausea rising. He was surprised to discover that Howard, in his fifties, still became emotional on the subject of Boston baked beans. Their father, who adored them—their mother baked them all day until they were, as their father said, nutty—once forced Howard to eat them when he was very small. Howard threw up. Edward rather liked Boston baked beans.

Their father never merely liked or disliked something; he felt compelled to impose his opinions on his family. These opinions involved everything from his view of life to the food he ate, the Republican Party, the make of car he drove. Not eating the food that he believed in was subversive. Every meal that Edward couldn't finish represented a stalemate, or even a defeat, for his father.

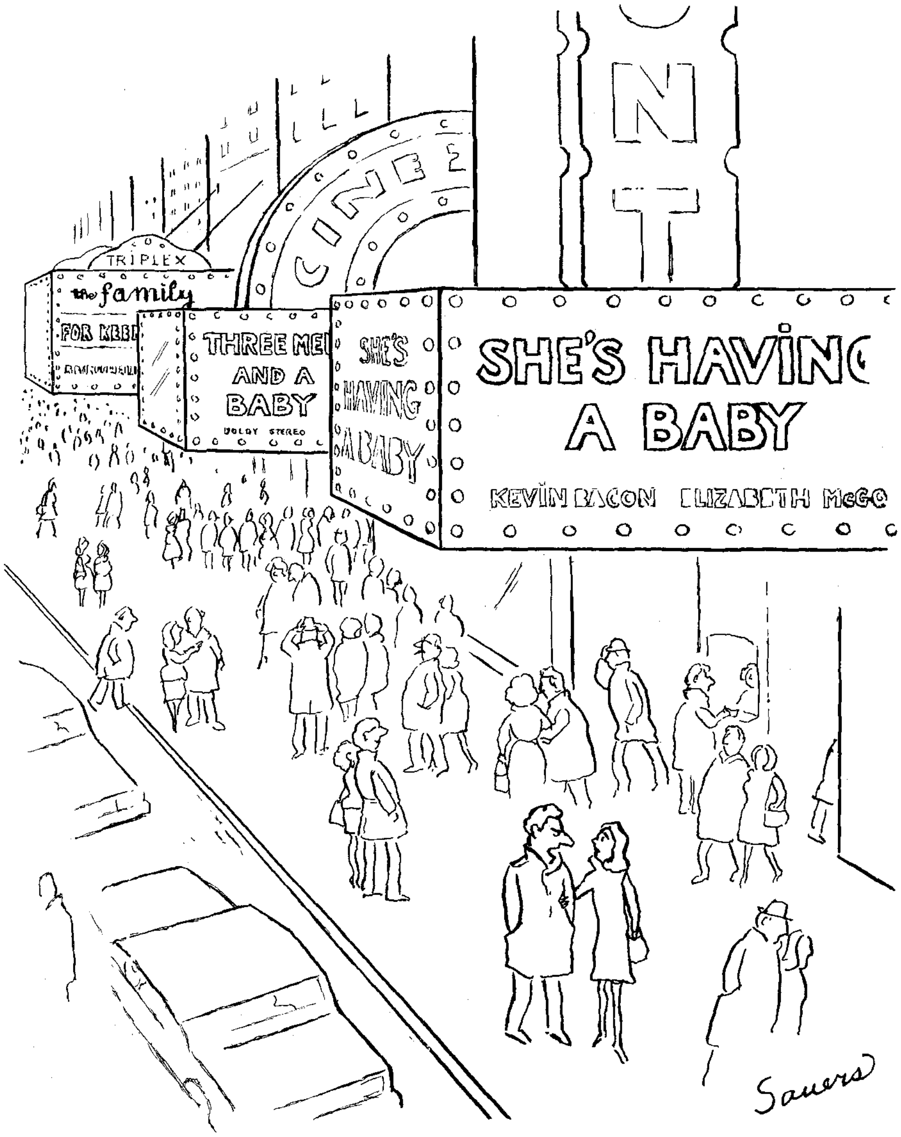
In prepubescence, Edward gazed at his face in the mirror a great deal and studied the effects he could get with it. Once he discovered that a strip of *toothpaste* artfully placed just below a nostril produced an effect that could easily turn his father's queasy stomach. The result was more than he could have hoped for. He waited until everyone was at the table before joining them. Sarah, sitting opposite, was the first to notice. In a loud voice she announced that Edward was making her sick. Their father looked, and a few moments later rose, napkin over mouth, and left the room.

Curious about how he'd look without eyebrows, Edward shaved one off with his father's razor. His father was always conscious of the image that the family presented, and Edward could sense his discomfort at having to sit in church with a son who had only one eyebrow. After Howard persuaded Edward that the new eyebrow would grow in bushier than its mate, he shaved off the second one so that they'd match.

When Edward had become a conspicuously unsuccessful father, who quarrelled with his children over their pot-smoking, their rock music, their language, their clothes, until they had become alienated, he'd think with some respect and sympathy of his father's ability to survive, particularly as he and Howard grew older. Howard was addicted to strange projects, some



"We're all nuts about the Pacific Rim."



"I told you I'd think about it."

of them involving firecrackers. When he was about thirteen, to see what would happen he dropped a lighted firecracker into an empty ink bottle and quickly put the stopper in the bottle. What he learned was that the bottle blows up and sprays the experimenter with bits of inky glass. For days, Howard's face was flecked with dark blue freckles. He and Edward decided Howard must have blinked at the instant of the explosion, since they could find no glass in his eyes and since he could still see. The walls of his room were speckled with the glass.

Impressed by a contortionist he had seen in vaudeville, Howard spent a few weeks trying to get a foot behind his head by tightening a belt that was looped around head and foot. He abandoned the project when he had a heel within a couple of inches of his forehead. He was strong, and proud of his muscles, and often scuffled with their ninety-five-pound mother, who had never quite grown up. Once, as they wrestled for some object—a ball, a report card—without intending to he tossed her over his hip. There was an audible crack as she hit the floor. "Howie," she said as she lay there, "I think you broke my ankle." She was on crutches for more than a month.

Howard had nearly perfect teeth, with one slight imperfection—a minute hole between the two upper front teeth, through which he could squirt a tiny water jet. He'd take a drink of water at the table and sit smiling, to uncover the hole. His mother, seeing him looking at her with a foolish grin and knowing what was coming, would say, "Howie, don't you dare!" At which he'd give her a small squirt. She'd no sooner get her glasses wiped off than he'd squirt her again. She'd laugh with delight. Howard would have enough water left to give Edward a shot or two on the ear. Their father, outnumbered as usual, would be silent. He may have thought it was funny.

There was a series of four or five automobile accidents that started when Howard was fourteen. His father had made the mistake of showing him how to drive. Edward was eager to have Howard teach him, and at the first opportunity, when their parents were out playing bridge, they pushed their father's car out of the garage and got in. Howard started the engine and they roared into the garage, crushing the Easy Washer against a laundry tub and knocking the tub off its supports. Howard made the first of the reports that came close to becoming a habit. He phoned the house where his parents were, asked for his father, and said, "Dad, I just had an accident." Accidents usually took place at night. They'd wake their father to break the news, and he'd sit on the edge of his bed, trying to comprehend through the fog of half sleep and saying in a singsong, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhh." In the last and worst of them, in daylight, when he was through school and returning home from his first job, Edward collided at an intersection with an old Reo Speed Wagon, whose driver, a short bald man who worked on a W.P.A. project and was the father of four children, was pitched out the door on his head. He lay on his back in the roadway, dead.

EDWARD lived with a jumble of images of his father; some of them in time became moving, including that worried face hovering over him, showing him how to chew. Another was of his father sprawled flat on his face on Genesee Street, in New Hartford, while a car skidded to a stop a few feet from him. It was a Sunday, and the children wanted ice-cream cones. Their father, of course, said they didn't need ice-cream cones, but their mother shamed him, as she always shamed him: "Honest, Lewis, you're so tight you squeak." So he was crossing the street, red-faced and mad, to get cones for the children, who were waiting in the car with their mother. Seeing a car bearing down on him, he started to sprint. He tripped, or slipped, on a streetcar track and fell flat. They all watched, horrified. Their mother screamed. The driver managed to stop. Their father got up, picked up his glasses and cap, and completed his mission. He handed the children their cones and got into the car without a word. As they drove home, their mother wept quietly on the front seat and the children, in back, licked their ice cream without pleasure.

There was their father the golfer with the flossy waggle, and the skier with the strange posture. Occasionally, on a Sunday in winter, wrapped in blankets, the family drove in their 1922 Buick open touring car with isinglass curtains to the village of Sauquoit, south of Utica, where a farmer waited with a sleigh and a team of horses. They rode on straw under heavy blankets that smelled of a cow barn for the two miles uphill to the little house they owned overlooking the Sauquoit Valley. The unpaved road was snowed in, and the sleigh went through barnyards and across fields. They had a fire in the dining-room stove and ate a hot meal that their mother had put up in aluminum containers that fitted into an insulated cylinder with a heated flat stone at the bottom—slices from a leg of lamb, mashed potatoes, gravy, and cauliflower. They used a privy inside a woodshed attached to the house. They skied through a planted pinewood to a snow-covered cornfield with a steep slope, and spent the afternoon there, their father standing straight up on his skis, feet together and arms extended from his sides like a tightrope walker. He said that was the correct form, and he liked to get the form right. (He had played high-school football and baseball in Camden and church-league baseball in Utica, and had a rather showy throwing motion; when they played catch with him, Howard and Edward called him, in an undertone, Joe Form.) Using their skis, they pushed up a mound of snow and compacted it to make a jump. The farmer returned with the sleigh in the late afternoon, lighted a lantern, hung it from a hook beside his raised seat, and jovially tucked them in—except for tireless Howard, who insisted on skiing down.

NIGHTSHADE

Those shadows, those flame shapes below,
are a grove, trees that in darkness
give off a damp scent—clove dust,
but sweeter. As he tries to explain
he feels defeated, because what he senses
is changing, momentary, brought on the wind.
Surely she notices it, too. Not berry
but the leatheriness of bark, the skin of berries.
The seed. Rain after a season of rain.
She notices the long distance they have come.
It is as if the evening began in the valley
below them, and now makes its way up the incline.
Nightshade, she says. One word.
And everything he has said seems paraphrase.
That air, sweet and bitter, is gone,
lost to chill, to shade giving way
to the general dark. It is her hand
in his he thinks of now.
Her hands. Not their tenderness
but how one year they wove
the viny bittersweet into wreaths,
which she gave away as gifts.
When they finished their work, he brought her hands,
cut and scraped, to his mouth and kissed them.
He put her cupped hands over his face
and breathed deep the air held within them.

—Eric Pankey

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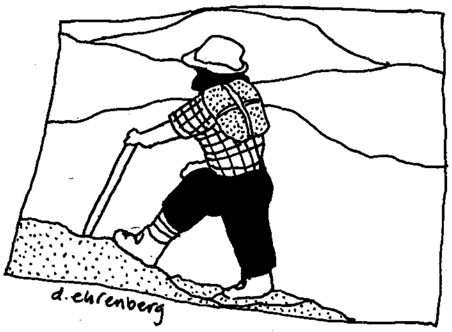
There was their father the competitor, who had to be taking on someone at something every day to keep his juices flowing. He always drove home for lunch to have a half hour of cards with their mother. For years the game was Russian bank, a two-handed form of solitaire; later, it was cribbage; still later, canasta; and, after he retired, Scrabble. He kept a running score in a little notebook, and could tell her at any time how many points he was ahead. There were often arguments over who was cheating whom, she joshing, he dead serious. He loved bridge—it challenged his ability to keep track of the cards played, and tested his ingenuity in making difficult contracts. He didn't like playing with people who took the game less seriously than he did, who talked and didn't pay attention, or, as he would say, didn't apply themselves. Howard, who didn't like to play when his father was in the game, was occasionally dragooned into making a fourth when no one else was available. His father may have suspected there was some justice in his wife's criticism that he was too hard on Howard. As Howard went about making himself comfortable, hauling up an easy chair and settling into it sideways to the table, his legs over an arm, his father would try to restrain himself, but several deep breaths gave him away. Howard kept up a silly chatter guaranteed to annoy his father, who couldn't abide silliness. Howard had become fond of the words "nicely" and "extremely," possibly from reading Damon Runyon stories in *Collier's*. "That's very nicely" and "That's extremely," he'd say, and sometimes he'd combine them: "That's extremely nicely." If the game lasted long enough, he might wind up with one leg on the back of the chair and his head almost under the table. He would finally succeed in provoking a confrontation. Once, his father told him sharply that he couldn't pass. "Your partner bid two no-trump," he said. "You have to say something."



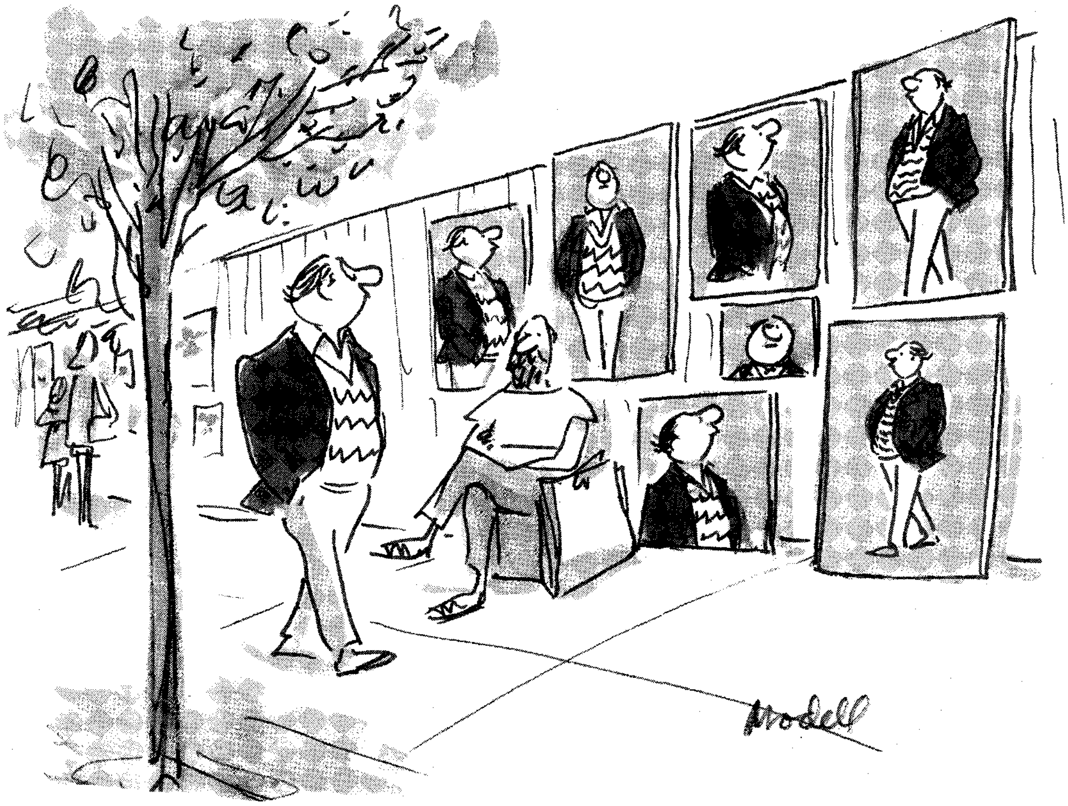
Howard, not wanting to take a chance on getting stuck with the bid, stalled. "How do we get out of this, Poopdeck?" he said. "How about three no-spades?"

"What's your bid?" his father asked.

Loud, defiant: "Three no-spades."

His father threw down his cards. "Lord help us," he said. The game was over.

Howard raised his head and looked innocently around. "Something the matter, Poopdeck?"



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As a lover, their father was unusual, and even playful. When courting their mother (both worked for a wholesale building-supply firm, she as a stenographer, he as a salesman), he'd call on her in the evening with a ball glove and ball, she once told the children, and they'd play catch in her parents' side yard, he gallantly letting her use the glove. Even in their sixties they'd occasionally chase each other out of the kitchen with a water pistol they kept there, laughing like schoolchildren. They became hysterical once when the hot-water bottle they were throwing at each other in their bedroom broke and soaked a bed. Another night, unable to restrain herself when she saw him praying on his knees beside his bed, she took the Bible, kept on a nightstand between their beds, and threw it, hitting him on the shoulder. He thought that was hilarious. Although for much of the time he carried the weight of the world on his shoulders, when mightily amused he went all out, laughing uncontrollably, tears streaming down his face. He'd pull himself together, blow his nose, and then have a second seizure.

Their father had given them a good life, a wonderful life, as the appreciative Sarah sometimes said; he worried about them, undoubtedly loved them, and tried to be just. And yet, it seemed to Edward, both sons had withheld affection and given him only grudging respect. Since Edward couldn't believe that he and Howard were mean by nature, he looked for the fault elsewhere. He always came back to the child on the train and the insecurity and despair he suspected the boy had experienced, possibly even before his trip to Camden, until an exaggerated sense of anxiety had become permanently established and was later inflicted on his sons. Almost too late, Edward pitied, if not loved, his father.

Edward wondered why his grandfather, a lawyer and member of a prosperous family, hadn't taken his son to Camden instead of sending him off by himself at age five. The answer seemed to be that he was monstrously irresponsible. He married two more times, left more children around the country, went on the gold rush to the Klondike, and died chasing a rumor of gold in British Honduras (now Belize), where he was buried. Why hadn't the boy's mother met him in New York, or even in Utica? Both parents seemed to have set him up for whatever might have happened to a small child making such a long journey alone.

It may have been inevitable that this touching child, this David Copperfield, metamorphosed into a ponderous apostle of get-up-and-go. His upbringing had taught him about the snares set for the unwary, a lesson made urgent by the example of his own father, and may have accounted for the harsh, bullying tone, for the implication that his sons would turn out like Uncle Reggie (he never mentioned his father) unless they shaped up. It was the implication and the tone that turned them off.

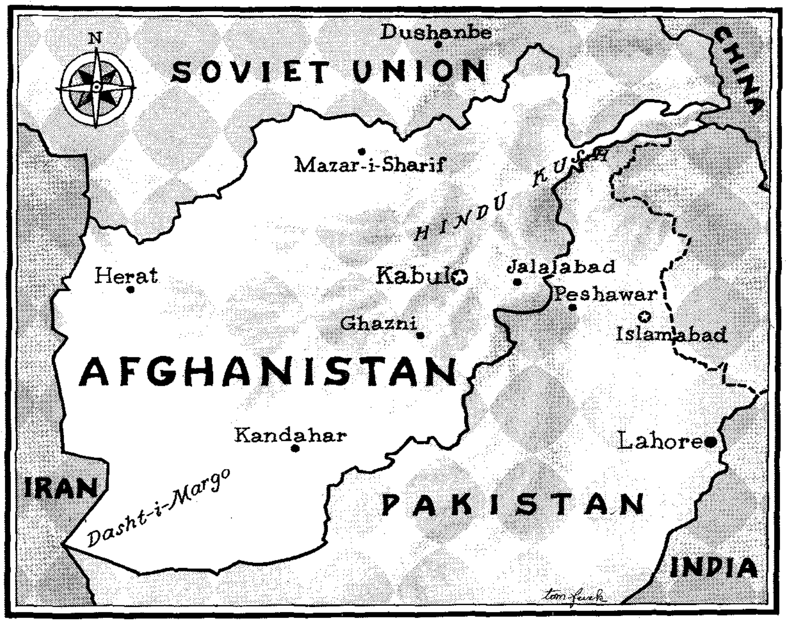
Contemplating his own disaster, Edward wondered why anyone who doesn't have to ever becomes a father. "There is no one right way to bring up children," a therapist once told him, to ease his guilt after he had poured out his own meanness as a father. There seemed to be only wrong ways. He had thought that all he needed to do was to avoid his father's example. No lectures on getting ahead and being somebody. Let the kid park all the food he wanted in his cheek or blow up ink bottles or spend his evenings trying to get his foot behind his head. Keep the hearing aid turned on, and keep smiling.

As it turned out, Edward was unprepared for the reality of the early seventies in southern Marin County. By the time he calmed down and began seeing a therapist, his seventeen-year-old son was living in a shack with a girl, and his fifteen-year-old daughter was scarcely speaking to him. He was shocked and depressed. On the day his son moved out of the house, Edward could barely contain his frustration. "How do you expect to have any kind of life?" he said. "Or have *anything*? Your mother and I work hard so we can live here, and you thumb your nose at what makes it possible—at the whole idea of making something of your life. Believe me, it doesn't come easy." Then he stopped. For a moment, he could hear Howard saying, in an undertone, "He forgot money doesn't grow on trees."

—Arthur Robinson

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BLOODY GAMES



THE invasion of Afghanistan—an impoverished, mountainous land of fifteen million herders, traders, and peasants which is squashed up against Iran, Russia, China, and Pakistan—is the largest, longest, and costliest Soviet military operation since the Second World War. The Soviet pacification campaign in Afghanistan has caused civilian casualties in the hundreds of thousands and left more than a third of the Afghan people refugees. And the United States, in support of the Afghan resistance, has been waging its most elaborate and expensive covert war since the Central Intelligence Agency's operations in Laos and Cambodia in the early nineteen-seventies. This is the first time that the United States has supported a guerrilla army firing on Soviet troops.

In the fiscal year 1987 alone, according to the Washington *Post*, clandestine American military aid to the Mujahideen, the holy warriors of the Afghan resistance, amounted to six hundred and sixty million dollars—more than the total of American aid to the Contras in Nicaragua. Unlike aid to the Contras, however, the covert aid to the Afghan resistance has not been a matter of congressional debate. Indeed, Congress has on several occasions appropriated more money than the Administration requested.

This is not the first time two world powers have clashed in combat over Afghanistan. From 1837 to 1907, the British and the Russians fought along the northwest frontier of British India—now part of Pakistan. British officers called these mountain struggles the Great Game, and the phrase was popularized by Rudyard Kipling in "Kim." Today, Afghanistan is still the playing field for great powers, but there are more players now, and the games are bloodier.

"Afghanistan is the calf in this *buzkashi* between Moscow and Washington," remarked Professor Sayd Bahaouddin Majrooh, a former dean at Kabul University and director of the Afghan Information Center in Peshawar, just inside Pakistan. "Go see the game. We have brought it here to Pakistan. You will understand much about Afghanistan and about this war." With a group of Afghan friends, we joined a crowd of two thousand spectators scattered in the dusty outskirts of Peshawar below the Khyber Hills. To visualize the game, imagine American football, on horseback, with no protective gear, few rules, no limit on the number of players, and for the ball a headless calf weighing fifty to a hundred pounds. The objective is to get hold of the calf and carry it to a goal, which is usually a mile distant. It is a game that depends not on teamwork but on the skill of individual riders and their horses.

There were about a hundred horses—an unusually small number—being walked or exercised, but only a dozen or so looked well bred and well trained. As these horses and their riders passed the crowd, they drew soft exclamations of "Maasha Allaah!" These were the *chapandazan*—master players. The rest were camp followers or novices, who would provide the necessary obstacles for the real players. As the horsemen were lining up at the starting point—the *chapandazan* at the front and the rest behind them—four turbaned men carried the carcass of a calf to the center of the field, placed it there, and withdrew. A rapid volley of rifle fire signalled the start. With a powerful cry of "Allah-u-Akbar" ("God is great"), the horsemen galloped off, a fast-moving mass of color. Within seconds, some of them had moved to the sides, while others reached the center quickly, and struggled to gain access to the dead animal; the mass of lurching, rearing horses and jostling, yelling, hissing riders was hidden by clouds of dust. The melee broke suddenly, allowing us a view of the action. In the contest among the master players, we could see that each one had the support of clusters of horsemen—multiple teams organized around individual players. When a rider approaches the calf, he lowers his head and shoulders toward the ground and then, the reins in one hand, the whip between his teeth, he reaches out with his free hand to grab the calf. (Hence the name of the game—*buzkashi*, or "goat grabbing;" sometime in the nineteenth century, calves replaced goats.) He gets pushed, shoved, hit; his horse may collapse under the weight of other advancing or rearing horses; and hooves can mangle his hands. Only the nimblest of riders on the best-trained horses, working in perfect coördination, can capture the calf. In badly played contests, the calf gets torn to pieces, and judges have a hard time deciding the winner. In the game we saw, one player—galloping with the carcass cradled in one arm, his whip still between his teeth, and blood trickling down his face—finally eluded his rivals and rode out of sight, to the finish line. Minutes later, he returned, and as the crowd cheered he deposited the calf in another circle, close to the first one. Then all returned to the starting point and resumed the game.

That evening, we discussed the analogy that had led us to the match. The game reflects a culture that places enormous value on physical courage and individual enterprise, allows untrammelled competition, and assumes that order will emerge from anarchy. "But there is more to it," one of our Afghan friends said. "It is not possible to play this game without sponsors. It involves great expense, prizes, payments to the *chapandazan*, horses—above all, good horses, which very few people have. It is a game that only the rich can afford to sponsor: no sponsor, no game. It is a game of dependency. That is how this war is. We are being torn to pieces by teams sponsored by outsiders."

Another man added, "The Communists and the fundamentalists are contesting Afghanistan as if it were a dead object. There are two sides, they say. That's wrong. There are twelve, maybe twenty, fifty political *chapandazan* on all sides. Each for himself. Our suffering is great."

On February 11th of this year, Professor Majrooh was himself killed in Peshawar. He was associated with the moderate wing of the resistance, and had advocated a negotiated end to the conflict.

THE story of the Afghan people has been written largely by their adversaries, who have often become grudging admirers. In 1924, the Earl of Ronaldshay, then president of Britain's Royal Geographical Society, wrote of the borderland between Pakistan and Afghanistan, "The life of a frontier officer is hard, and he treads it daily on the brink of eternity. Yet despite its obvious drawbacks the fact remains that these endless ranges . . . do possess the power of inspiring in those whose lot is cast among them an extraordinary enthusiasm." Afghanistan owes its unique culture to its towering peaks and a cruel absence of water. The Hindu Kush, the western end of the Karakoram range, stretches across Afghanistan for six hundred miles, cutting off the country's north from its south. The Pamir Knot, part of the Himalayan system of more than a hundred peaks rising from twenty to twenty-five thousand feet, dominates the northern region, along China and Soviet Central Asia. To the south are vast deserts—most notably Dasht-i-Margo, "the wilderness of death." Afghanistan's climate veers between extremes. In summer, there is sweltering heat, and dust storms sweep across the deserts; winters are bitter cold, and the winds are fierce. So little grows in the rocky soil that only the hardiest animals survive. In 1937, René Dollot, the former French envoy to the Court of Kabul, wrote, "The lunar landscapes of the Hindu Kush, as if borrowed from prehistory, seem still to be waiting for the birth of the animal world, or perhaps to announce its end." But Afghanistan is also a land of surprises. The "assault on the spirit . . . of stark ugliness and discomfort" is often relieved by "beauty indescribable in its clarity and contrast with the barren emptiness that went before," Sir Olaf Caroe, former British governor of the North-West Frontier Province and the author of "The Pathans," writes. "The weft and warp of this tapestry is woven into the souls and bodies of the men who move before it. Much is harsh, but all is drawn in strong tones that catch the breath, and at times bring tears, almost of pain."

A large majority of Afghanistan's village settlements are linked only by narrow mountain paths. In winter, these become impassable—a circumstance that assures the autonomy of villages and tribes. Since ancient times, Afghan society has been largely a collection of inward-looking settlements that have resisted integration into a national community. Each village and tribe displays strong family ties and group loyalty. The center of politics is one's immediate community. Authority rests with a khan—a tribal chief—or with a religious leader. Outside the village or the tribe, most Afghans view one another warily, as strangers. This means that the outsider may be considered deserving of help and hospitality or that he may be seen as an enemy to be feared or fought—or he may turn out to be a

"Let's do it, guys! Let's make some advertising!"

"Wallace, have you forgotten our prenuptial contract? No whistling!"

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benefactor, to be protected and exploited.

Just as geography has forced social fragmentation, so the barren economy has generated fierce competition for resources. Throughout Afghan history, coöperation beyond the boundaries of community and tribe, when it occurred at all, took the form of a defense compact, and then only when the independence of all parties was threatened by an external enemy or an intrusive government. Rebellions in Afghanistan have typically occurred not against feudal lords or oppressive tribal chiefs but against foreign invaders and centralizing, reformist governments. When the Soviets intervened militarily and lent their support to a centralized and reformist Communist government, they encouraged the two historic causes of rebellion in Afghanistan.

In the nineteenth century, Russia watched as the British pushed into the interior of the country and suffered their greatest imperial misadventure. "The Cambridge History of the British Empire" describes that invasion as "a terrible mistake." Others have been less polite. Lord Auckland, the Governor General of India, who ordered the expedition, was denounced by contemporaries as a "bumbling" weakling. Lord Auckland himself admitted that the first Anglo-Afghan war was a "horror and disaster of which history has few parallels." Lord Palmerston, the British Foreign Minister at the time, who was accused by political rivals of being led into the expedition by his Russophobia, was haunted by the disastrous outcome for the rest of his life.

A Soviet historian, Naftula Khalfin, recounts the story of the British failure in his 1981 book "British Plots Against Afghanistan." In October of 1838, he writes, Lord Auckland announced that Britain's candidate to rule Afghanistan, Shah Shoja, would enter the country "supported against foreign interference and factious opposition by a British army." A British expeditionary force of more than fifty thousand, grandly named the Army of the Indus, marched into Kalat, a principality that is now part of Pakistan. In order to impress the local ruler, a British official bragged that his army had entered Kabul without firing a shot. The Khan of Kalat was silent.

"You make no answer. You seem lost in thought," the official said.

"Yes, I am thinking. You people have entered this country, but how will you get out?"

The British official recalled that the Khan made his flesh creep with a prophecy: "Wait till sickness overtakes your troops—till they are exhausted with fatigue from long and harassing marches, and from the total want of supplies; wait till they have drunk of many waters; and wait, too, till they feel the sharpness of Afghan swords."

By December, 1840, the British had to all appearances won the Great Game. Dost Muhammad Khan, the Afghan ruler, whom the British had vowed to remove, had surrendered and been sent off to exile in British India. The British puppet, Shah Shoja, occupied the throne, and Lord Auckland told London that Sir William Hay Macnaghten, the envoy of the Crown, might be capable of "organizing an honest and friendly government, and . . . reconciling this wild and divided country." But while victory was being proclaimed in London the British Army in Afghanistan was being destroyed.

In November and December of 1841, there was an uprising in Kabul; the British garrison there was besieged, and many senior British officers, including Macnaghten, were killed. British troops in Kabul finally broke the siege and started the retreat to India. Karl Marx, a correspondent for the New York *Tribune* at the time, re-created the scene for his readers:

> On the walls of Jalalabad . . . the sentries espied a man in a tattered English uniform on a miserable pony horse, and the man was desperately wounded; it was Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the 15,000 who had left Kabul three weeks before. He was dying of starvation.

A painting of the wounded doctor on the wretched pony was reproduced widely, and for a time people believed that Dr. Brydon was indeed the sole survivor of the Anglo-Afghan war. But when the British returned to wreak vengeance they found two thousand of their soldiers and camp followers begging in the streets of Kabul. After four years of death, hardship, and humiliation, the British left Afghanistan as they had found it, with Dost Muhammad Khan back on the throne.

The Great Game continued as British power expanded throughout India and into Iran and the Russians penetrated farther into Central Asia. From the first Anglo-Afghan war to the

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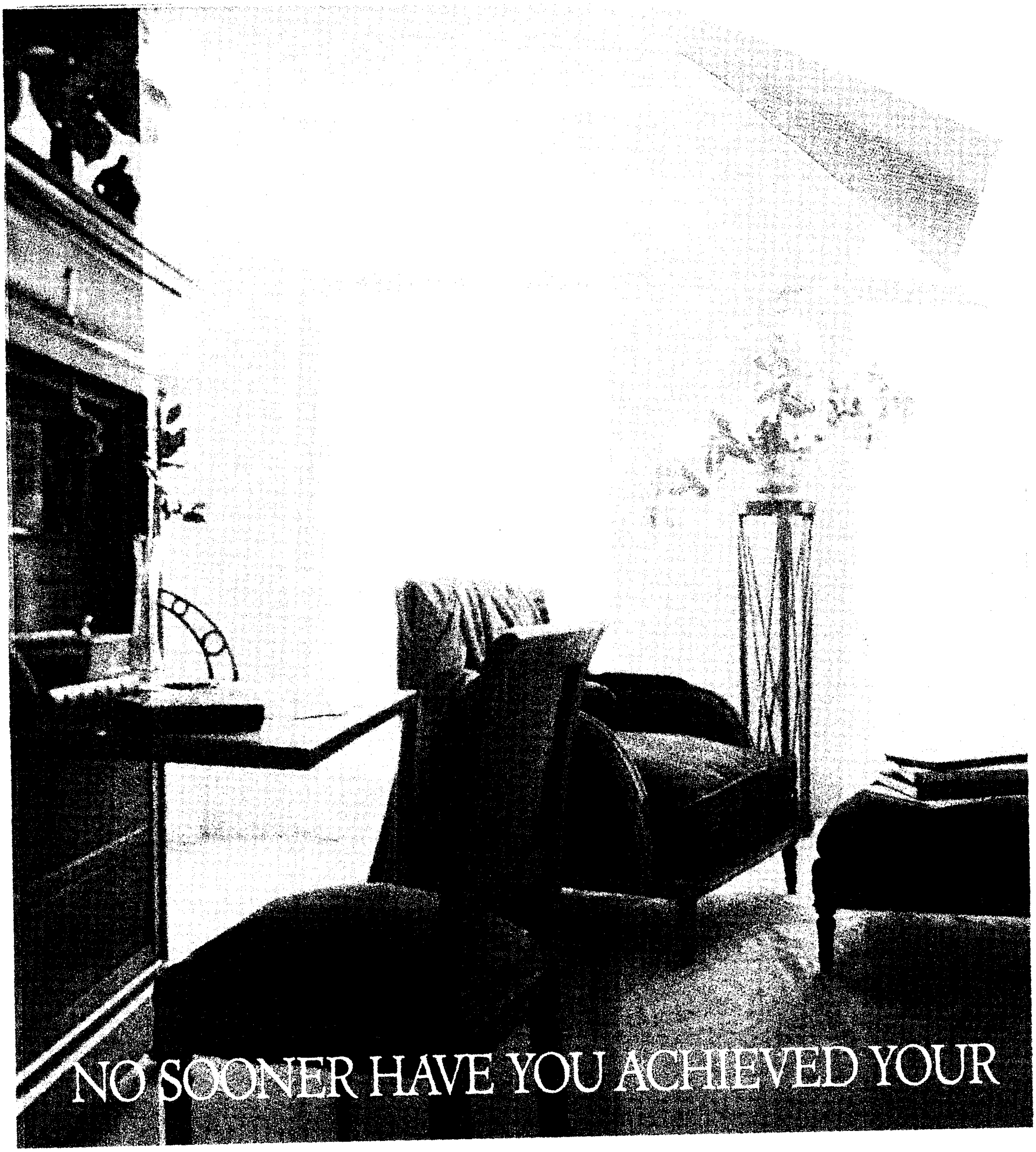
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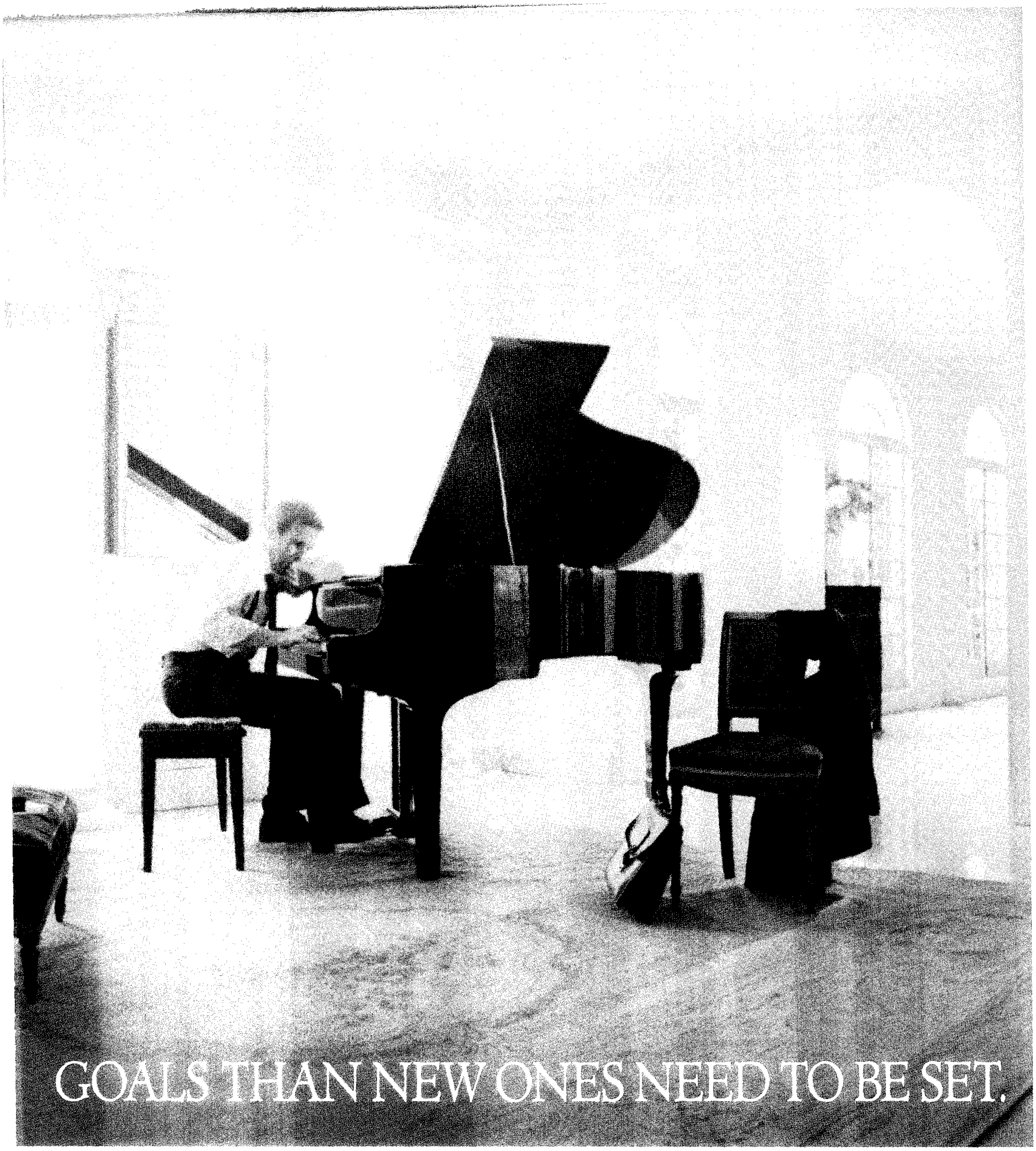
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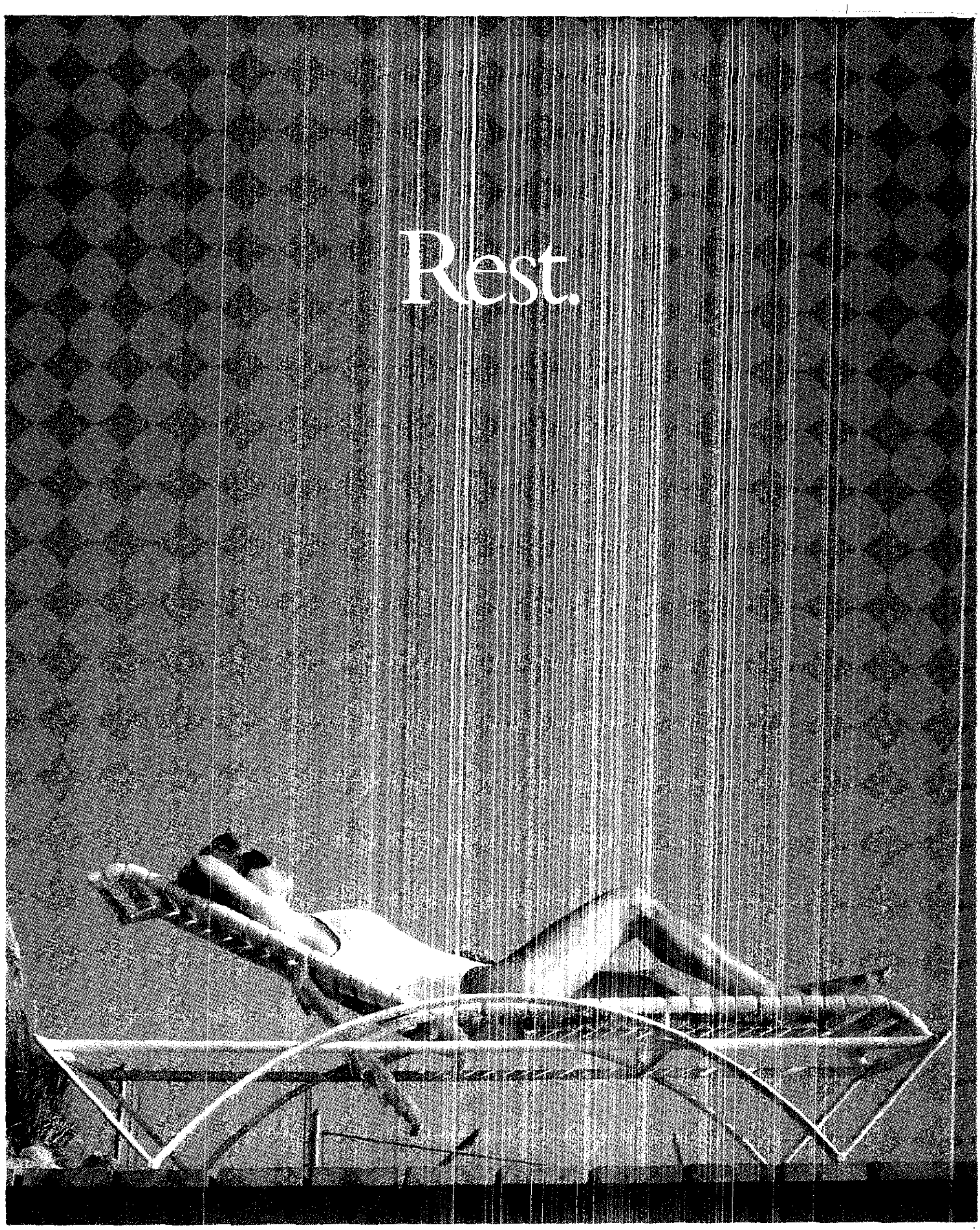

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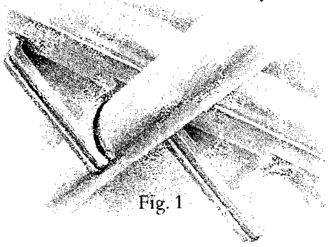
Fig. 1

This ratchet design is just one example, but a good one (fig. 1). Depending on the furniture style, we use either a locking nylon ratchet, which snaps into place, or a light, tough aluminum ratchet. Each one is engineered to support the chaise back without leaving its mark on the finish.

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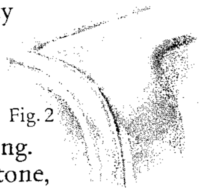
Fig. 2

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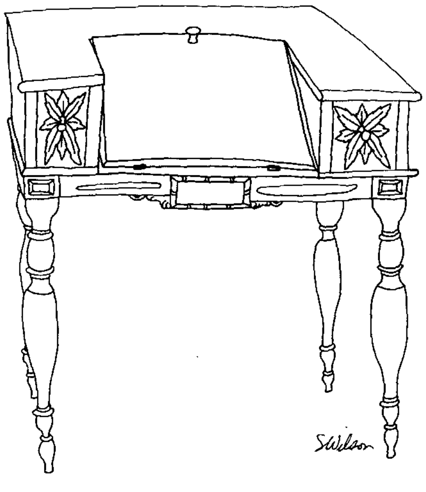
outbreak of the Second World War, the British carried out more than a hundred military operations against the Pushtun tribes on both sides of what is now the Afghan-Pakistani border. In November of 1878, Anglo-Russian rivalry led to another British invasion and another disastrous defeat. In Victorian England, meanwhile, Afghanistan had come to symbolize the risks and hardships of carrying the white man's burden. Winston Churchill, who participated in an 1897 "frontier war" as a "subaltern of horse," defended the British massacres and village burnings against the Gladstone liberals, who "seemed to imagine that the tribesmen consisted of a regular army who fought, and a peaceful, law-abiding population who remained at their business." The reality, he wrote, was that "every inhabitant is a soldier from the first day he is old enough to hurl a stone, till the last day he has strength to pull a trigger." Finally, the British concluded that the Afghans did not make good clients—that, given their history of isolation and their insurrectionary culture, it was better to subsidize the tribal chiefs than to attempt to pacify them.

For centuries, the people of Afghanistan have scratched out a livelihood by travel, trade, and combat. As late as 1929, only two or three per cent of the land in Afghanistan was under cultivation; since the nineteen-sixties, various development projects have increased the figure to about fifteen per cent. But, having only ten inches of rainfall a year and four uncoöperative river systems, Afghanistan offers few opportunities for farming. Two centuries before Christ, the Great Silk Road—the network of caravan trails through the difficult terrain and hazardous weather of Afghanistan—linked the civilizations of China and India to those of Egypt, Greece, and Italy. (Around 1940, French excavators discovered in two subterranean rooms, presumably storerooms, rare Buddhist art, vases, and lacquerware from China's Han Dynasty, carved ivories of ancient India, Phoenician glassware, and a vase bearing a scene from the Iliad.) Nomads, who until 1978 were still a sixth of Afghanistan's population, had the knowledge and the skills to guide the caravans along the trails. Warrior bands protected the travellers and their merchandise—for a price—or, failing to find protégés or looking for better returns, raided them. Tribes that controlled sections of the route and the mountain passes collected levies both from private traders and from governments. Merchants in the cities provided food, water, and pack animals. Only in the small urban centers, at the junctions of trails or close to border areas—Kandahar, Herat, Ghazni, Mazar-i-Sharif, Peshawar—did the government exercise authority. Elsewhere along this most enduring trade route in human history, the warriors' code prevailed. For the nomadic warriors, the most feared enemy was a central government seeking dominion over them.

By the middle of the second millennium, this commercial network, under the control of Muslim rulers and merchants, had expanded greatly. Then the rise of Western capitalism and the opening of maritime routes to the East destroyed the ancient trading network. The Dutch, French, and British East India Companies began to control the flow of trade between East and West. The Afghans were put out of business. But they were spared colonial occupation, and they remained largely outside the international capitalist economy. Only after the Second World War did Afghanistan begin a process of economic modernization, with Soviet and American aid.

The Soviet invasion, despite the destruction it has caused, has revived the trading life of Afghanistan, for it has produced a thriving commerce in consumer goods and contraband, mostly through Pakistan. Early last year, the state bank of Pakistan estimated that goods worth eighty-two billion rupees, or four billion six hundred and seventy million dollars, were being smuggled in and out of Pakistan each year. That is an eighth of Pakistan's gross national product. Narcotics are the major commodity of this underground economy, followed by arms. The center of the commercial activity is Peshawar. There Afghan peddlers sell Russian caviar, and in the markets are to be found canned fish, cheeses, jams, and jellies from the Soviet Union and Eastern European countries. The war has brought French, Norwegians, Americans, Englishmen, and Saudis to Peshawar, and they eagerly shop for East German cameras and binoculars, Russian scarves and woollen sweaters, Swiss watches, and Japanese calculators. A Pakistani customs official explained to us that West European and Japanese imports bound for Afghanistan from Karachi were trucked to the Khyber Pass, where the goods were inspected before crossing into Afghanistan. "But these days many trucks unload soon after the border crossing, and their cargoes are smuggled back into Pakistan," he said. "We can't control the border. There is so much traffic. It is nothing here in Peshawar. Go to Bara or Landi Kotal if you want to see."



Bara, a dusty patch of land divided by a broken, narrow road, is about fifteen miles north of Peshawar. Goods are sold in hundreds of shops made of corrugated metal and protected from the summer sun by cloth hangings. The traffic resembled that of any rural market in a small frontier town—carts, donkeys, goats, a couple of scrawny cows mingled with armed men in baggy clothes and turbans—except that there were Toyotas and Suzukis parked in clusters in front of the stalls. Middle-class families come here bargain hunting from as far away as Lahore, three hundred miles to the southeast. Smuggled goods are cheap in Bara, but prices mount as one moves farther from the Afghan border. The black markets in the tribal areas along the border, where the Afghan refugees are concentrated, have become popular shopping centers for northern Pakistan. An astonishing variety of merchandise is on sale. There are clothes, cosmetics, and weapons, but the best-sellers are the household appliances: Russian irons, air-conditioners, toasters, gas stoves; East German refrigerators, television sets, stereos. Young employees carry large boxes to the cars, and the customers scramble to make room.

Pakistan has replaced Lebanon as the world's largest open market in arms. A London television group was reported to have found a Blowpipe missile in the market at Bara—a British-made missile that the C.I.A. supplies to the Mujahideen. Most of the weapons available in Bara are less advanced. We saw British Lee-Enfield

.303s, of Second World War vintage, an American M-1, and many AK-47 assault rifles of Chinese manufacture. Prices for such weapons range from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Local, Khyber-made Lee-Enfield rifles, which used to be the standard weapon of the frontier tribesmen, were selling at forty to fifty-five dollars—two hundred per cent below their prewar price. There is now a nationwide system of clandestine gun rentals; resourceful customers can find bigger weapons—occasionally even an anti-aircraft battery. The frontier posts of Tor Khama, Miram Shah, Parachinar, and Chaman are bustling centers of travel and trade. Teahouses have sprung up along trails. The trade in mules and horses is brisk. Bus owners ferry the Mujahideen for a price. The Great Silk Road has in part been revived.

WHEN Soviet troops crossed the Afghan frontier in force, in December of 1979, many observers in the United States concluded that the invasion was the first move in a grand strategic plan. It was the first time Soviet troops had entered a territory not occupied by the Red Army at the end of the Second World War. President Carter quickly accepted the judgment of his national-security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, that the invasion was a threat to the rest of the region. Aides have recalled that Carter, disappointed by what he called the "misleading" response of the Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev to his demand for Soviet withdrawal, became "almost apoplectic." He said that the Soviet invasion was "the greatest threat to peace since the Second World War," and on January 23, 1980, he announced a policy that came to be known as the Carter Doctrine: "An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force."

In the weeks following the invasion, there was speculation about Soviet objectives in the region, most of it highly alarmed. Brezhnev, many experts concluded, had taken up Peter the Great's quest for a warm-water port. By traversing the uncongenial mountain passes through landlocked Afghanistan, the Soviet Union might eventually arrive at the Persian Gulf. This would require invading either Pakistan or Iran, of course.

The end of the Nixon-Brezhnev détente, already in its death throes, was hastened by the Soviet intervention, which seemed to provide corroboration for the world view of the hard-liners. Facing an election battle a few months hence in which softness on Russia and the neglect of America's defenses would be likely issues and Ronald Reagan the likely candidate, Carter withdrew the SALT II treaty from consideration by the Senate, announced that the United States would boycott the Moscow Olympics, and prepared a major military buildup, which included a Rapid Deployment Force, intended primarily for the Persian Gulf. The Administration requested approval for a C.I.A. covert operation in Afghanistan, and offered Pakistan four hundred million dollars in aid, which General Zia ul-Haq, Pakistan's military ruler, dismissed as "peanuts." Suddenly, Afghanistan had become the focal point of American global strategy.

Though the Soviet leaders undoubtedly expected criticism from the United States after the invasion, the strength of the reaction from Washington must have surprised them. The United States had appeared content to consign Afghanistan to the Soviet sphere of influence. In the Truman Administration, as the Deputy Chief of Mission in Kabul later wrote, "the State Department showed absolutely no interest in Afghanistan." Former Assistant Secretary of State George C. McGhee recalls that in 1951 Prince Naim, the Afghan Ambassador to Washington, suggested that he would have to talk to the Russians if the United States did not come up with a little military aid. "I picked up the phone and asked my secretary to get me the telephone number of the Russian Embassy," McGhee writes in his memoirs. "I wrote it on a piece of paper and handed it to the Prince, whereupon we both laughed." In the Eisenhower era, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles also turned aside Afghan requests for American arms. Pakistan was the centerpiece of his Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and the tension between Pakistan and Afghanistan over a disputed border ran high.

By contrast, the Soviet Union has had a long-standing interest in Afghanistan. After Lenin came to power, the Afghans were the first recipients of Soviet military and economic aid. In the nineteen-twenties, Soviet engineers put telephone lines in the country and established an air route from Moscow to Kabul. The Afghans remained suspicious of Russian intentions, yet when Britain left the region, in 1947, after the withdrawal from India, and the United States showed no interest in becoming heavily involved, Afghanistan turned into the South Asian equivalent of Finland. At home, it was free to keep its traditional institutions; in foreign affairs, it had to accommodate Soviet interests. The level of Soviet aid to Afghanistan has fluctuated over the years, and appears to have been responsive to the American commitment to Pakistan. In 1955, shortly after Dulles concluded the mutual-security agreement with Pakistan, the Soviet leaders Nikolai Bulganin and Nikita Khrushchev visited Afghanistan, and thereafter the Soviets stepped up their aid, much of which was military. Soviet influence grew rapidly. When the United States sharply reduced its aid to Pakistan in a show of displeasure over the India-Pakistan war of 1965, the Soviets cut aid to their client, too.

Between 1953 and 1963, Sardar Muhammad Daud Khan served as the Prime Minister of Afghanistan, and, with Soviet aid, he introduced reforms. For the first time, a university in Kabul began to train a few intellectuals, and in parts of the country a small start was made on public education. Daud's brother-in-law, Muhammad Zahir Shah, had been the King of Afghanistan since 1933. In 1963, he suddenly dismissed Daud. Ten years later, Daud staged a coup, returned to power, and abolished the monarchy. He dispatched his brother-in-law to Rome (where he still lives) and provided him with a pension. Daud's return to power was assisted by some Army officers who later joined the Afghan Communist Party, and by Babrak Karmal, a well-known and reasonably well-liked leftist politician from an upper-class family. (Six years later, when the Soviets invaded, they installed Karmal as President of Afghanistan.) By all accounts, the Kremlin leadership was entirely satisfied with the state of affairs in the

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"My work is to stare into space."

• •

early years of Daud's rule. Soviet influence grew, and the Soviet Union became Afghanistan's leading trading partner as well as its leading arms supplier.

Afghanistan was an Islamic tribal society made up of four dominant nationalities and numerous smaller ones. With a small urban population, an annual per-capita income of less than two hundred dollars, a literacy rate of ten per cent, and a life expectancy of thirty-eight years, it was not a nation in the modern sense. It was an unlikely candidate for a socialist revolution. On this assessment, the containment strategists in Washington and the Party ideologues in Moscow were in agreement. By abolishing the monarchy, however, Daud had removed the one symbol of legitimacy that had held Afghanistan together since its founding as a state, in 1747. And by staging a military coup to seize power—an unprecedented tactic in Afghanistan—he had transformed the politics of the country. Two new players now appeared on the scene, and the country's fate was no longer entirely in the hands of the Soviet Union or the United States or the traditional ruling élite of Afghanistan.

In 1965, thirty men belonging to various Marxist study circles had formed the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan. Nur Muhammad Taraki, who was the son of a Pushtun nomad and had served as press attaché in the Afghan Embassy in Washington, had been elected general secretary, and Babrak Karmal also held a position of leadership. The People's Democratic Party, Marxist in organization and ideology and semi-clandestine, was neither democratic nor popular. Over the next decade, a few hundred people were attracted to it, all of them from the intelligentsia—teachers, bureaucrats, students, and, most important, military officers, many of whom had been to the Soviet Union for training. Since there were no peasants or workers in the Party, the Kremlin did not take it very seriously, but this disregard did not prevent Soviet leaders from trying to give it direction. As the parliamentary elections of September, 1965, approached, Taraki and Karmal went to Moscow to get financial support to run eight candidates. Four of their party's candidates were elected, including Karmal. Both Taraki and Hafizullah Amin, his most devoted disciple, lost. The Afghan secret police concluded, according to a former Minister of the Interior, that the leaders of the P.D.P.A. were "controlled, subsidized, paid, and ordered directly by K.G.B. elements of the Soviet Embassy." Technically, the secret-police report was correct, but it missed what was in fact taking place. From the first, controlling this most unorthodox Communist Party had presented a nearly impossible task, because its leadership was seriously divided, with Karmal challenging Taraki for power. In May of 1967, a little over two years after its formation, the P.D.P.A. split into two factions, each named after its newspaper. Taraki's faction, which was called Khalq ("masses"), was made up mostly of Pushtuns from rural areas, but it aspired to be a Leninist working-class party. Karmal's faction, called Parcham ("banner"), aroused more Soviet interest, because it presented itself as a broad national democratic front ready to work within the system. (In 1982, a former major in the K.G.B. who had defected to the West claimed that Karmal had been a K.G.B. agent for many years, and said, "He could be relied upon to accept our advice.") Hafizullah Amin, an instructor at the Teachers' Training School in Kabul, had just received an M.A. at Teachers College of Columbia University in New York. Reporting on Amin shortly before the Soviet invasion, the American chargé d'affaires in Kabul described him as "all charm and friendliness," and noted that these qualities might make it hard to realize that he had been "directly responsible for the execution of probably 6000 political opponents." Babrak Karmal also had a devoted disciple—a former medical student named Najibullah. In each case, the disciple ousted his patron in order to assume the Presidency of Afghanistan; Najibullah is the current President.

After Daud's coup, Soviet agents had little success in uniting the Party's factions. The energies of the P.D.P.A. leaders were directed chiefly against their rivals within the Party rather than against the state they were committed to overthrowing. The disagreements were personal, not ideo-

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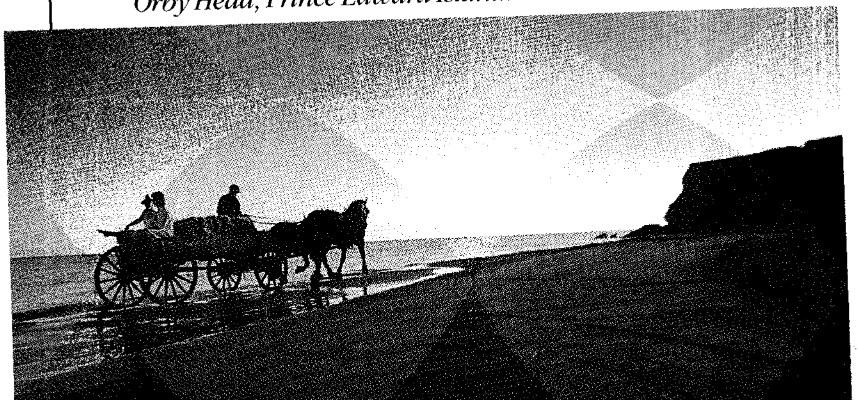

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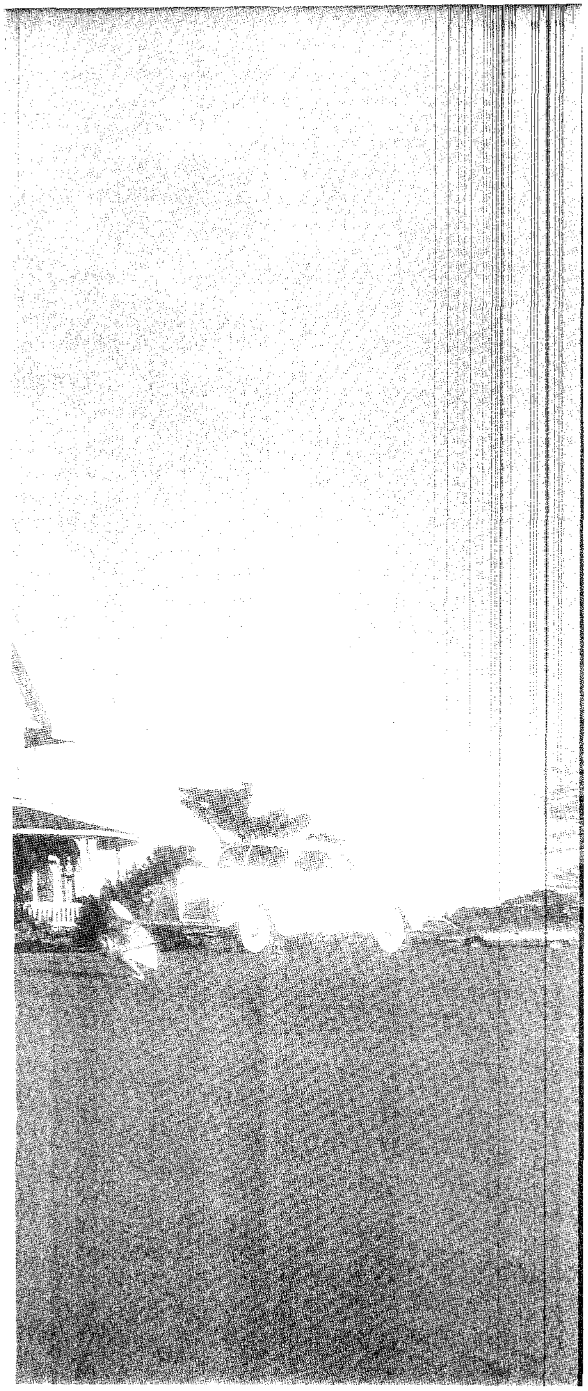

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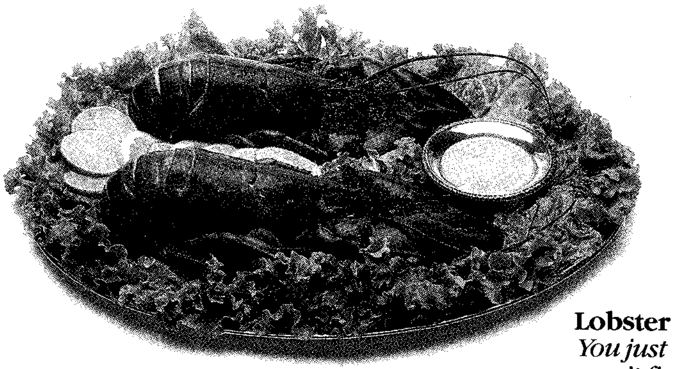

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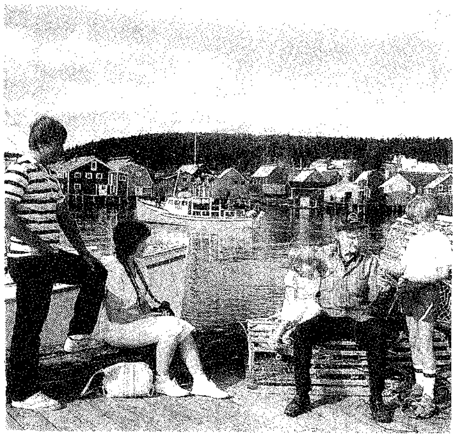

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logical; one major issue was the color of the masthead for the Party newspaper.

Nevertheless, in 1978 they were able to collaborate sufficiently to take over the country. The improbable Afghan revolution would most likely not have happened without the entry of yet another major player, the Shah of Iran. Under Nixon and Carter, the United States welcomed Iran as a surrogate capable of serving American interests in the region without direct American involvement. Under this arrangement, the Shah was sold billions of dollars' worth of advanced military equipment, and was encouraged in his dreams of becoming a modern Xerxes. "It was the Shah of Iran, not Leonid Brezhnev, who triggered the chain of events culminating in the overthrow of the Muhammad Daud regime," Selig Harrison, a specialist on South Asia at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, wrote in the Washington *Post* in May of 1979. "Beginning in 1974 . . . Iran, encouraged by the United States, made a determined effort to draw Kabul into a western-tilted, Tehran-centered regional economic and security sphere embracing Pakistan, India and the Persian Gulf states." The Shah offered Kabul two billion dollars in aid over a ten-year period—more than Afghanistan had received in foreign aid since the end of the Second World War—and encouraged Daud to mend his relations with Pakistan and to lessen his dependence on Moscow by sending more military officers to Egypt and India for training. The Shah also advised Kabul to improve relations with the other countries of the region, including China. In August of 1976, Secretary of State Kissinger visited Daud in Kabul, and an upbeat communiqué was issued after their meeting. Plainly, Daud was looking for new friends, because in 1973 the Islamabad government had begun to train and arm the Mujahideen to harass the Afghan government.

At the same time, Daud moved to cut down the influence of the left in domestic politics. In 1977, he announced a new constitution, which provided for only one political party—his own—and he began purging suspected members of the P.D.P.A. from the Army and the bureaucracy. He appointed prominent anti-Communists as Minister of the Interior and Minister of Defense. The Party, its warring factions now uneasily reunited, began preparations, as Taraki's official biography puts it, "to wrest power through a shortcut," using the Army "to topple the ruling class." On April 19, 1978, the P.D.P.A. organized a funeral procession for one of its leaders who had been murdered, probably on Daud's orders. When fifteen thousand people marched through the streets of Kabul crying "Death to the U.S. imperialists!" Daud was shocked at this demonstration of leftist power. A week later, he arrested the three leaders —Taraki, Amin, and Karmal—on charges of treason and conspiracy. The next day, tanks converged on the Presidential palace while other units freed the P.D.P.A. leaders. President Daud died fighting; his family was killed in the palace.

At the time of the coup, at least a third of the Afghan Army's officer corps was Soviet-trained. Nevertheless, nobody in power, in Afghanistan or outside it, foresaw the coup. Taraki boasted that "the news of our revolution took both superpowers by complete surprise." On the morning of April 27th, the Soviet Ambassador, unaware that the coup was in progress,

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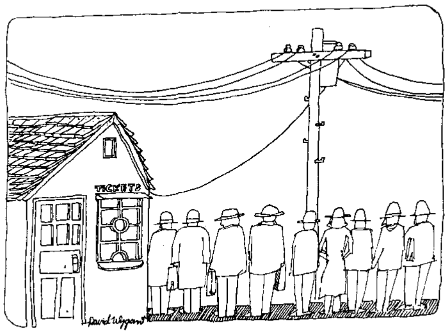
was waiting at the office of the Foreign Minister to lodge a protest against the arrests of the P.D.P.A. leaders. (The next day, he delivered the protest to Taraki, who had become the new President, and—according to a report by the Pakistani journalist Raja Anwar, which was based on eyewitness accounts—"they both burst out laughing.") When Babrak Karmal was freed from prison by a rebel officer and put on a tank, he had no idea where he was being taken. The next day, he was Taraki's Deputy Prime Minister. The commander of the Presidential Guard was a member of Karmal's faction of the P.D.P.A.; he died at his post, defending the palace against his comrades. For three days after the P.D.P.A. takeover, Tass kept referring to it as a "military coup d'état" rather than a popular revolution, which is what the Soviets would surely have called it if they had been behind it. But the Soviet Union quickly recognized the new government, and shortly afterward the American Embassy in Kabul cabled Washington, "The Russians have finally won the 'Great Game.' "

IN the revolutionary government that took over in April of 1978, the two factions were equally represented in the Cabinet. Despite Soviet efforts to keep the rival factions united, however, a split began at once. Within three months, the Parcham leaders were purged. Karmal was sent abroad, as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, and other leaders of his faction were also posted abroad. Many were jailed and executed. Within Khalq, a bitter struggle for power developed between Amin and Taraki. Nevertheless, in December they went to Moscow together to sign a Treaty of Friendship, Good Neighborliness, and Coöperation. One of its articles provided that Afghanistan could call upon the Soviet Union for military assistance.

Despite the cautionary advice of senior Soviet advisers in Afghanistan, the Afghan government pursued a course calculated to provoke resistance among the people. The traditional flag—of green, black, and red—was replaced with a red banner. Overzealous land reform carried out by inexperienced and imperious bureaucrats was resisted, and such innovations as coeducation and legal limitations on dowries aroused further opposition in the conservative rural population. It was almost as if the revolutionary leaders had decided, in the name of progress, to outrage every segment of Afghan society.

By the winter of 1978-79, there was armed resistance in virtually every province. In the fall of 1978, the Islamic-fundamentalist guerrilla groups that had operated against Daud between 1973 and 1976 reëntered Afghanistan with a force of about five thousand. There followed major armed rebellions, which the conscripts in the Afghan Army were unable to put down. Many of them, horrified at being asked to kill their own kin, joined the resistance, bringing their weapons with them. Units of the Afghan Army in the provincial capital of Asadabad defected en masse. In March of 1979, an uprising broke out in Herat, an ancient city near the Iranian border populated by Shiites, who were enthralled by the Khomeini revolution. These pro-Iranian rebels went from house to house looking for government collaborators and Soviet advisers. About a thousand people, including a number of Soviet advisers and their families, were killed; in reprisal, parts of the city were destroyed. In June of 1979, Tehran Radio broadcast the appeal of a senior ayatollah calling upon the people of Afghanistan to rise up against the Communists. The Shiite population of the Hazarajat region staged another uprising.

By then, the United States had concluded that the Soviets were "moving forward with plans to engineer replacement" of the leadership of the P.D.P.A. In mid-July, the American Embassy in Kabul reported that a high-level Soviet mission, headed by a special envoy, Vasily Safronchuk, had been charged with bringing about a "radical change," because "the regime has little public support and is losing control of the country." But Soviet efforts to regulate Afghan affairs succeeded only in exacerbating the discord within Khalq. The most complete account of the intrigue that led to the downfall of Taraki and Amin and to the Soviet invasion is in the forthcoming book "Revolution and Betrayal in Afghanistan," by Raja Anwar, who interviewed many of the participants, including several Cabinet Ministers and the family of Amin. On September 4, 1979, Anwar reports, Taraki left for a visit to Havana, and in his absence one of his supporters, a man named Sarwari, drew up plans to assassinate Amin. However, Sarwari made the mistake of putting his nephew in charge of carrying out the plot, not knowing that the young man worked for the K.G.B. At that point, the Soviets had less drastic ideas for getting Amin out of the way, and he was informed of the plot. From that day, Amin's trust in Soviet good will was confirmed, and Taraki's fate was sealed.



Meanwhile, Taraki, stopping in Moscow to see the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, was advised to send Amin into exile and appoint Karmal as his deputy. But Amin, having foiled the assassination attempt, had no intention of leaving the country, and on the day Taraki returned to Kabul the two leaders quarrelled bitterly in the palace. Summoned three days later to a second meeting, at which the Soviet Ambassador was to mediate their differences, Amin arrived early, in the hope of seeing Taraki alone. When he climbed the stairs leading to Taraki's quarters, guards opened fire, but Amin rolled down the stairs and managed to escape. That evening, he ordered tanks into all key points in Kabul and had Taraki arrested and confined to his quarters. Three weeks later, the founder of Afghanistan's revolutionary party was murdered, on Amin's orders.

The Soviets were now becoming desperate. The Afghan leader whom Brezhnev had embraced was dead, and his rival, whom the Soviets had been trying to get rid of, was firmly in power. Though Amin moved quickly to placate the opposition, mostly by promising religious freedom, and though he was given increasing Soviet military help, he could neither put down the insurgency nor win wider political support. He turned to diplomacy to relieve the pressure, courting both Pakistan and the United States. Yet at the same time he kept asking for more Soviet military aid. By July, there were fifteen hundred Soviet military advisers assigned to the Afghan Army, and a Soviet light-airborne battalion was deployed near Kabul for their protection. In late November,

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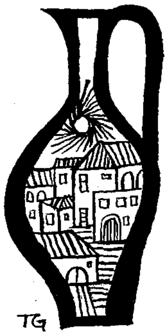
Amin asked the Soviets to bring in ten thousand soldiers to protect Kabul, so that he could free Afghan forces to attack the rebels in the countryside. Between November 29th and December 5th, two additional Soviet battalions were flown into Afghanistan, and in mid-December one of them went into action to secure a key tunnel on the highway to the Soviet Union.

At this point, Amin approached Pakistan. He invited President Zia to Kabul to discuss settling the disputed frontier on Pakistan's terms in return for Zia's agreement to end his support of the Afghan resistance. He also went out of his way to be conciliatory in a private conversation with the American chargé d'affaires. In interviews with American journalists, he appealed for aid from the United States and promised that "no Soviet military bases will be allowed in Afghanistan." In mid-December, Zia replied to Amin's invitation by agreeing to send his Foreign Minister, Amin was ecstatic, and asked the Soviets to halt their troop movements into Afghanistan. Some American analysts have speculated that Amin was an Afghan Tito, or, at least, was thought to be by the Soviets. But suddenly, on December 22nd, the Pakistani Foreign Minister cancelled his trip. Amin thereupon offered arms to Pakistani dissidents fighting Zia, and to Baluchi rebels in Iran fighting Khomeini. All this suggested that Amin was pursuing a strategy of widening the war to save his regime. The possibility that the entire region would be destabilized must have alarmed the Soviets.

On December 27th, Soviet forces crossed the frontier in strength, and the Soviet pacification campaign began. That evening, a Soviet contingent arrived at a palace near the Defense Ministry to which Soviet advisers had induced Amin to move a few days earlier, for "security" reasons. Unlike his previous residence, it had no protective walls and was almost totally indefensible. The day before the move, Amin had survived another attempt to get rid of him—a sophisticated plot that had almost certainly been engineered by Lieutenant General Viktor Paputin, the Soviet First Deputy Minister for Internal Affairs. Raja Anwar recounts how the plot went awry. The Soviet cooks at the Presidential residence (the Afghan President evidently considered them more trustworthy than Afghans) laced Amin's lunch with drugs, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. Apparently, the plan was to take him into the custody of the Soviet Medical Corps, where, after a public declaration of gratitude for the Soviet troops, he would be given a choice of resigning or standing trial for Taraki's murder. But Amin, who ate only lightly, regained consciousness. "Don't worry, the Soviet Army should be coming to our rescue," he said to his wife just a few minutes before a Soviet unit made up of Tajiks arrived at the palace. Amin was later found at his desk, shot through the head. Lieutenant General Paputin, who had been charged with arranging a more discreet removal of the President, died shortly thereafter, probably by his own hand.

The overriding reason for the invasion was that the civil strife inside Afghanistan was viewed in the Kremlin as "a seat of serious danger to the security of the Soviet state," as Leonid Brezhnev put it two weeks later. Afghanistan has a thousand-mile border with the Muslim Central Asian republics of the Soviet Union, which are populated by Tajiks, Uzbeks, and Turkmens—peoples that also inhabit Afghanistan. In 1978, there had been a riot of Tajiks against the Russians in Dushanbe, a town on the Soviet side of the frontier. Toward the end of 1979, the Khomeini revolution in Iran was stirring up Islamic nationalism in the entire region, and the taking of American hostages at the American Embassy in Tehran on November 4th increased the possibility of American military action against Iran within a few hundred miles of the Soviet border.



The Soviets thus faced two disagreeable choices. One was to allow a country on their border which had been within their sphere of influence for more than thirty years to continue to unravel and possibly end up in the hands of an anti-Soviet Islamic-fundamentalist regime backed by conservative Arab nations, China, and the United States. The other was to invade. In short, the military operation was a desperate response to the failure of the Kremlin's political strategy. In a conversation on June 25, 1979, with the senior American diplomat in Kabul, Safronchuk had agreed that a Soviet invasion, about which there was

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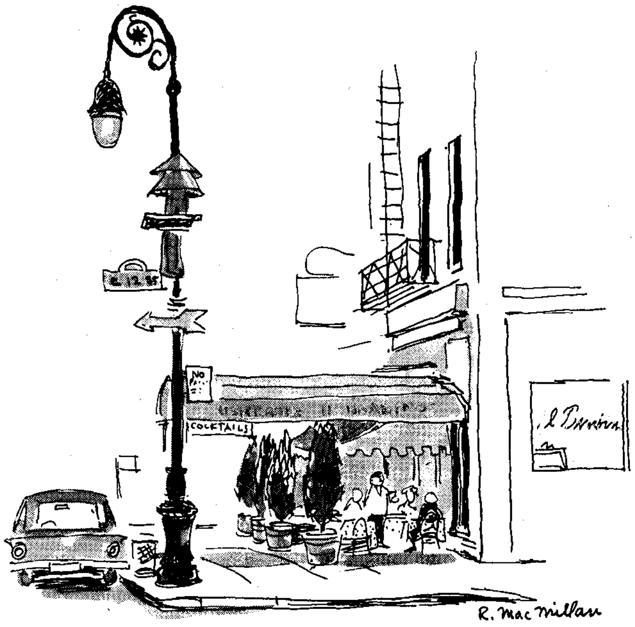
already considerable speculation, "would very much complicate and harm Soviet-American relations." The East German Ambassador in Kabul had told the same diplomat that "the entire Afghan nation" would rise up against a Soviet invading force, just as it did against the British in the nineteenth century. The recognition by Soviet and Communist-bloc diplomats in Kabul of the risks of a Soviet military move suggests that the Kremlin leaders did not lack expert advice. Rather, they chose to ignore it.

At the time of the invasion, much was made in the United States of the Brezhnev Doctrine—the policy enunciated after Soviet tanks ended the reformist experiment of Communist Party Secretary Alexander Dubček in Czechoslovakia in 1968. Now, by intervening in Afghanistan, the Russians appeared to be saying that they were prepared to "defend" with Soviet divisions even socialist revolutions that occurred outside their sphere in Eastern Europe. The use of military force to keep socialist countries from backsliding appeared to have become standard Soviet practice, and it confirmed the world view of the hard-liners in both political parties in the United States that the Soviet Union was an openly expansionist power. Just as Munich stood for the follies of appeasement and Pearl Harbor for the ever-present danger of surprise attack, Afghanistan now became a metaphor for the Soviet Union's boundless appetite and unpredictable behavior.

Eight years later, however, it seems clear that the Soviet goals in Afghanistan have always been limited. First, unlike the Chinese in Tibet, the Soviets have neither claimed sovereignty over Afghanistan nor been willing to commit enough resources to subdue it. They were obviously aware after a few months that without large-scale reinforcements their Army could not hope to eliminate the resistance. Second, within weeks of the invasion Soviet leaders had agreed in principle to the withdrawal of Soviet forces—a promise that they had never made with respect to Eastern Europe. Third, Soviet diplomacy over the last eight years has simply not embraced a strategy for the sort of regional expansion that aroused so much fear in the United States at the time of the invasion. True, military pressure on Pakistan has been stepped up, but the obvious motivation has been to discourage Pakistani support for the Mujahideen. Soviet policy toward Iran has been extremely cautious.



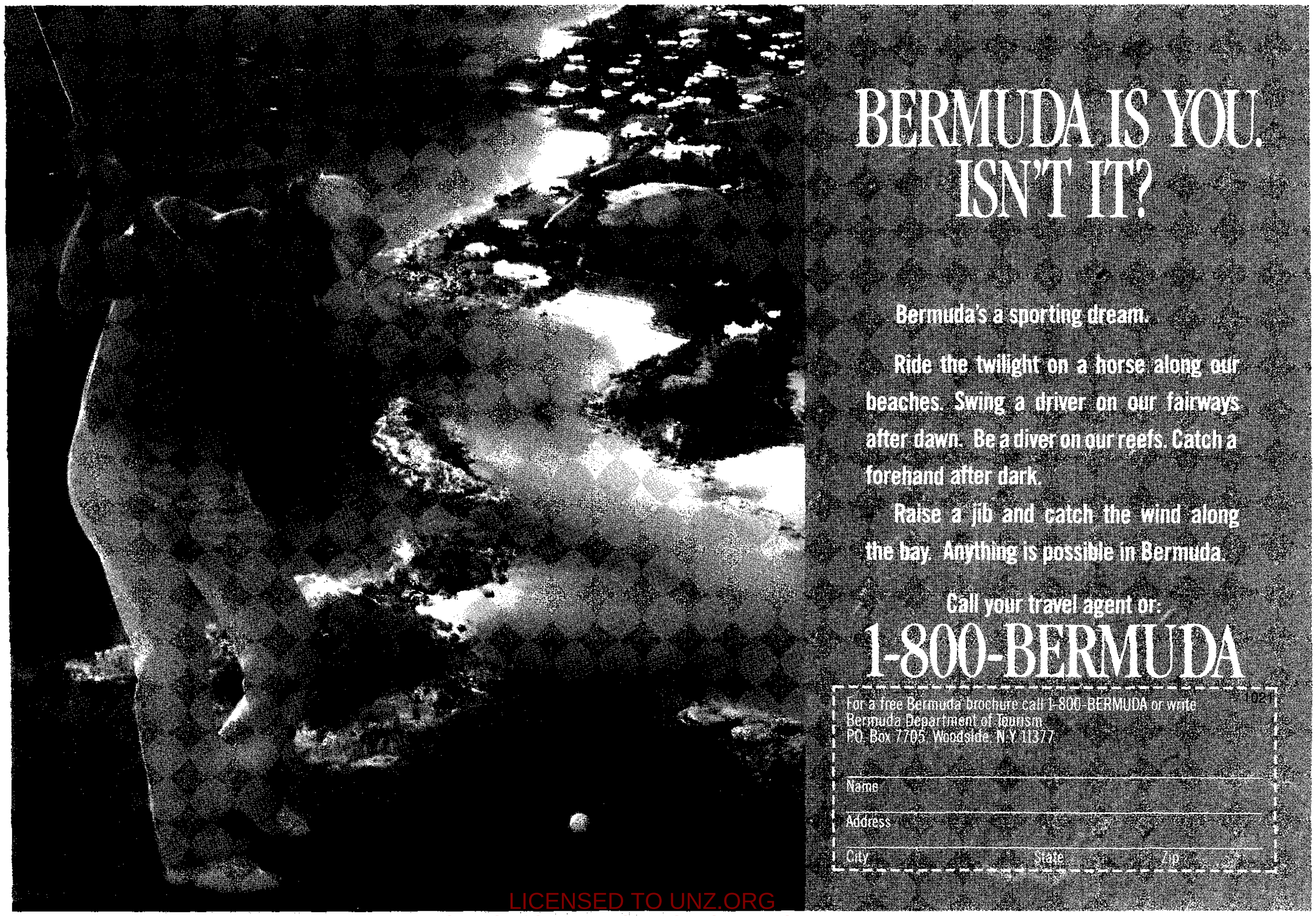
The Kremlin did expect the military phase of the "rescue" of Afghanistan to be over in short order. The Soviets may have really believed that it was Amin's personal style, rather than the offensive revolutionary policies of the Afghan ruling party, that had aroused so much hostility. Certainly, they thought that Karmal, being a smoother and more popular figure, would elicit much more public support. Just as President Kennedy was persuaded in 1963 that the removal of Ngo Dinh Diem, coupled with the increased presence of American military advisers, would resolve difficulties in Vietnam, so the Soviets were deluded into thinking that Amin's removal and a Soviet military presence could stabilize the revolutionary regime. It was one of many Soviet miscalculations.

DESPITE great destruction and human suffering, the war in Afghanistan is, in comparison with, say, the Vietnam War or the Korean War, a limited operation. From the start, the Soviet Union has concentrated on four strategic objectives. The first is to control the northern plains and the mountainous areas along the road from the Soviet Union to Kabul, and to control Afghanistan's other major cities and the roads linking them to Kabul. There is a large Afghan Army base near the capital, and the entire area is actively patrolled by Soviet soldiers. The resistance has a significant presence in the northern region, but its strength is dissipated by rivalry between two Islamic organizations. The second objective is to guard the western frontier against Iran. The Soviets have maintained a large force along the border, but it is rarely deployed in offensive operations. Third, a consistent effort has been made to control access to the cities near the Pakistani border and to interdict by aerial strikes and commando raids the supply lines of the Mujahideen. Fourth, the Soviets attach great importance to building and protecting the infrastructure of the state, and troops are deployed around government installations, warehouses, hospitals, and so on, which are often attacked. Together, the four war zones constitute no more than twenty per cent of the territory of Afghanistan, but about seventy per cent of its food has been produced there. By and large, the rest of the country, though it feels the effects of the war, actually sees little of it. Most of Afghanistan continues to be under the control of local khans and maliks, as it has been for centuries. These local chieftains are opposed to the Soviet presence, but, though generally sympathetic to the resistance, they are independent of the Mujahideen.

Not until September of 1981, almost two years after the invasion, did the Soviet media report the death of a Soviet soldier in battle. And during the first five years of the war the Soviet press tried to minimize the military commitment in Afghanistan, and create the impression that Soviet troops were in Afghanistan for training. As was true of the Americans in Vietnam, the Soviets had originally believed that their troops would have to do little fighting—that the mere presence of their forces in Afghanistan would stiffen the resolve of the Afghan Army and raise its morale. But, with recruits defecting in droves, the Afghan Army melted away. It was so unreliable that the Soviets would disarm suspect units at night and return the rifles and machine guns only at daybreak. After five years of fighting, the Soviet force of more than a hundred and fifteen thousand, supported by thirty thousand additional soldiers just across the Soviet border, had achieved no more than uneasy control of the cities and about twenty per cent of the countryside. At night, entire neighborhoods of even the larger cities were in rebel hands. Kabul itself was not secure from guerrilla rocket attacks. "There is no safe place to walk," Soviet soldiers complained on returning home.

Hundreds of thousands of Soviet soldiers, most of them conscripts, have served time in Afghanistan. Over ten thousand have been killed in battle. The Soviets have limited their military objectives and modified their tactics in the hope of keeping their casualties low, but Pentagon intelligence analysts believe that their dead, wounded, and non-battle casualties still number between four and five thousand a year, and that more are the result of dysentery, cholera, and bad medical care than of enemy fire. In the Pentagon and the C.I.A., a number of trained observers are watching Afghanistan, for the war provides the only view anyone has had of the Soviet Army in prolonged combat since the end of the Second World War. The Soviet military effort has become more efficient with experience, Pentagon intelligence analysts say, but they add that over all they are not impressed by the Soviet performance. The morale in the Russian fighting units in Afghanistan is low. Alcohol and drugs are a serious problem. Soviet tactics appear to be outmoded or inappropriate, and the forces are plagued by sloppiness and poor discipline. But some observers, such as the Defense Department intelligence specialist Elie Krakowski, have said that despite these problems and the rebels' access to more sophisticated weapons the Soviets have steadily "widened the gap in their favor." Another senior specialist in the Pentagon concludes that for the job the Soviets have set themselves in Afghanistan they have always been "seriously undermanned." He estimates that no more than thirty thousand fighting men can be sent into battle on any given day—not a great number in a country the size of Texas. The Soviets maintain about two million men under arms, and they could have put more troops into the war if they had chosen to.

When the Soviet forces intervened in Afghanistan, it was predicted in the West that the docile Soviet masses would be told nothing about the war except self-serving lies, and the Kremlin would have a free hand to pacify Afghanistan: there would be no need to contend with either domestic opposition or the embarrassment of worldwide criticism. Things have not worked out quite that way. After eight years, the effects of the war are widely felt in Soviet society. In Armenia, Georgia, the Ukraine, and other Soviet republics, there have been public demonstrations against service in Afghanistan. Between four and five million Afghans are refugees, and the brutal character of the war is not lost on the Soviet soldiers who must fight it. Because returning soldiers bring home firsthand reports, Soviet citizens know enough of the war to raise some of the same moral questions that troubled many Americans during the Vietnam War. Even those Soviet citizens who accept the official explanation of the invasion—that it was provoked by Pakistani and American aggression—can see that the seemingly endless war is indeed a "bleeding wound," as Mikhail Gorbachev himself has called it, because it reinforces Soviet isolation and delays on internal reform. In each of the last eight years, the United Nations General Assembly has passed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a resolution condemning the Soviet Union for the invasion of Afghanistan—in language much tougher than any used against the United States during the Vietnam War—and the resolution has now been endorsed by a hundred and twenty-three nations. The invasion of Afghanistan has hurt the Soviet Union's relations not only with the United States but also with China and with Iran and other Islamic nations. Because of the decision of the Kremlin leadership to limit the number of troops in Afghanistan, the political costs are not as high as those which American political leaders incurred during the Vietnam War, but, over time, they have grown. Therefore, during a period of eight years, under four national leaders, the Soviet objectives have been scaled down, and the Soviet strategy has been modified.

In Brezhnev's time, the Soviet Army conducted large-scale search-and-destroy operations in the Afghan countryside. Villages suspected of harboring guerrillas were bombed, and water supplies and food were deliberately destroyed to drive the guerrillas from their hiding places. In 1980, uprisings occurred in Kandahar, the second-largest city, and also in Herat and Jalalabad; some cities were under rebel control for as much as a week before Soviet sweeps were able to drive the rebels out. In 1982 and again in 1984, the Soviets launched major operations to destroy a center of fierce resistance in the Panjshir Valley, forty-five miles north of Kabul, but did not succeed. In April of 1983, Soviet bombers carried out "carpet bombing" attacks on Herat, and many civilians died. At the same time, Soviet political advisers in Kabul were counselling reforms to make the revolutionary government more acceptable to the people, for more than four million Afghans had left their homes, with three million ending up in camps in Pakistan, providing a vast pool of recruits for the resistance. Today, many of these refugees routinely go back and forth across the frontier, sometimes by hiding in trucks and vans that carry supplies to the guerrillas, but mostly by mule or camel. Occasionally, a family catches a bus to Kabul.

Belatedly, the Soviets began to realize that as their attacks on the civilian population became more savage their difficulties increased. Traditionally, Afghan warriors do not venture far from their home territory, for they must guard the women and children.

By driving so many dependents into refugee camps, the Soviets unwittingly liberated the Mujahideen from their family responsibilities and turned them into more mobile and formidable opponents. The Mujahideen themselves accelerated this process. Even before the Soviet invasion, they had declared a Jihad, a holy war, against the Communist government, and, as custom prescribed, had moved their dependents to an "abode of peace," in Pakistan—some four hundred and seventy thousand of them. By the end of 1981, about two and a half million refugees were in Pakistan; the total increased by only four hundred thousand in the next seven years.

By the time of Yuri Andropov's accession as General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, in late 1982, the prospect of a quick Soviet victory had faded. Military operations and air strikes were therefore reduced, and the Soviets evolved the strategy they have been following, with some interruptions, ever since. Soviet advisers began to insist that the Afghan government take political reform seriously, repair its relations with the merchants of Kabul, and improve its enforcement techniques. The K.G.B. reorganized and built up the Afghan secret police. There was a new emphasis on unconventional warfare—subversion, infiltration, bribery, assassination—in order to break the Afghan resistance. In many cases, the Soviets succeeded in establishing a modus vivendi with local commanders. There was much more accommodation between the two sides, and many more local truces, than the sporadic coverage of the war on the nightly news suggested. Under Andropov, there was also a new emphasis on political strategies to exploit tribal rivalries and battles for turf among competing groups of Mujahideen. And when cities were attacked or Soviet convoys were ambushed merciless punishment followed.

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From time to time, accounts of Soviet atrocities appear in magazines and newspapers in the United States. A typical story appeared in *Reader's Digest* in November of 1985. It described how Narainjan, a ten-year-old shepherd boy, had picked up a doll-like object on a grassy hillside and had his hand blown off. Arthur Bonner, a sixty-five-year-old retired television journalist who made seven trips into Afghanistan in 1985 and 1986 as a correspondent for the *Times*, travelling thirty-five hundred miles throughout the country, remembers seeing a Soviet "toy bomb" in the shape of a vase. Others have reported seeing lethal devices shaped like tiny pistols or horseshoes. Most of these booby traps were dropped in the mountain passes in the early years of the war. Stories about them appear to be more widely distributed than the weapons themselves are today.

The Mujahideen spare nothing in their efforts to impute genocidal intentions to the Soviets. There are eyewitness reports that Soviet troops have committed war crimes by taking reprisals on unarmed villages following guerrilla attacks in the area. On one such occasion, on September 13, 1982—an incident that J. Bruce Amstutz, the former United States chargé d'affaires in Afghanistan, considers "particularly well documented"—Soviet forces swept into a village thirty-five miles from Kabul, forced a hundred and five of the inhabitants, including women and children, into a tunnel, and massacred them. On another occasion, after a Soviet sweep, a Swedish official who was in a guerrilla-controlled area reported, "Russian soldiers shot at anything alive in six villages—people, hens, donkeys—and then they plundered what remained of value." But Pentagon officials question the charges that the Soviets are deliberately destroying the country. "There is a Belgian Baby Syndrome at work here," one senior Pentagon official told us, referring to the British propaganda campaign to stir up feelings in the United States against the Germans in the First World War.

In the early nineteen-eighties, the State Department repeatedly charged the Soviets with using chemical weapons. In 1982 alone, according to one official United States report, there were "several dozen chemical attacks in Afghanistan resulting in over 300 agent-related deaths." Amstutz says that Western correspondents, a hospital director in Peshawar, and at least one Soviet deserter have offered eyewitness corroboration of specific uses of chemical warfare. The Soviets deny any use whatever. Volunteer doctors and nurses serving the Mujahideen inside Afghanistan whom we interviewed all reported seeing civilians and animals killed by mines and aerial attacks but not by gas attacks.

The Soviets accompanied their new military strategy under Andropov with stepped-up diplomatic efforts to end the resistance. Diego Cordovez, the United Nations Under-Secretary-General for Political Affairs, who is in charge of the peace negotiations, believes that in 1983 the Soviets made the decision to withdraw from Afghanistan but then Soviet diplomacy was stalled during Andropov's illness and through the brief interregnum of Konstantin Chernenko, his successor. Under Chernenko, Soviet military strategy appeared to be harsh but confused and ineffective. Mikhail Gorbachev, upon becoming General Secretary, resumed the Andropov strategy and took it farther. The Soviets made more use of special commando units, which they deployed to strike suspected centers of the resistance. Increasingly, they attacked, with devastating effect, suspected rebel positions and supply routes with light counter-guerrilla forces supported by helicopter gunships.

Since 1986, however, the Mujahideen have been receiving Blowpipe and Stinger ground-to-air missiles from Britain and the United States, and these make the use of the helicopters costly. The Mujahideen claim that the missiles have destroyed more than four hundred Soviet planes, or over a third of the Soviet Union's annual production. This figure may be exaggerated. Still, there is no doubt that the missiles have been a boost for the morale of the Mujahideen; moreover, they have forced the Soviets to shift their tactics once again. The use of aircraft has been curtailed, and as air support has become less certain Soviet and Afghan Army ground forces have become more vulnerable to ambush and less aggressive.

THE Soviet invasion served to unite hundreds of scattered guerrilla groups into a national effort against the Communists, and within a little over a year the Mujahideen grew to eighty thousand full-time warriors, who have since demonstrated remarkable military prowess. Pentagon analysts say that the Mujahideen have "matured" into an effective fighting force. Still, it is not possible to describe the resistance as if it were an army; it is a mosaic of fifteen hundred separate "fronts" in which a hundred and fifty thousand guerrillas participate. The Mujahideen exhibit solidarity but also carry on intense competition within their ranks; and as many as a dozen guerrilla groups often coexist in a single area. Each group not only has its

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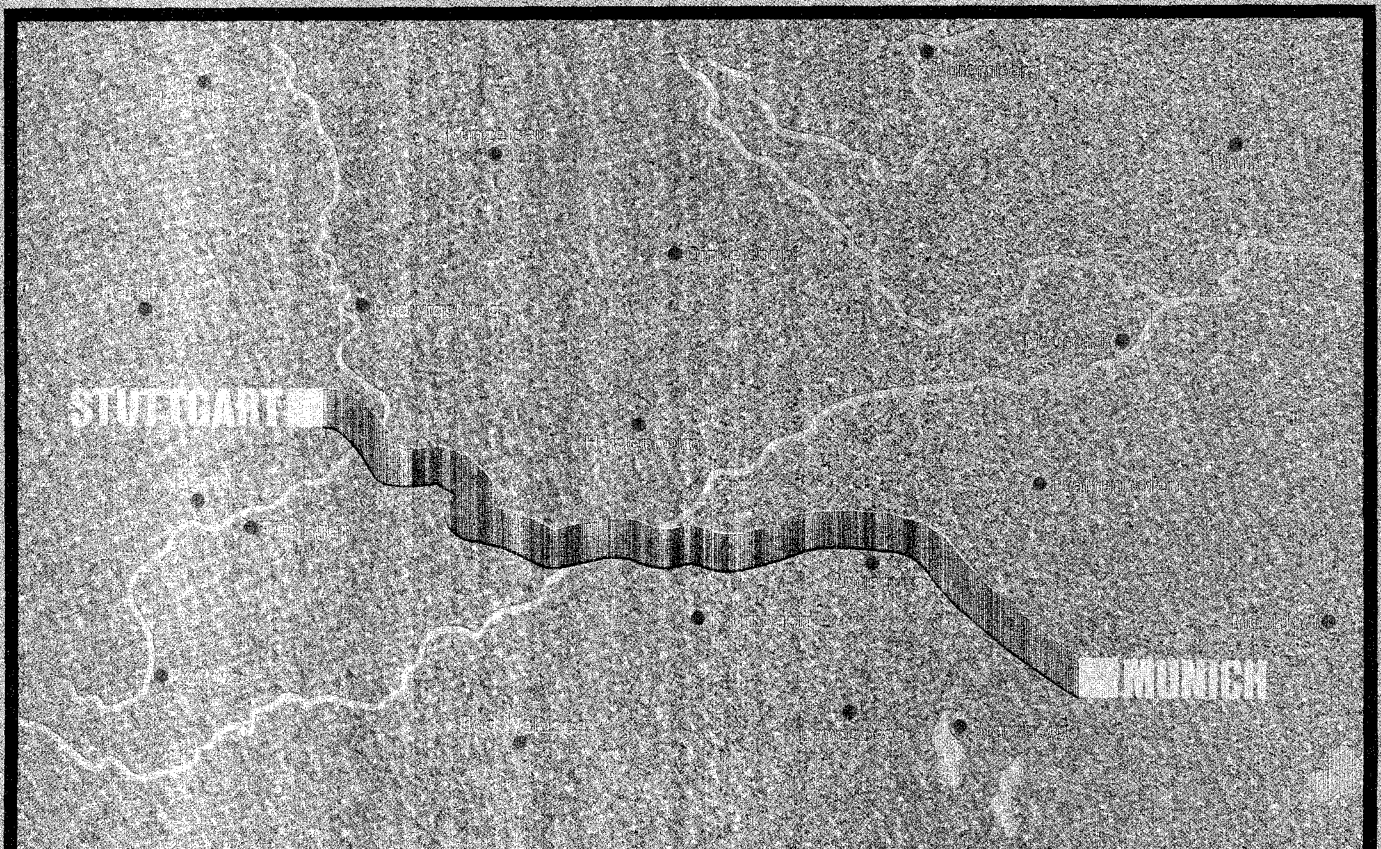
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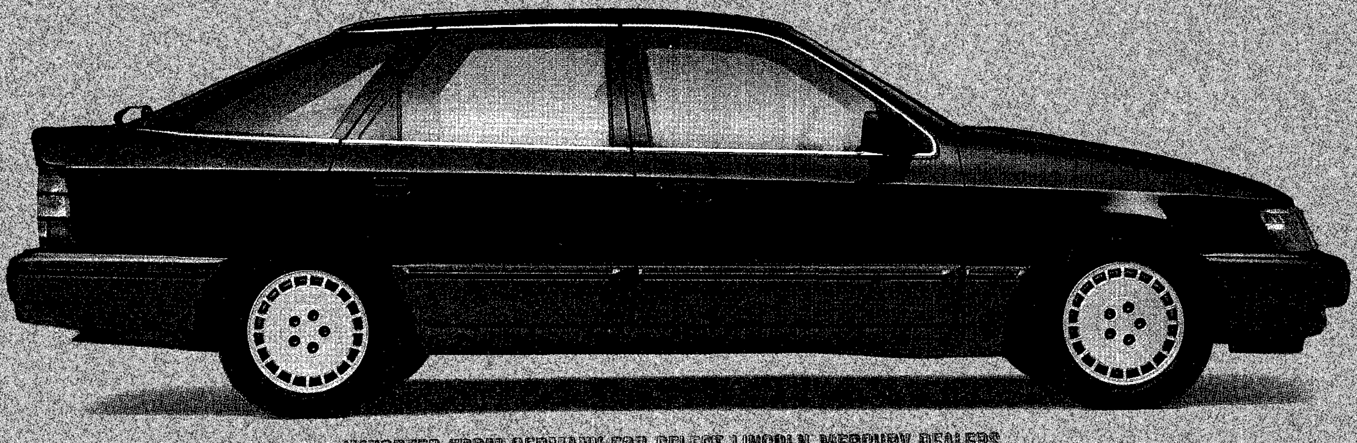

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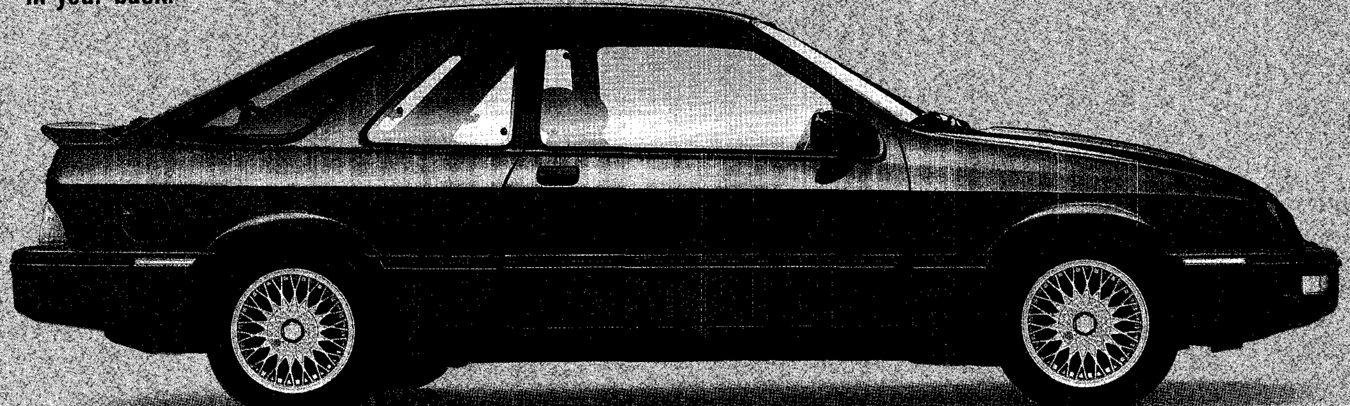

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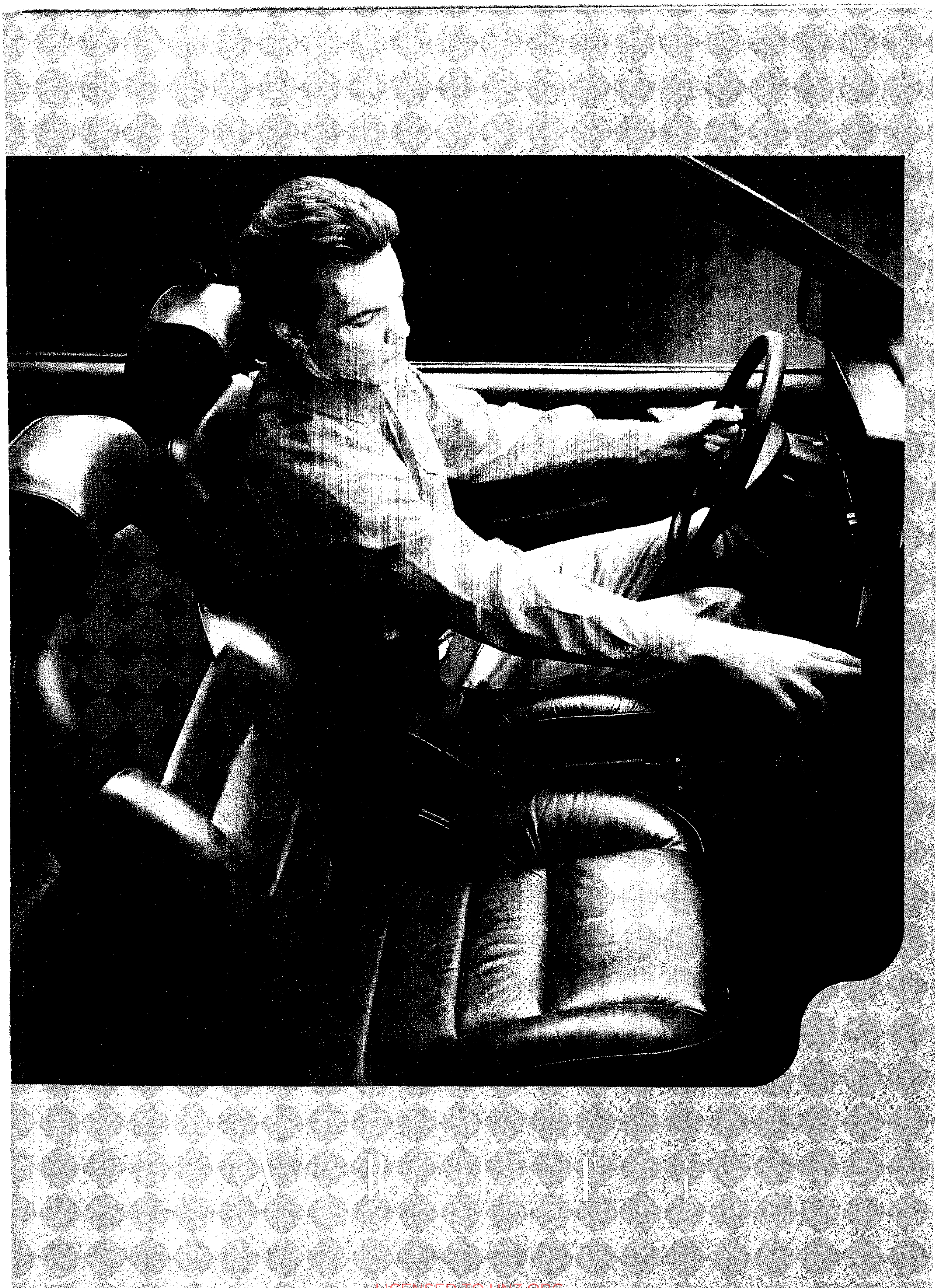
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own tribal or ethnic membership but is further separated from other groups by its political affiliation with one of eleven Mujahideen organizations—seven in Pakistan and four in Iran. Groups may unite to repel attacks by Soviet forces, but only rarely to initiate combat. On the contrary, when the enemy is not pressing them their internal conflicts accelerate. The commanders say that while a group is transporting weapons from Pakistan to its base it is more likely to be attacked by a rival than by the enemy. Hizb, the Islamic Party, led by Gulbadin Hekmatyar, is the largest resistance organization and the one most frequently accused of confiscating the supplies of other groups. There are other kinds of intra-Mujahideen violence, too. In 1984, Zabiullah, a legendary commander of Jamiat, the Islamic Society, based in the strategic northern area, was killed, reportedly by a rival organization. Two years later, Muhammad Salim, a popular Hizb commander, was murdered—by members of his own party, it is said—because he had responded positively to a call from the Jamiat commander Ahmed Shah Massoud for a unified command. Large-scale defections normally follow factional warfare; the International Institute for Strategic Studies, in London, reported in 1986 that after Zabiullah's death most of his people joined the government's militia.

The disunity and the absence of a common strategy cause most commanders to limit their military operations to defending their own territory. In his book "Islam and Resistance in Afghanistan," Olivier Roy, a French academic who has made six trips into Afghanistan, writes, "The resistance has not deployed its troops in line with strategic considerations. Soviet disposition of troops and strategy determines the military activity of the resistance, who become involved in fighting only when Soviet units appear inside their territory. When there are only government troops, a modus vivendi is soon established between the two sides."

Military observers have documented the shortage of technical skills and training among the Mujahideen. Though a number of well-trained former officers of the Afghan Army have joined the resistance, many more have offered their services but have found the doors closed. "The most active organizations are Islamic fundamentalists," said a Soviet-trained major who was a member of Afghanistan's Defense Planning Council in 1978 and is now a refugee in Pakistan. "They do not trust us." Another officer remarked, "There is a social gap between us and the commanders. They are interested in fighting, which to them is a question of honor and Islam. They have no use for our ideas of discipline, training, and organization. To them, modern warfare means fighting with modern weapons. Nothing more." An artillery commander who had been trained in the United States agreed. "The resistance is extremely tribalized," he said. "The leaders do not understand the outlook of professional military men."

Like their Communist adversaries, the Mujahideen talk a great deal about the need for unity, but each effort to coöperate seems to leave them more bitterly divided. The foreign sponsors—the Saudis and the C.I.A.—are reported to work hard at trying to unify the rival factions, much as the Soviet advisers did to unify the P.D.P.A. before the invasion, and with similar success. Senior American officials tell Congress—usually when the vote on covert aid approaches—that the Mujahideen commanders are now working together and coördinating their activities. The favorite example is Ahmed Shah Massoud, who in 1986 did make substantial progress toward building a unified command in four northern provinces. But in recent months, as the possibility of an imminent Soviet withdrawal has become more credible, fighting among the Mujahideen has intensified, as have politically motivated assassinations within the Afghan community in Pakistan.

The Mujahideen are too disunited to win the war, but they are too spread out to lose it. The Soviets face more than a thousand separate armies that depend not upon a central command, which could be wiped out, but upon the initiative of thousands of individual leaders and the bravery of tens of thousands more. Afghans fight because their code of honor instills the warrior spirit and their sense of religious obligation demands their participation in the holy war. The Koran

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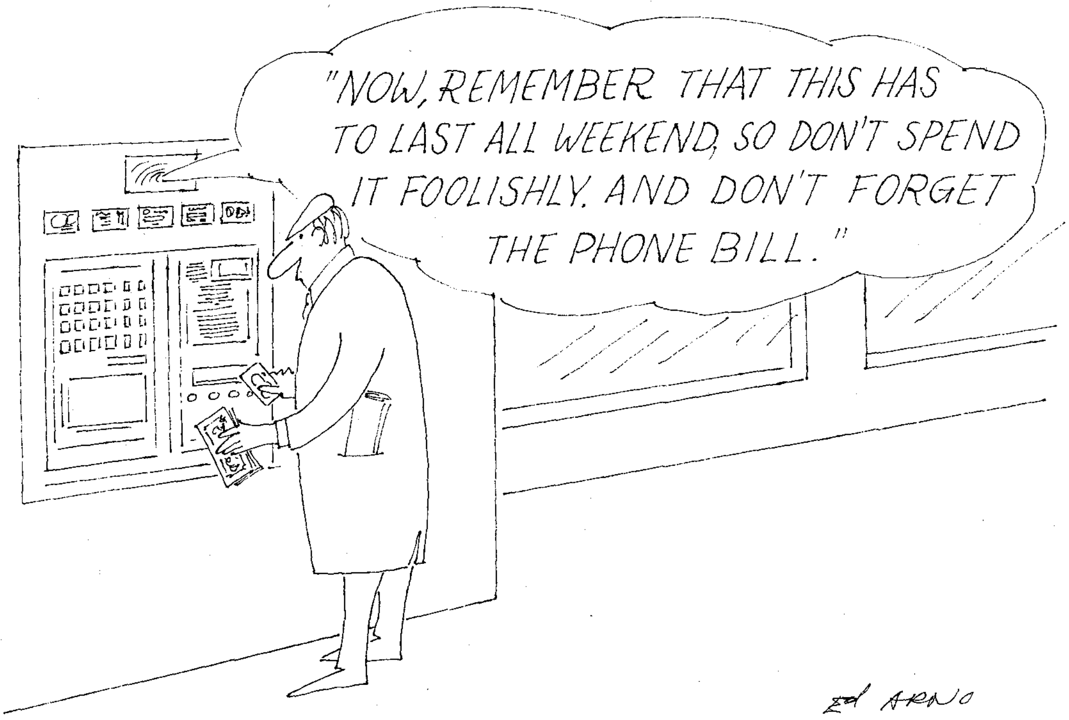
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exhorts all Muslims to take part in a rigorous effort to combat evil and promote good, not necessarily through war. Sufi philosophers have written that the personal struggle for enlightenment and the conquest of passion are forms of Jihad. The ayatollahs in contemporary Iran call the struggle for economic development a Jihad. Ever since the expansionist period of Islam, however, the word has usually connoted a just war against an evil enemy. Once the war has started, it becomes a religious duty to fight in it.

Until Gorbachev's February, 1988, announcement of Moscow's intention to withdraw Soviet troops before the formation of a coalition government, the Soviets had openly worried about a bloodbath if they abandoned the Afghan government. This concern is not a frivolous one. A decade of war has undermined the old Afghan ways of managing and limiting violence. These traditional methods rested on a set of shared values and customs, which have been weakened by revolution, war, and exile. Furthermore, to the ancient ethnic and tribal divisions of Afghanistan have been added the conflict of ideologies and the irreconcilable ambitions of armed political organizations. In the Afghan code of honor, *badal*—the obligation to take revenge—has an important place. Kinsmen of someone who has been killed by an enemy must discharge the "debt" of retribution, which is handed down from one generation to the next. Neither time nor space limits the obligation. Unless a truce is made and compensation is paid, harm done in Peshawar or Kabul may be avenged years later in New York or Moscow.

Afghanistan's guerrilla war has spawned a significant network of private enterprise. Arthur Bonner describes life among the Mujahideen in his book "Among the Afghans." As in the olden days, he reports, Afghans are making money by controlling roads and mountain passes. Guerrilla commanders collect tolls from one another. "The route was divided into sections, each under the control of a single commander or an alliance of commanders," he writes. "For each section there was a fixed rate for passengers and freight although there seemed to be no relationship between the rates in different areas." Bonner relates moving instances of the Afghan people's commitment to the holy war—their keenness to join, their willingness to die. As a convoy is assembled for the war zone, clerks read out letters from families offering their sons: "We are a poor family and have little land. Please take our youngest son to fight the Jihad." A village mullah recommends another: "This man is Sadiq, son of Mustafa. He is honest and wishes to serve God." An individual who joins the Mujahideen is as likely to buy his personal weapon as to draw it from an armory. We met families who had sold their jewelry to pay for a son's Soviet-made weapon.

Arms and heroin are the mainstays of what cynics in Pakistan call the Jihad enterprises. The resentment among Pakistanis who are not involved in the illicit trade is understandable, for the Jihad in Afghanistan has brought their country corruption, addiction, and crime. In 1986, according to the International Narcotics Matters Bureau of the State Department, Afghanistan produced as much as five hundred metric tons of opium—almost four times the amount produced two years before. In 1987, Afghanistan had a bumper crop of poppies, and some experts estimate that it may now be the biggest single source of heroin in the world. Among large landowners in Afghanistan, nearly all of whom are opponents of the regime, opium has superseded wheat, corn, and fruit as the principal crop. Recent refugees with whom we spoke reported widespread food shortages in the poppy-growing areas—a condition contributing to migration to the cities. Nangarhar, the eastern province, adjacent to Pakistan, is the center of poppy cultivation. But visitors to all parts of Afghanistan—Badakhshan, in the north; Herat, in the west; and Kandahar, in the south—have reported seeing the unmistakable blaze of white and purple flowers. Officials of the Pakistan Narcotics Control Board estimate that opium poppies are now grown as a primary crop in thirteen of Afghanistan's twenty-nine provinces.

In Kandahar Province, Bonner says, extensive opium fields belong to Ahmad Akbar, a commander affiliated with the National Islamic Front, which is one of the resistance groups in Peshawar. (The head of that organization, Pir Sayed Ahmad Gailani, a traditionalist and a moderate, also heads a major religious order.) The family of the commander Ali Ahmad, who belongs to the fundamentalist Jamiat, has several hundred acres that in 1986 were being used for opium production. Both commanders told Bonner they needed the money

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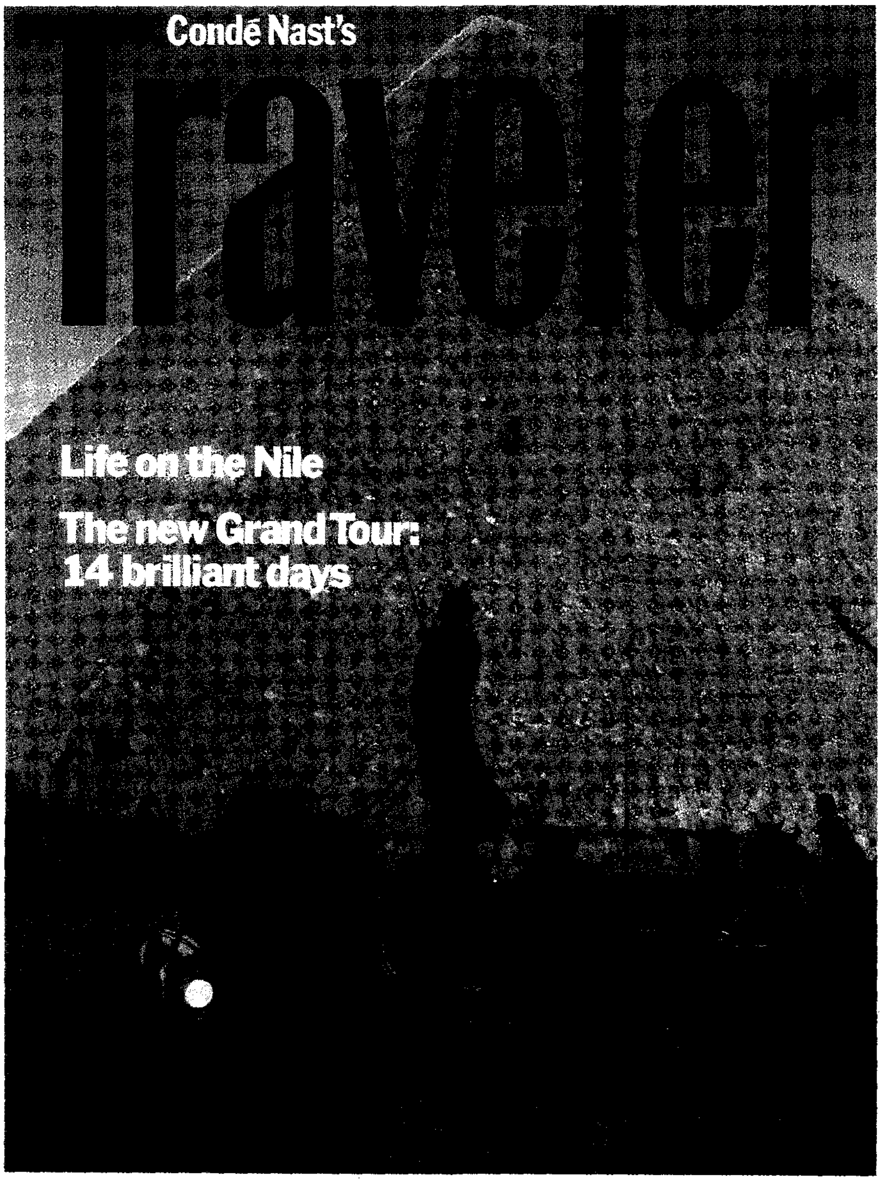

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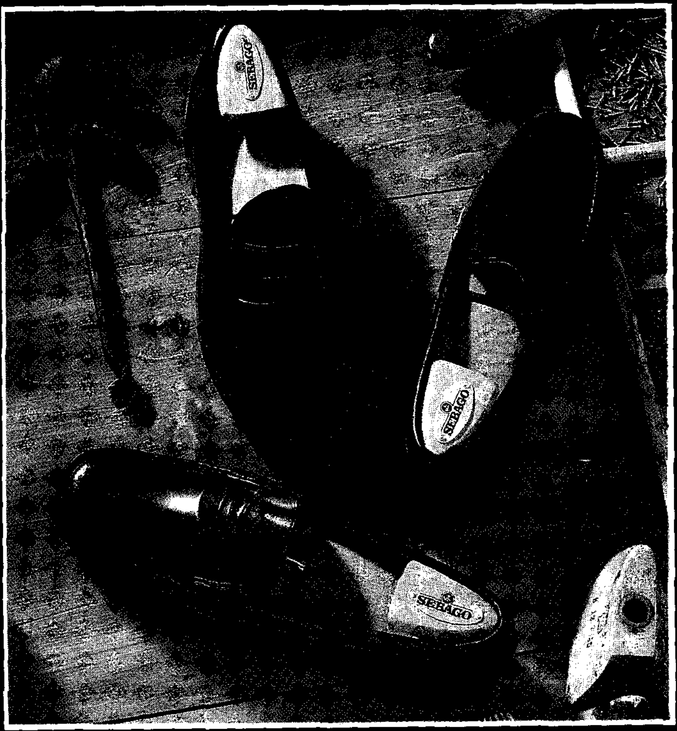

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"for the Jihad." Younis Khalis, then the chairman of the seven-party alliance of Islamic unity of Afghan Mujahideen, told us last November that, in accordance with Islamic law, he had prohibited opium-growing and ordered military commanders to enforce the prohibition strictly. The leaders deny that opium is cultivated in Afghanistan on a significant scale. The United States Embassy in Islamabad supports their denial; in a 1985 report it stated that "there is no evidence indicating that the Afghan Mujahideen freedom fighters have been involved in narcotics activities as a matter of policy to finance their operations." The statement is almost certainly true in a literal sense. There is no evidence showing that much, if any, of the proceeds from narcotics are used to finance guerrilla operations. Clearly, opium production does not help the Mujahideen's cause. By reducing Afghan food resources, it enhances dependence on the government, which imports food and controls the cities. Also, in the poppy-growing areas both growers and dealers seek stability and secure transportation; hence the Mujahideen come under pressure to reach an accommodation with the government.

Guerrilla commanders make frequent trips to Pakistan for weapons and supplies. We spoke about the drug business with four of them. Each acknowledged the existence of the trade in narcotics but denied any personal involvement in it. The growers' price for the harvested crop of opium, they said, ranges from forty-five to fifty-five dollars a pound. Virtually all the refining used to be done in Pakistan, but now, as the fighting has subsided and an undeclared truce exists in many areas, opium is increasingly refined in Afghanistan itself. It is transported out of the country by the Mujahideen, who cross freely into Pakistan and less freely into Iran. Once opium shipments reach Pakistan, they disappear into a complex of businessmen, smugglers, and government officials. Recently, members of élite Pakistani families, including graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, have been arrested at airports on charges of smuggling narcotics. In June, 1987, General Zia ul-Haq told a Norwegian journalist that he favored the death sentence for offenders in "the holy war against drugs," and the joke went around the country that the President was preparing to liquidate the General Staff. The suspicion is widespread in Pakistan that the money to be made from the war is no small obstacle to its settlement.

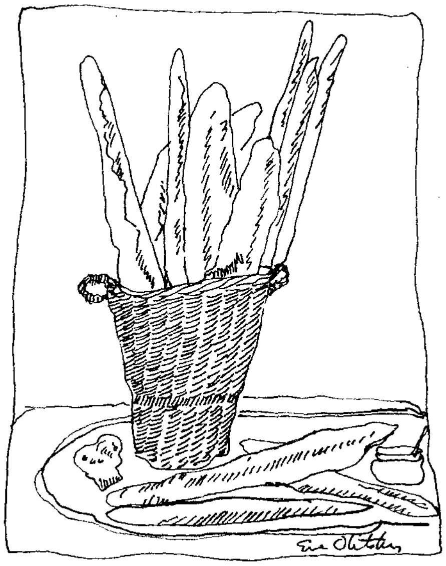
With funding from Saudi Arabia and the United States, Afghanistan's resistance movement is one of the best-financed such movements in history. Yet a majority of the guerrillas inside Afghanistan lack arms, food, and medical supplies. The Mujahideen accept their hardships with astonishing stoicism. According to Aaron Karp, writing in the September, 1987, issue of *Armed Forces Journal International*, eleven hundred and fifty Stinger and Blowpipe ground-to-air missiles were sent to Pakistan for the use of the resistance between September of 1986 and August of 1987. Of these, eight hundred and sixty-three actually reached commanders inside Afghanistan. At least sixty were captured. The first shipment went exclusively to the fundamentalist wing of the resistance; that is, the three groups headed by Hekmatyar, Khalis, and Dr. Sayed Burhanuddin Rabbani. Reports indicate that the fundamentalists continue to be favored over the more traditionalist (and moderate) wing of the Mujahideen. One of the most successful commanders belonging to the traditionalist National Islamic Front told us that he had never seen a Stinger.

Some time ago, a top Pakistani intelligence official confided his concern to us that once Americans got to know their Afghan clients better they would become less enthusiastic about supporting the war. Leading figures in the seven resistance groups in Peshawar, which receive more than half a billion dollars a year in covert American support, have not disguised their feelings about America. Gulbadin Hekmatyar, whose Mujahideen organization is a major recipient of C.I.A. aid, is well known for his outspoken contempt for the United States. But he is not alone. A poster outside the office of Dr. Rabbani was noted by an American reporter in 1982. It carried the message "In point of us conquerist America and blood thirsty USSR are both enemy of the great revolution of Iran and Afghanistan," and it was signed "Rabbani." Younis Khalis was in Washington last November as the chairman of the alliance of resistance groups. He is a theologian and a warrior of considerable repute. We asked him what was the most important thing that Americans should know about the war in Afghanistan, and without hesitation he said, "You are a materialistic country, and your leader should take you in hand and give you spiritual direction."

Afghanistan is an Islamic country, and religion pervades rural life. Traditionally, Islam has coexisted with Afghan tribal customs, which are pre-Islamic and secular, although the two frequently conflict. For example, custom forbids women to inherit property, while Islamic law requires that women receive a share; and custom states that blood feuds are a matter of honor, while religious law forbids them. Traditionally, Islam in Afghanistan has been compatible with secular rule under tribal chiefs, the khans and the maliks, and tribal assemblies, the *jirgas*. The Islamic traditionalists wish to live like their grandfathers. The most powerful among them are large landowners, who have no interest in disturbing existing social arrangements.

Islamic fundamentalism, on the other hand, is heavily influenced by the Muslim Brotherhood of Egypt, a twentieth-century phenomenon, and by the Khomeini movement in Iran. Not unlike some strains of Christian fundamentalism in the United States, it searches the scriptures for authority to support radical change in the social order. It uses an imagined golden age of scriptural times to support a modern ideology at odds with Afghanistan's past. Theocracy is the heart of the fundamentalist ideology, but it goes against the Afghan grain. The country has never had a theocratic government or a centralized state. The fundamentalists appear to be intent on introducing both.

The basic split in Afghan society is not between capitalism and Communism but between traditionalism and modernism. The fundamentalists are much like the Communists, and neither can govern Afghanistan, for much the same reasons. While some of the leaders of the movement are religious teachers, many of them are products of secular education and, by profession, are doctors, technocrats, engineers, and entrepreneurs. Gulbadin Hekmatyar, whose fundamentalist group is the most politically extreme, studied to be an engineer. Like the Communists, the fundamentalists are mostly from rural families and were converted by coming into contact with the modern world at the university in Kabul. The radical right and the radical left each sees itself as the savior of Afghanistan from the other. At the same time, each sees its own ideology as the instrument for challenging entrenched power and for moving a beloved, backward country into the modern era.



FROM the day the Soviets invaded, American diplomatic strategy was to mobilize world opinion against the Soviets and at the same time minimize the appearance of American involvement. "We are interested in Afghanistan only because the Soviets are there," a senior State Department official told us last November. It was all part of the game of nations for the Soviets to "exercise paramountcy" over Afghanistan, in the discreet imperial phrase of nineteenth-century British diplomats, but sending an army across an international frontier into territory previously unoccupied by Soviet forces was breaking the rules. What aroused American concern was not the particular victim but the act of aggression itself and what it portended for the future. The day the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, Afghanistan became a domino.

It might be thought curious that such a militantly anti-Communist Administration as Ronald Reagan's has focussed so much more attention on the role the "evil empire" has played in Central America, where the Soviets are giving limited military aid, than on Afghanistan, where the Soviets are fighting a war against the people. The President has never given a television speech devoted to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. As a State Department official explained to us, American leaders had no need to say much about the invasion once they had expressed their outrage, because the invasion spoke for itself. The Soviet Union, which had claimed to be the champion of the nonaligned nations, was making

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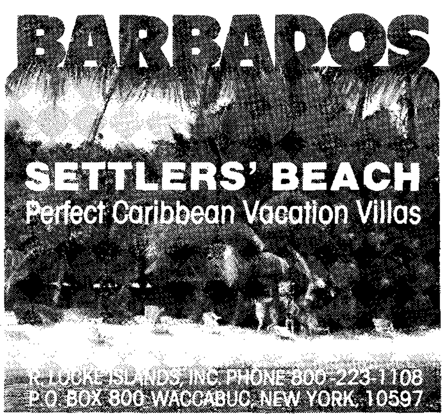

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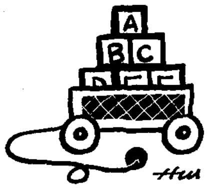
war on a poor, nonaligned, Muslim country. The more visible the American interest in the future of Afghanistan became, the more the Soviets might be able to divert attention from their own aggression. It was not to the advantage of the United States to do anything to convert this North-South struggle into an East-West confrontation. The support for the Afghan resistance by the United States and Saudi Arabia is public knowledge, but it is technically clandestine, on the theory that Pakistan's involvement will be less of a provocation to the Soviets if it is not officially proclaimed. The whole purpose of keeping "secret" something that was reported in major newspapers around the world was to preserve "plausible deniability." For this reason, in the early years of the war the C.I.A. went to great expense to procure non-American arms, even manufacturing simulated Soviet weapons in a secret factory. Thus, if the Soviets should publicly protest the American involvement the President could say, "Prove it." The same considerations prompted this country to minimize its role in the peace negotiations as well.

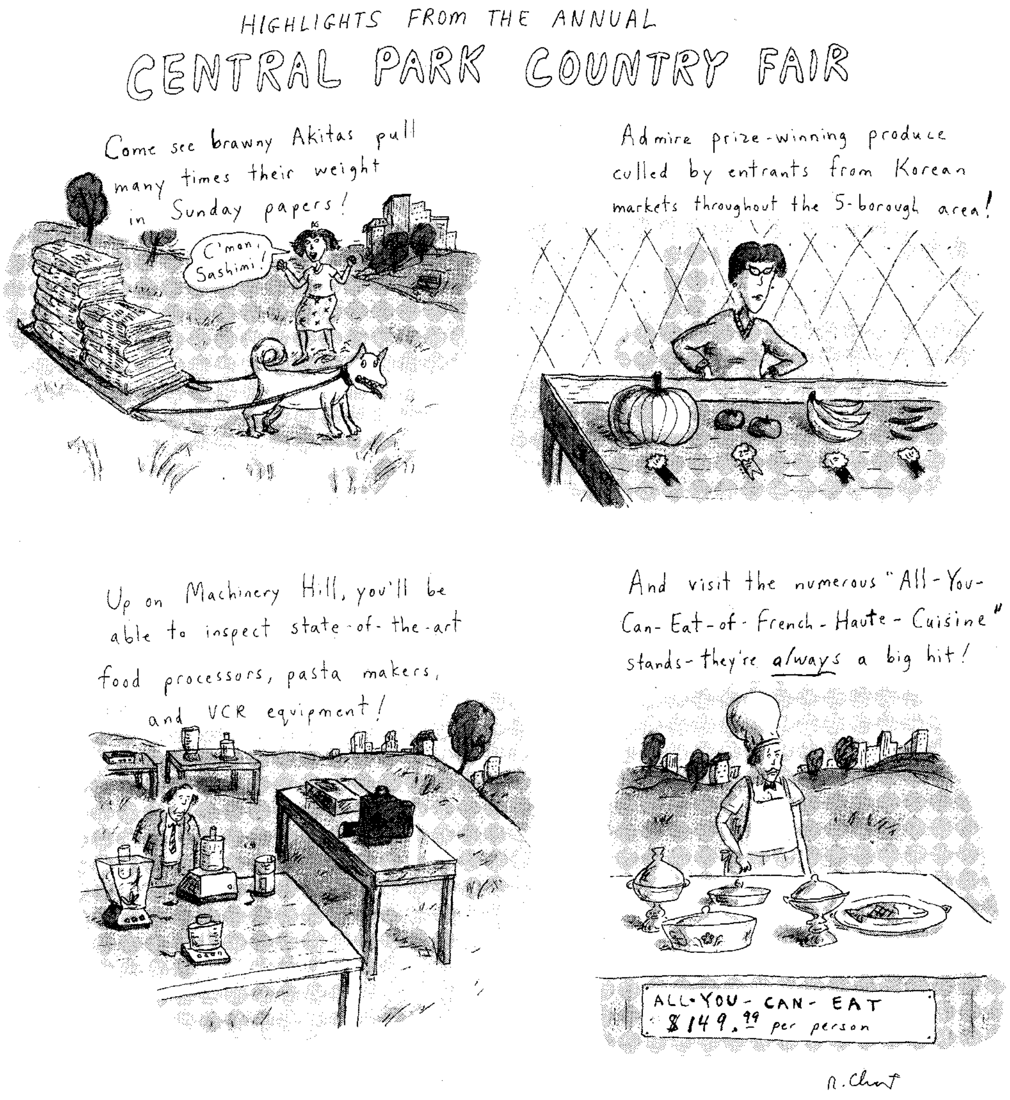
Pakistan has played a key part in encouraging the American commitment to the Afghan resistance. The resistance began six years before the Soviet invasion, as an expression of a long-standing border dispute between Pakistan and Afghanistan. In 1973, when Daud, a Pushtun, took over the government in Kabul for the second time, he renewed encouragement to the Pushtuns of Pakistan to secede and join their blood brothers under the Afghan flag. At that point, the government of Pakistan fought back by organizing the Pushtuns into a guerrilla movement to harass the Afghan government. Younis Khalis told us that he went to Pakistan in 1973 to organize resistance forces to fight Daud, whom he considered a dangerous modernist, even a Communist. For fifteen years, two very different Pakistani governments—the civilian government of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and the military regime of Zia ul-Haq—have used the Afghan resistance first as a way of exerting pressure on Kabul, then as a means to strengthen the often wavering American commitment to Pakistan. The more the United States involved itself in the Afghan cause, the more Pakistan would emerge as the indispensable staging area for the fight against Communism, and the more secure the flow of American aid to Pakistan would be.

Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence Directorate, whose size and influence are believed to have vastly increased in recent years, has been in charge of distributing the weapons; that is, the government of General Zia has had the most to say about what sorts of arms should be sent to which resistance organizations and in what amounts. Zia, who when he seized power, in 1979, was supported only by the Jamaat-i-Islami, Pakistan's right-wing fundamentalist party, has used the weapons flow to build up the Islamic elements of the Afghan resistance at the expense of the more moderate and secular elements. But as shipments of arms from the United States have increased and become more visible over the past two years, American intelligence officials have assumed greater responsibility for weapons distribution, and, according to a journalist in Pakistan, are "more closely involved in the day-to-day running of the war than ever before."

The United States covert-military-aid program has been pushed in several different directions, because high officials have clashed over its objectives. From the start, leading American officials have believed that the Soviet invasion was a blunder, and that it has served American interests. An early end to the war seemed implausible from the outset, and, moreover, Washington did not make ending the war a priority. In the Carter Administration, Brzezinski was the leading advocate of the "make the Russians bleed" school, and in the Reagan Administration the most forceful exponent of this view was William Casey, the late director of the C.I.A. But within the C.I.A. there have been important disagreements. John McMahon, the former deputy director of the C.I.A., considered it both bad form and dangerous to supply American weapons in a covert operation. Was the program meant to serve as an inducement to negotiate, or was it designed primarily to punish the Soviets? The size of the covert-aid operation, the character of the weapons, and the choice of recipients would differ depending upon the answer.



Congress has seen the guerrilla war in Afghanistan as a struggle for free-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dom with none of the moral ambiguities that surround the Contras in Nicaragua, and a number of members who have opposed the covert American war in Nicaragua have embraced Afghan aid to demonstrate their commitment to fighting Communism. In 1983, Senator Malcolm Wallop, of Wyoming, led a fight to throw off the restraints on the Afghan policy. "It's so damn obscure what the policy is," the Senator said. Other congressional supporters of the Afghan resistance, claiming that the United States was supplying "just enough aid for Afghans to fight and die but not enough to win," introduced a joint resolution calling for "material assistance, as the United States considers appropriate, to help the Afghan people to fight effectively for their freedom." In an executive session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, C.I.A. and State Department witnesses repeated their warnings that increased American involvement would endanger Pakistan, and for almost a year Senator Charles Mathias, of Maryland, led a fight to kill the resolution, which he considered an open-ended license to intervene, in the tradition of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. In 1984, when President Reagan was trying to persuade Congress to give twenty-four million dollars in aid to the Contras, the C.I.A. had no trouble getting an appropriation of thirty million dollars for the Afghan resistance. Shortly thereafter, a Texas representative, Charles Wilson, who had made frequent trips to Pakistan and had once crossed into Afghanistan in the company of the Mujahideen, decided that this was too little. "There were fifty-eight thousand dead in Vietnam and we owe the Russians one," he noted, and his single-minded efforts resulted in the addition of forty million dollars to the Pentagon budget for the well-advertised secret war in Afghanistan. In October of 1984, the resolution on Afghanistan passed. The following April, President Reagan signed National Security Decision Directive 166, which called for American efforts to drive Soviet forces from Afghanistan "by all means available." After secret debates in the congressional Intelligence Committees, appropriations for the increased commitment to the war in Afghanistan were approved. The prohibition against supplying sophisticated weapons to the Mujahideen was overcome.

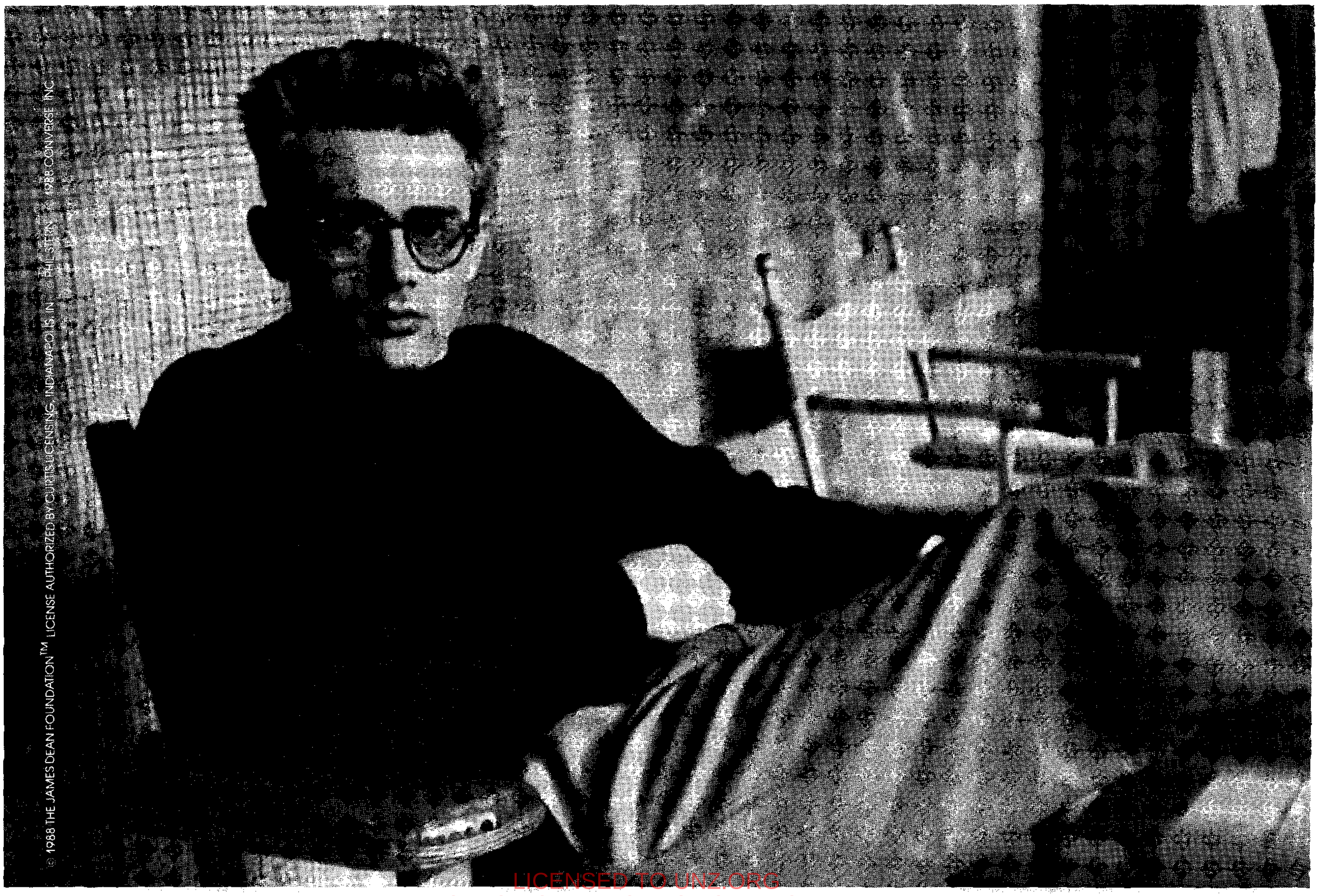
Until recently, the "bleeders," as those who advocate this policy are known around Washington, usually carried the day. The more ideological foreign-policy officials, such as former Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, have regarded Afghanistan not as the locale of a harsh and dangerous conflict to be ended but as a place to teach the Russians a lesson. The Soviets had an ideological explanation for why they could not lose in Afghanistan—history was on their side, because Communist rule was by definition "progressive"—and the "bleeders," driven by their own ideology, came to the same conclusion by a different route. The Soviets were too evil to withdraw. They had never pulled their troops out of any place they had pronounced to be "socialist" and under the rule of a Communist Party. It followed that the Russians could never be induced to negotiate a settlement. The most the United States could accomplish in Afghanistan was to make sure that the resistance would be kept alive and substantial numbers of Soviets would be killed. Thus, the more modern the weapons supplied to the Mujahideen, the better. As the war dragged on, it would reveal to the world not only Soviet brutality but also Soviet impotence—and American resolve.

Support for the Mujahideen was the cornerstone of what soon came to be known as the Reagan Doctrine—a global package of widely publicized covert aid for anti-Communist guerrillas fighting the established governments in Nicaragua, Angola, Kampuchea (Cambodia), and Afghanistan. In most cases, the United States continued to recognize the target government while paying for its overthrow. (A shell of an American Embassy still operates in Kabul.) The Reagan Doctrine was an ideological statement of a global war against Communism, and its aim was to establish the United States as a player in the global game of guerrilla politics. What the Soviets had done in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, when they were encouraging wars of national liberation and providing at least moral support in successful leftist revolutions, the United States would do by sponsoring right-wing guerrilla movements in the eighties. For the President's right-wing supporters, the symmetry and the poetic justice of the Reagan Doctrine were irresistible. But a number of specialists in the foreign-policy establishment and some veterans of counterinsurgency wars were skeptical, for they understood how deceptive the symmetry was. In none of the four countries selected for major American military aid did the freedom fighters have any chance of winning. The real question was whether the benefits of harassing the Soviets and "showing the flag" were worth the costs and the risks of further involvement. A week after the interagency meeting at which the decision was made to send Stinger missiles with American markings to guerrilla forces fighting the leftist government in Angola and to the Mujahideen, John McMahon resigned from the C.I.A.

The decision to send Stingers was popular in Congress, because it almost certainly prevented the Soviets from crippling the resistance—and after Soviet sweeps in 1984 and 1985 it had begun to look as if the resistance might collapse. But the more sophisticated the weapons flowing through the Pakistani pipeline to the resistance, the greater the likelihood that the weapons would end up in some other war and the money in some unauthorized pocket. In October of 1987, fragments of American-made Stinger missiles were found in the wreckage of two Iranian gunboats: the missiles had supposedly been captured by the Iranians in a border clash with the Afghan rebels but almost certainly had been sold to them. Unknown but significant quantities of other weapons supplied to the Afghans have found their way onto the world arms market. One reason the C.I.A.'s covert operation in Afghanistan has been so expensive is that the weapons, mostly of Soviet origin, are bought from former Soviet-aid recipients, such as Egypt, or from arms traders. As in the Iran-Contra affair, millions of dollars can disappear in exorbitant markups, middleman fees, and sloppy accounting.

Some members of Congress feel that one important declared foreign-policy objective of the United States has been a casualty of the Afghan war: for most of the past eight years, the United States has suspended the operation of Section 669 of the Foreign Assistance Act, which is aimed at preventing nuclear proliferation, and has continued to aid Pakistan despite widespread suspicion that it is secretly building a nuclear bomb. Under legislation passed last December, the Pakistani government—apprehensive that when the war ends it will come under intense American pressure to curb its nuclear program—is assured that for at least two years the nuclear issue will not be used by Congress to disturb the flow of United States aid. The Administration had urged that this assurance be given, presumably to insure Pakistan's coöperation in the covert war.

DIEGO CORDOVEZ is a professional peacemaker. He is an Ecuadoran lawyer who has spent most of his career as an international civil servant. For six years, he has been travelling



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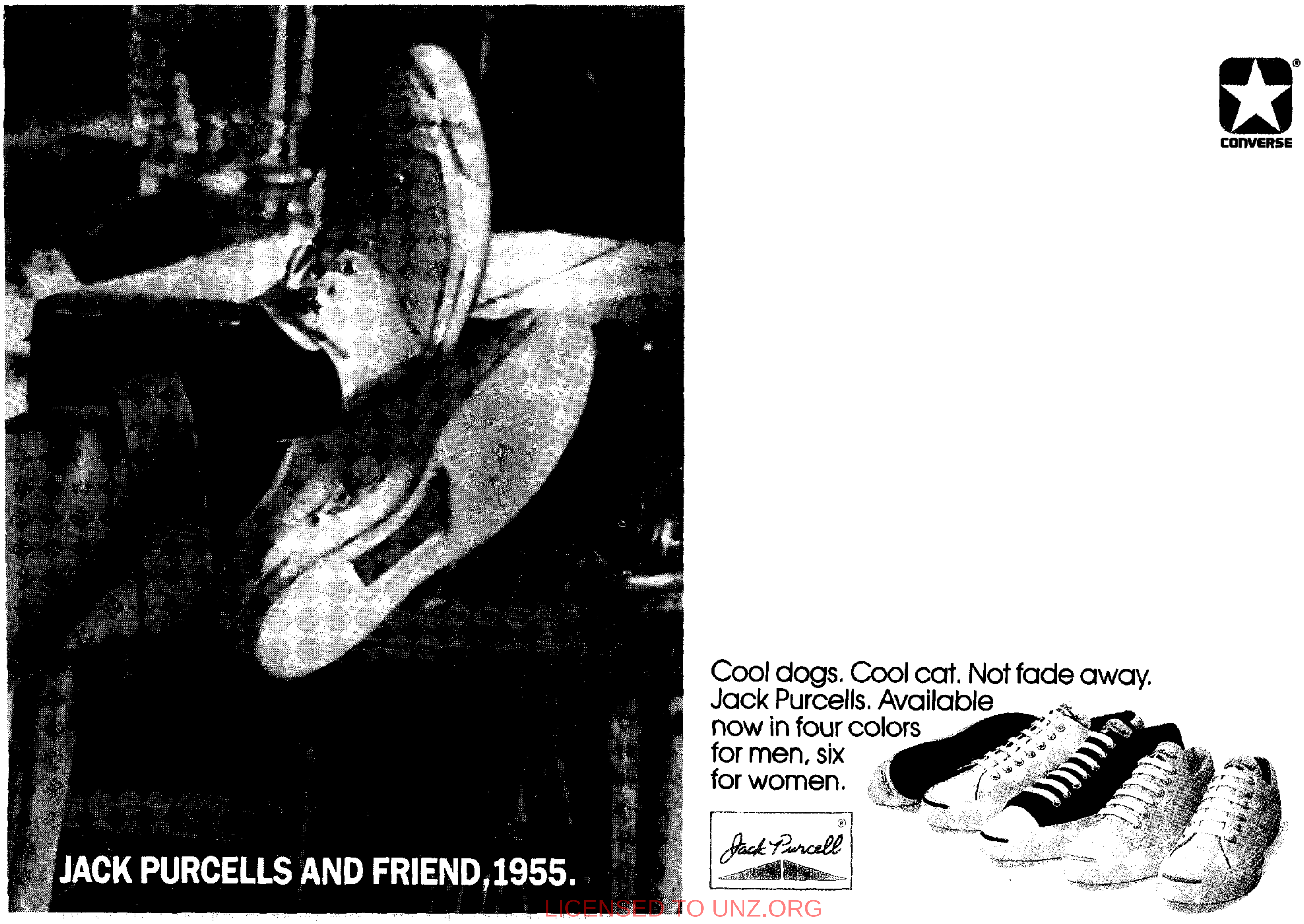
back and forth among Geneva, Moscow, Kabul, Islamabad, and Washington, seeking to define issues and narrow differences among the four principal parties involved—the governments of the United States, the Soviet Union, Pakistan, and Afghanistan. Only Pakistan and Afghanistan are formal participants in the Geneva negotiations, but Moscow and Washington have been regularly consulted. The Mujahideen have officially denounced the negotiations, and Iran has kept aloof. In Geneva, Cordovez shuttles between two nearby conference rooms in the old League of Nations Palace, taking messages back and forth between the Afghan and Pakistani officials, who will not sit in the same room. The areas of agreement are embodied in carefully phrased, lawyerly prose in four draft instruments bound in a handsome leather folder. Cordovez is a resourceful, elegant draftsman, with a gift for finding the useful ambiguities that propel agreement. He is an incurable optimist—optimism being a temperamental requirement for this line of work—and is known affectionately among skeptical diplomats in Pakistan as the Señor of the Tunnel at the End of the Light.

The United States formally endorsed the United Nations mediation, but for the first three years it showed little enthusiasm for the negotiations to end the war in Afghanistan. After the 1985 Geneva summit, Washington began to change its public position. On December 13th that year, Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead declared that the United States would agree to be a guarantor of a settlement. The hope that the hard-liners had nourished—that the United States would recognize the alliance of Mujahideen groups as a government in exile—collapsed after a widely publicized meeting between a prominent resistance leader and President Reagan, at which the idea was firmly rejected.

Three of the four instruments on which the peace is to be erected were virtually completed more than three years ago. (A fifth, which provides for the monitoring of the agreement by the United Nations, was agreed upon in 1986.) The first of the documents includes a mutual pledge of non-interference. The second provides for international guarantees of the settlement. The third is an agreement for the voluntary return of the refugees in safety. In 1985, these three agreements were accepted by the governments of Pakistan and Afghanistan, and Iran ended its public denunciation of the peace talks. The fourth instrument, which specifies the timing for the withdrawal of Soviet troops, had been the sticking point, but in February of this year the Soviet Union suggested completing its withdrawal in a ten-month period, and set May 15th as the date when the process would begin. Acceding to the insistence of the United States, Gorbachev agreed to remove half the Soviet troops within ninety days, and to complete the withdrawal by March 15, 1989. The Soviet Union has made its withdrawal conditional on the cessation of outside aid to the resistance, and that principle is embodied in the draft agreements.

For six years, the Soviet Union had sought to engage the United States and Pakistan in a negotiation for a coalition government for Afghanistan as a precondition for the withdrawal of its troops. From the first, American officials had made it clear to Cordovez that the United States would not be drawn into such a negotiation. A senior official told us after Gorbachev's visit to Washington last December that the superpowers should not be in



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the business of inventing a government for Afghanistan. As far as the United States was concerned, there was only one issue: Soviet withdrawal. For six years, the Pakistani government had adopted the same posture, which it called a principled position of noninterference, a way of saying, "Let Afghans settle their own affairs." It had also been widely regarded in Washington and Islamabad as a nonnegotiable position, for it seemed inconceivable that the Soviet Union would walk away from Afghanistan without some assurance of a friendly government in Kabul. But in February the Soviets announced that they no longer insisted on making their withdrawal conditional upon the establishment of an acceptable government.

The switch in the Soviet position provoked an immediate switch in the position of Pakistan. Like the "bleeders" in Washington, Pakistani military and intelligence officials had far more invested in fighting the war than in ending it. The Soviet capitulation to the American and Pakistani position that Soviet troops simply withdraw without a political settlement struck Zia as a betrayal of Pakistan. He spoke bitterly to newspaper editors in Islamabad. "America and Russia have reached an understanding," he said. "By brokering in coal, we have blackened our face." In the absence of a coalition government including the Mujahideen, refugees, and the ruling P.D.P.A., he said, "Soviet withdrawal would only lead the country into chaos, bloodshed, anarchy, and civil war." In such a situation, millions of refugees in Pakistan would resist being returned to their homes.

Zia's concerns are understandable. Unless there is a broad political settlement inside Afghanistan, supported by the superpowers, there will be no peace in the region. And Pakistan, though it may continue to receive enormous revenues from the war, will also feel its devastating effects—crime, addiction, and violence caused by the drug trade, the refugees, and the bombings in every major city. Nevertheless, Zia is reported to have dropped his insistence that a transitional coalition government be established in Kabul before the withdrawal agreement is signed, provided that Cordovez continues "private" efforts to arrange one after the Soviets leave.

But there is one remaining serious obstacle to a negotiated end to the Afghan war. As the talks in Geneva moved toward what appears to be their final phase, a coalition of supporters of the Mujahideen in Congress, right-wing activists, and skeptical columnists mounted an attack on the settlement. The two strongest supporters of the Mujahideen in Congress, Representative Charles Wilson, of Texas, and Senator Gordon Humphrey, of New Hampshire, condemned the Geneva agreements as a sellout of the Afghan "freedom fighters," because the accords called for a cessation of aid to the Mujahideen without committing the Soviets to stop giving aid to the Kabul government. Humphrey characterized the Geneva agreements as "indecent," "scandalous," and "dangerous." Wilson suggested that it was not necessary to sign the agreements, for the Soviets were "defeated" and would have to withdraw militarily in any event.

Seventy-seven senators, led by Majority Leader Robert Byrd, went on record in opposition to the agreements, and President Reagan claimed that he was personally unaware of the commitment—although it had been announced in 1985—that the United States would be a guarantor of the

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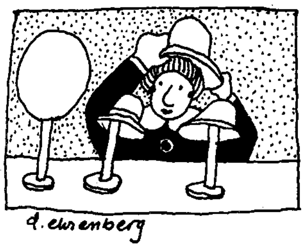
agreements. He wrote Byrd that a cessation of United States aid "must be matched by a cessation of similar aid to the regime in Kabul." The Soviets have rejected the principle of reciprocity on much the same ground used by the United States in the past. (Aiding recognized governments is an established prerogative of sovereign governments; supplying armed guerrillas fighting the government is normally regarded as subversion.) At no time during almost seven years of negotiations had the United States ever brought up the matter of government-to-government aid to Afghanistan. As hopes faded for an early agreement in Geneva, the Soviet Union, as some of the "bleeders" in Washington had predicted and hoped, announced that it would withdraw its troops from Afghanistan even without an agreement, but in its own time and in its own way.

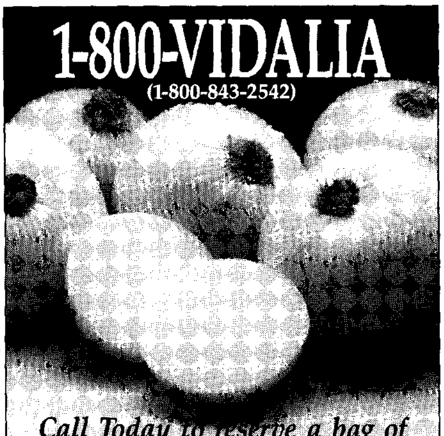


A unilateral Soviet withdrawal would not mean an end to the war; it would mean a new kind of war. Even with a political agreement on a coalition government, which is still possible, Afghanistan faces continued fighting—wars of retribution between the Mujahideen and those who have collaborated with the Russians, and fights among the different factions within the resistance movement. Gulbadin Hekmatyar, who was recently elected chairman of the alliance of resistance groups in Peshawar, vows that he will not stop fighting until he has established a fundamentalist order in Afghanistan, and he has promised to continue the fight from Iran if Pakistan closes its doors. (He has also boasted to interviewers that he plans to liberate the Muslim republics of the Soviet Union.) But without a political settlement subscribed to by the United States and the Soviet Union, the war in Afghanistan will be bloodier. It will become a two-sided proxy war between the superpowers. Covert aid will continue to the Mujahideen, and the Soviets will continue to supply aid, advice, and military hardware to the Kabul regime. It is widely believed in Washington that the Communist regime cannot survive the departure of the Soviet troops. That is probably true, although the Mujahideen are politically weaker and the government is stronger than is generally assumed in Washington.

The Afghan government has sought to establish its legitimacy. It has stepped up its efforts to woo guerrilla leaders by ceasefires, amnesties, promises, and bribes. A few local commanders, some nominally loyal to Hekmatyar, the most extreme fundamentalist leader, have shown an interest in coöperating. A new constitution provides for local elections, a popularly elected parliament, and considerable autonomy for local tribal leaders, whose coöperation has been further encouraged with liberal payoffs. More than a thousand mosques have been constructed or rebuilt. Religious leaders have been given the power to review textbooks. Land owned by religious institutions is exempt from taxation. The markets in Communist Kabul are as free as those anywhere.

According to Selig Harrison, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, who visited Kabul most recently in 1984, there is a hard core of Communist activists, about forty-five thousand strong, who still believe that despite its unhappy history the Party is the only vehicle for modernizing their country. That is not an insignificant force in a country as divided as Afghanistan and in a society in which a politically committed individual can count on the loyalty of many family and tribal members. Moreover, many people in the middle class, though they are strongly anti-Communist, fear the fundamentalists almost as much as they loathe the Russians.

In the United States, the war in Afghanistan has been seen across the political spectrum as the good fight against Communism. Few Americans are aware that the most strongly supported elements of the "freedom fighters" bear a remarkable resemblance to the fundamentalists of Iran, who, of course, have a quite different reputation in the United States. Nor are most Americans aware that the United States is committed, under a 1959 mutual-security agreement, to take "appropriate action, including the use of armed forces," in the event of an attack on Pakistan. Such an attack, inspired and organized by the Soviet Union, has been under way for almost two years. In January of 1986, a bomb exploded in the Pakistan International Airlines office in Peshawar, killing several people, and since then there have been terrorist bombings in all the major cities, which are assumed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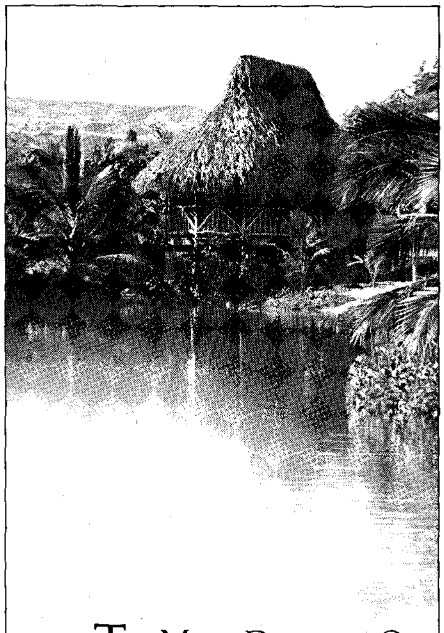
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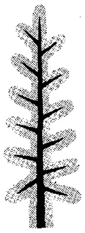
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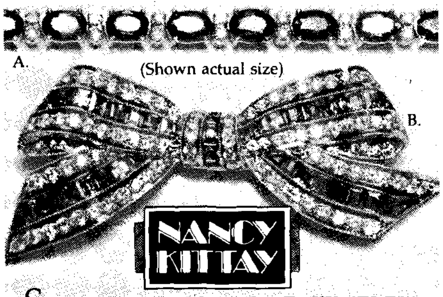
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to be the work of the Soviet-controlled Afghan secret police. Soviet planes regularly conduct air attacks along the frontier. The message seems clear. Pakistan is a fragile nation, and the Soviets are in a position to inflict even greater punishment.

Regrettably, the establishment of a stable peace in South Asia has not been a high priority of the Reagan Administration. The prime objective has been to humble the Soviet Union and force it to withdraw its troops. The withdrawal is almost certain to take place; without the establishment of a government in Kabul more acceptable to the Afghan people than one dominated by either the Communists or the fundamentalists, though, the war will enter a new stage when the Soviets leave. How costly and brutal the war will continue to be will depend on the outside powers. The Geneva agreements provide the essential framework for Soviet-American collaboration in the reconstruction of Afghanistan and the creation of a stable peace in the region. At a critical moment in United States–Soviet relations, they offer an unprecedented opportunity to test the possibilities of positive common action. The alternative is another round of bloody games. As the Soviets pull back, the spectre of Lebanon—another once peaceful country caught up in other people's struggles—hangs over Afghanistan. —EQBAL AHMAD AND RICHARD J. BARNET

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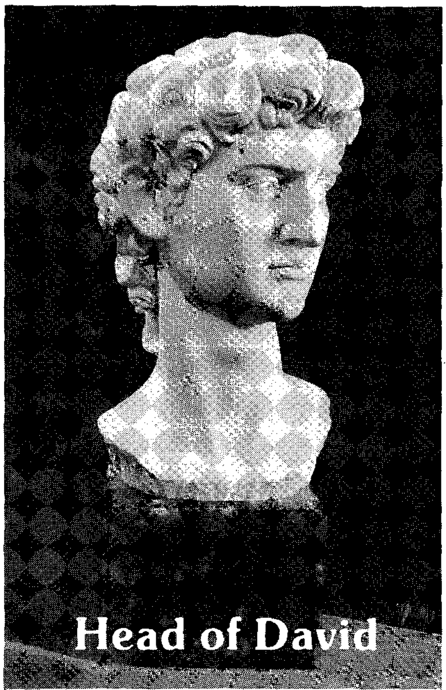
How about just forgetting the whole thing?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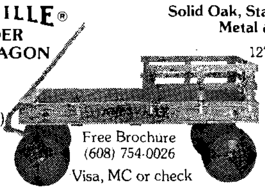
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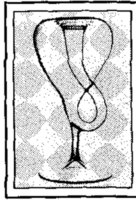
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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

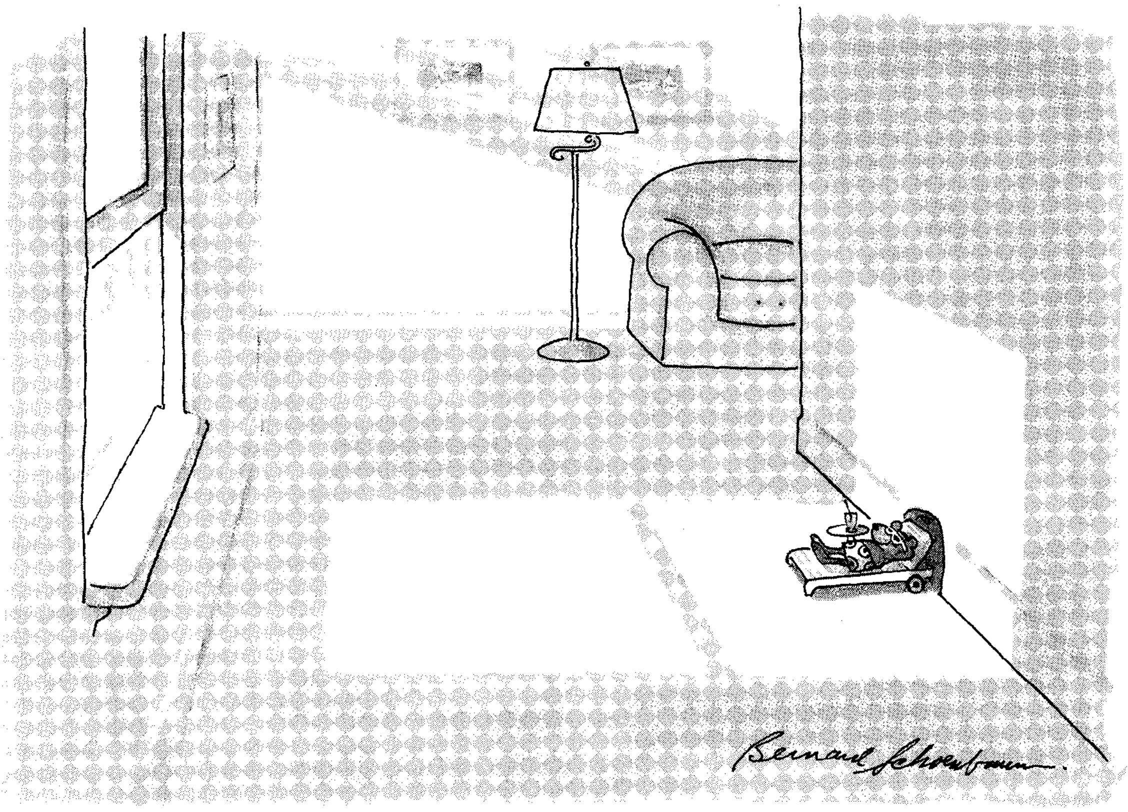
THE AUTHORSHIP QUESTION

IN 1947, when Professor Joseph Galland of Northwestern University compiled his "Digesta Anti-Shakespeareana," he identified well over four thousand published works dealing with the proposition that someone other than a glover's son from Stratford-upon-Avon wrote the plays of "William Shakespeare." No one has had the nerve to update Professor Galland's count to the present day, but the last several decades have been a fertile period in the study of the authorship question. The anti-Stratfordians, as the dissenters are collectively known, have cast aside the most prominent candidate of the nineteenth century, Sir Francis Bacon; have probed the qualifications of a host of alternate claimants, including Christopher Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Elizabeth the First; and have developed something like a consensus in favor of Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, around whose candidacy they have erected a whole shadow establishment of professional societies, journals, conferences, prizes, and the other bric-a-brac of traditional scholarship. And yet, when they take stock of their achievements, they tend to dwell on one that has eluded them.

All but unanimously, the academic authorities not only continue to assert that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare but fail to acknowledge that the point is in dispute. (Only a few orthodox scholars have bothered to comment on the anti-Stratfordians, and they have done so more, it seems, out of clinical than literary interest. "I did not relish this aspect of my assignment," Professor Samuel Schoenbaum wrote in his book "Shakespeare's Lives" by way of a preface to his survey of the anti-Stratfordian canon, which, summing up, he separated into two categories: "rubbish" and "lunatic rubbish.") It remains possible, in 1988, to study Shakespeare in high school and college, to see the plays on stage and screen, to read program notes, reviews, articles, and whole books of Shakespeare scholarship without ever being told that the Stratford man—as the anti-Stratfordians call him, for clarity's sake—was a country bumpkin who could scarcely write his name.

What most anti-Stratfordians are after, for now, is a measure of respect rather than outright vindication. They are aiming for a status comparable to that attained by, say, the partisans of the Loch Ness monster. But even that modest objective seems far away, and a number of anti-Stratfordian scholars have begun to wonder what it will take to get them there—whether any amount of data or logic will be sufficient to dislodge the accredited community of Shakespeare experts from its commitment to the Stratford man. When Doris Dawson, the daughter of the owner of the Windmill Pub in Stratford-upon-Avon, was asked what would happen if the Earl of Oxford was acknowledged as the author of the plays, she is said to have answered, "Everyone would flock to where the other bloke was born, and we'd be finished." The damage to professors of English literature might not be as severe as that, the anti-Stratfordians say, but, with tenures, foundation grants, book sales, and reputations at risk, "academicians on both sides of the ocean" have a "professional, economic, and psychological investment in Shakespearean orthodoxy," as Charlton Ogburn, Jr., put it in his book "The Mysterious William Shakespeare: The Myth and the Reality." And, with that investment in mind, Ogburn and other Oxfordians have begun to question the utility of the traditional modes of persuasion—chiefly the writing of articles and books. A few laymen may be won over, they say, but as long as most people look to professors and critics for guidance in such matters, and as long as professors and critics continue to insist on the time-honored account, public opinion will not be budged.

David Lloyd Kreeger, a Washington lawyer, businessman, and philanthropist, and a man of strong Oxfordian leanings, began mulling this problem over a few years ago. The remedy that occurred to him—some sort of legal proceeding—had occurred to others as well. But the others had not made fortunes in the insurance business, or commissioned the architect Philip Johnson to design houses for them, or disbursed goodly sums of money to the Corcoran Gallery of



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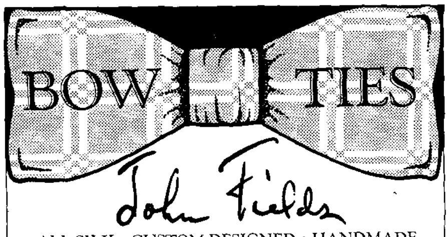

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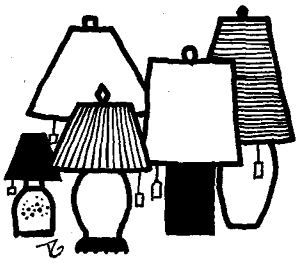
Art, the Arena Stage, the Washington Opera, and Harvard Law School, or grown accustomed to playing the violin in informal concerts with Isaac Stern; and so their efforts had come to very little. What Kreeger's came to was the announcement, last summer, of a moot-court debate, to be sponsored by the American University, in Washington, with two law professors representing the Stratford man and the Earl of Oxford, respectively, and, sitting in judgment, a panel composed of Kreeger's old friends Harry Blackmun and William Brennan and their fellow Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens.

THE debate was set for Friday, September 25th. That Wednesday, I arrived at the Cosmos Club, near Dupont Circle, to have lunch with Charlton Ogburn, Jr., and another prominent Oxfordian, Charles Vere, a collateral descendant of the seventeenth earl.

Charles Francis Topham de Vere Beauclerk (the "k" is silent)—Lord Vere, as he is called in Britain—is tall, thin, blond, fair-skinned, mild-mannered, and twenty-three; and in the lobby of the Cosmos Club, where nobody else was under fifty, he was not hard to locate. I asked him if he could bring any special insight to the authorship question. He replied that having studied the family history he found it curious that the ninth earl of Oxford—"perhaps the most conspicuous person in the reign of Richard II"—was omitted from the Shakespeare play concerning that monarch. "The ninth earl created a whole revolt in England at the time," Vere said. "Richard had made him the Marquis of Dublin and the Duke of Ireland, and there was a lot of jealousy. It is also interesting that the only monarch whom Shakespeare leaves out of his history plays is Henry VII, who nearly ruined the thirteenth earl of Oxford by fining him ten thousand pounds. But if you mean family lore, or anything of that sort, I'm afraid I can't be of much help. That would be a more appropriate question for the other side of the family. You see, we're directly descended from Oxford's grandfather, the fifteenth earl, but not from Oxford himself. The de Veres died out in 1703, but the seventeenth earl had three daughters, and there are families in England today who are his direct descendants. The Princess of Wales' family, for example." Vere has been trying—thus far, without success—to interest Princess Diana in her possible kinship with the Bard.



As for his own, Vere told me that he had been aware of it from an early age but that it had not been a big issue in his life until fairly recently. On beginning his student career at Oxford in the fall of 1986, he had taken his first active step to mobilize support for the theory by forming an organization called the De Vere Society. "We're trying to attract more young people to the cause," he said, "because in the past it's been very much the domain of retired professionals." The effort, it seemed, was going well. "From what I've seen," Vere said, "I think it's easier to be anti-establishment in England, because the press is much more naturally inclined that way."

We had not been together very long when a smallish man of advanced years came striding across the lobby toward us. This was Ogburn. He was wearing a green corduroy jacket that was twenty years old if it was a day, a pair of olive pants with cuffs, a green shirt, and a brown tie knotted so that the bottom strand protruded about an inch below the top one.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but I've just had the worst morning of my life," he said, in a breathless voice. "I've been reading the briefs that the two lawyers have prepared. The Stratfordian brief is a diabolically clever piece of work. It's simply full of irrelevancies and statements that twist the truth." The Oxfordian side would have to have its case in perfect order, he said, and, to that end, he had been on the phone most of the morning with David Lloyd Kreeger. "I told him we've got to take the fight to the other side," Ogburn said. "We have to expose every fallacy in the Stratfordians' argument. But there's so little time! The whole world is going to be watching this trial. It could set back the cause by thirty years." After lunch, Ogburn would be off to the American University to deliver his harsh message, with supporting chapter and verse, to Peter Jaszi, the Oxfordians' counsel. But he feared it might be too late to remedy the situation.

At the first break in the flow of Ogburn's gloom, I suggested that the three of us head into the dining room, and, once we had been seated and had placed our orders, I asked Ogburn if he would mind recounting the story of his involvement with the Oxfordian cause. It was a long story, dating back to 1937, when his parents had read an article in the *Saturday Review* which led them to J. Thomas Looney's " 'Shakespeare' Identified," the book that first set forth the Oxfordian theory.

"They caught the contagion, and then I caught the contagion," Ogburn said. "I remember reading Looney and thinking, 'By God, this is right!' All of a sudden, he made sense out of something that had been murky—something I'd always been dissatisfied with, though I'd never really stopped to analyze why."

Ogburn's parents, after years of research, laid out their findings in a book entitled "This Star of England," which was published in 1953. "They thought that it was going to win the day," Ogburn recalled. "But they made one terrible miscalculation. Until they got to the very last chapter, they didn't even mention the Stratford man. Their view was that if they presented the case for Oxford without attacking the Stratford man it would be much easier for the orthodox crowd to come over to their side. But you can't get anywhere with Oxford unless you dispose of the Stratford man. My mother and father were massacred by the establishment. There were editorials ridiculing them in the Washington *Post*. It was very bad, very bad."

Their son was working for the State Department at the time, and he had become embroiled in a struggle there. "From early 1951 on," he said, "I did everything I could to stem the tide of American policy toward Indo-China, which eventually led—to my horror—to military intervention. I fought the Indo-China battle while I was helping my parents fight the Shakespeare battle, and, by God, they had a lot in common! What I was saying was not the thing to say. The State Department had the authority. Who was I?" (During our conversation, Ogburn had recourse to several consoling analogies. When I asked him to explain the Oxfordian theory's appeal, he compared it with post-Darwinian science: "It means that Shakespeare's plays were not placed in the head of an illiterate genius by an act of divine fiat;

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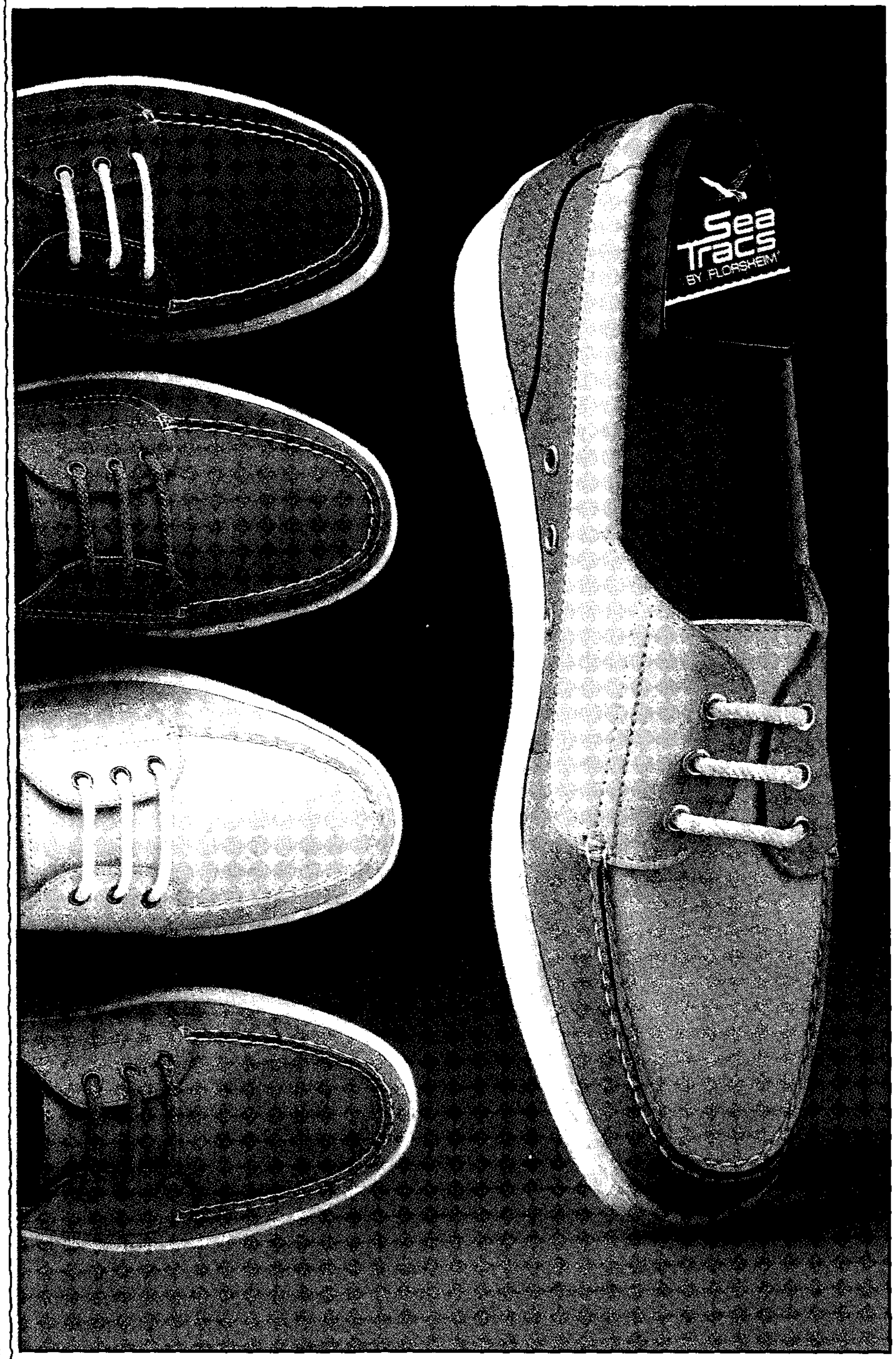

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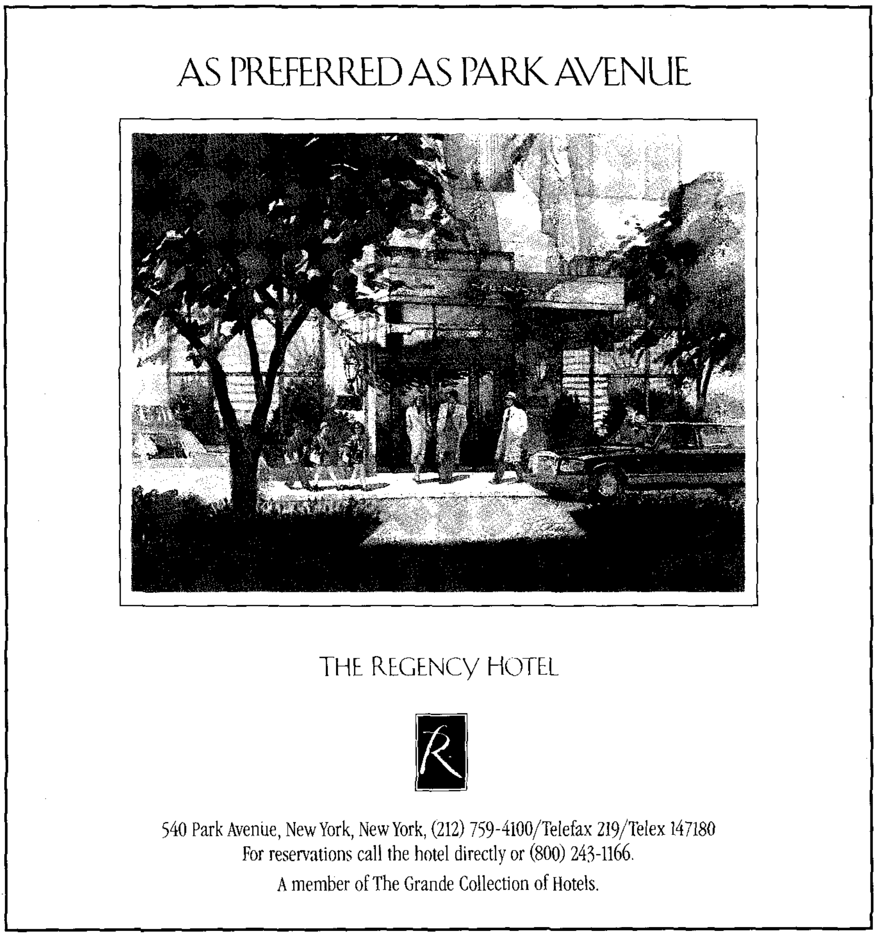
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this, too, was an evolution." He also brought up Alfred Wegener and continental drift. Wegener was not a professional geologist, Ogburn said, and both his credentials and his theory were derided for decades, "whereas now it is almost universally accepted.")

Ogburn quit the State Department in 1957, intent on making his living as a writer. Two years later, he came out with a book called "The Marauders," about his former infantry unit, which had fought behind the Japanese lines in Burma in 1944. It was a best-seller, and Warner Brothers made a popular movie of it, starring Jeff Chandler. Ogburn decided to use his newly achieved literary position to try to get justice for his parents. The result was "Shakespeare: The Man Behind the Name," published in 1962—a book that he wrote in collaboration with his mother and that they struggled, successfully, to complete before his father died. "I'm an only child," Ogburn told me. "I've always been very close to my parents. Thank God, my father died believing that we were going to swing it." But the haste, he added, showed in the product, and the resistance of the scholarly community was not noticeably softened.

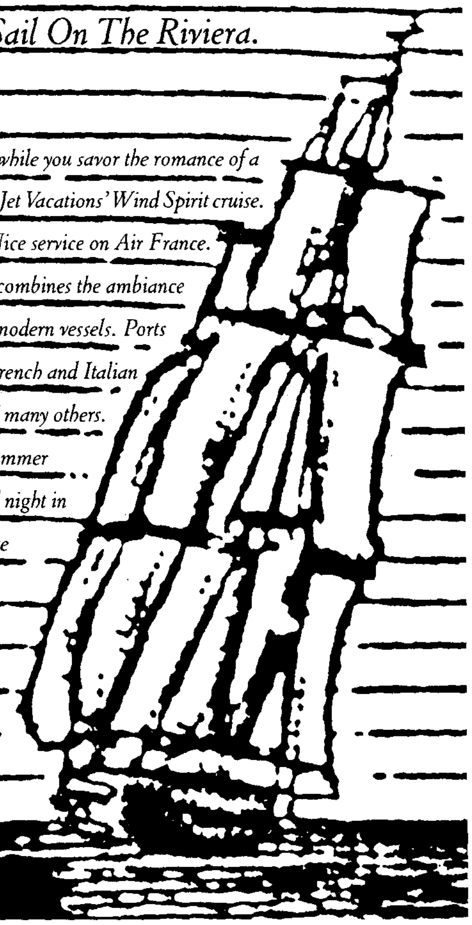
Many scornful words have been levelled at the Ogburns' writings over the years, and Charlton Ogburn, Jr., seemed to remember them all. In 1974, when *Harvard Magazine* published an article of his called "The Man Who Shakespeare Was Not (and Who He Was)," Walter Kaiser, a specialist in Renaissance literature at Harvard, inquired in a letter if the magazine would next run a piece demonstrating that Queen Victoria was a Peruvian transvestite. By giving Ogburn's theory "a Harvard cachet," Kaiser wrote, the magazine had "embarrassed those of us who attempt to teach Shakespeare," and had done "a very real disservice to a community dedicated to *veritas*." By then, Ogburn's mother was in her mid-eighties and losing her sight, and Ogburn set out to write the definitive book on the authorship question in time for her to see it. He was far enough along by 1981, the year of her death, that, as he told me, "I think she was convinced we were going to succeed, and I'm very glad about that." As for the book, "The Mysterious William Shakespeare," it received a number of positive reviews, but the New York *Times*' critic dismissed it as "long-winded and obsessive."

Surely, I said, he must have been

tempted from time to time to throw in the towel. "I needed two things, above all, to carry on with this," he replied. "A great wife and a great ego." He smiled, slightly, for the first time since his arrival. "I can attest to the wife," he said, "and she can attest to the ego."

WHEN Gordon Cyr contemplated the forthcoming debate, his thoughts, like Ogburn's, were uneasy. A soft-spoken man of sixty-two with gentle features and long, stringy graying hair, Cyr teaches music theory and composition at Towson State University, in Towson, Maryland. He is also the executive vice-president of the Shakespeare Oxford Society—the American counterpart of Lord Vere's group—which was to hold its annual meeting at the Hyatt Regency, in Washington, the day after the debate. Cyr was expecting, under the circumstances, an unusually high turnout—more Oxfordians, perhaps, than had ever been assembled in one place—and the prospect seemed to unnerve him. He was concerned, he told me over dinner in one of the Hyatt's restaurants, that certain fringe elements might use the weekend's events as a forum for their theories, and that, as a result, the world at large might get an unfavorable impression of the movement. The Oxfordian cause was only just recovering, he said, from a rash claim made about a portrait of Shakespeare—the so-called Ashbourne portrait—that used to hang in the Folger Shakespeare Library. In the late nineteen-thirties, Charles Barrell, a leading Oxfordian of the time, noticed that the coat of arms in the portrait resembled that of the Earl of Oxford's second wife. "And when he did some X-rays," Cyr said, "he found that the coat of arms had been altered, as had the date and certain details of the dress—all of which caused him to theorize that it might be a long-lost portrait of Oxford by Cornelius Ketel. Well, the people at the Folger disputed this from the beginning, and finally, in 1979, when they were going to send the portrait on tour, their conservator found that it *was* an overpainting, but that the painting underneath had nothing to do with the Earl of Oxford. It was a portrait of one Sir Hugh Hamersley, who was Lord Mayor of London. So we had to eat crow a little bit on that one."

Barrell's theory was, in Cyr's words, "an example of zeal coming to the forefront." And it was not the



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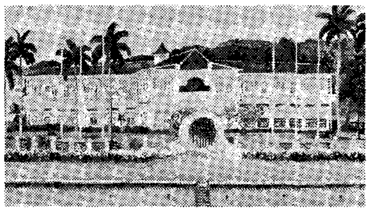

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only example. A contemporary of Barrell's, Percy Allen, consulted a London medium, through whom he met the ghosts of Oxford, Bacon, and Shakespeare. They told Allen that the plays had emerged from a three-way collaboration. ("I was quick at knowing what would be effective on the stage," Shakespeare recalled. "I would find a plot . . . consult with Oxford, and form a skeleton edifice, which he would furnish and people, as befitted the subject." Bacon, it appeared, was mostly an adviser, and his advice was often ignored.) The same Percy Allen was responsible for what Cyr described as "an issue that has divided Oxfordians for a long time"—the theory that the Earl of Southampton was the illegitimate son of Oxford and Queen Elizabeth. "One has to guard against amateur sleuths," Cyr said wearily. "I would prefer to zero in on the strongest arguments and leave the weakest ones out. I try to do what I can to keep the society's image above water."

He hastened to add that the Stratfordians are hardly paragons of scholarly caution. "A. L. Rowse got a lot of attention a few years ago when he claimed to have identified the dark lady as a certain Emilia Bassano Lanier," he said. "He had found a reference to her somewhere as a 'braun lady.' Well, it turned out that he had misread the handwriting; it said 'brave lady.' Then, there are the various theories that have been advanced to explain how Shakespeare might have spent the so-called lost years, from 1585 or so until 1593 or so. They've had him as a lawyer, a law clerk, a sailor, a soldier in Leicester's army, singing in a Catholic nobleman's choir, and so on. E. A. J. Honigmann has written a book, called 'Shakespeare: The "Lost Years,"' in which he has him working as a schoolmaster named William Shakeshafte. The dating of the plays is another area in which the Stratfordians are woefully weak. Some of them give 1606 as the year in which 'King Lear' was written, and they make a big to-do over the fact that in 1605 there was supposedly a total eclipse, such as Gloucester seems to describe to Edmund when he speaks of 'these late eclipses in the sun and moon.' This question is discussed in Captain Hubert H. Holland's book 'Shakespeare Through Oxford Glasses.' He found that in fact there was no total eclipse in 1605—unless Shakespeare happened to be in Borneo at the time. There *was* a total eclipse in the fifteen-

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nineties, however. If you ask me, the Stratfordians decided on 1606 for 'King Lear' because they were looking around for a period in the Stratford man's life that was relatively unencumbered."

Like Ogburn, Cyr traced his interest in the authorship question to an early dissatisfaction with the Stratford man and his story. "I remember reading that 'Hamlet' was a sort of patchwork based on something called the Ur-Hamlet, with the scenes taken in almost the same order," he told me. "This was very disturbing information—that Shakespeare had done nothing more than take something from an inferior playwright and witch it up." Because Oxford was born fourteen years earlier than the Stratford man, an Oxfordian could argue that "Hamlet" was the source of the Ur-Hamlet instead of the other way around. Another thing that troubled Cyr about the traditional account was its emphasis on the power of untrained genius. "Levi Fox, the director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, says that the Oxfordians simply do not understand the ways of genius," Cyr said. "I resent that. I think I do know something about the ways of genius. I can assert with utter confidence that Mozart's genius would count for absolutely nothing if he hadn't had the best musical education that was available to him in eighteenth-century Central Europe, and if he hadn't had one of the best teachers in the world, his father."

Cyr did not have very high expectations for the upcoming debate. He said he would be content if the Justices merely ruled that neither side had proved its case. "We admit we haven't proved the Oxfordian side," he said. "It's possible that somebody will come along someday and prove that Oxford *wasn't* the author. But they could destroy a thousand candidates, and the problems with the Stratford man would remain."

IN Ruth Loyd Miller and her husband, Minos D. Miller, Jr., I encountered a more effervescent brand of Oxfordianism. The Millers serve the cause in a number of ways, not the least of which is lifting its spirits. They had come up from Jennings, Louisiana, where she is a lawyer and he is a retired judge. In view of what Mrs. Miller called her "walking disability," she proposed that we meet in their room at the Hyatt. There Judge Miller, a compact and courtly man of sixty-seven, welcomed me and introduced me to his wife, a friendly woman with peach-colored hair, fair skin, and wide cheekbones, who was wearing a flounced blue dress and sitting sidesaddle on a sort of indoor motor scooter. She prefers it to a wheelchair, she explained, because it gets the message across that she is not, in any broader sense, a passive person. "I'm a fighter, not a lover," she said, in a sunny voice redolent of the Old South.

Having already looked at a smattering of articles and books on the authorship question, I fancied that I understood the basic issues. After a few minutes of listening to Mrs. Miller, however, I felt as if I had been plunged into college calculus direct from high-school geometry. I had hardly settled into my chair before she was telling me about the wreck, off Bermuda in 1583, of the Fenton expedition, which, she said, may have inspired the shipwreck in "The Tempest." "And that just blows out of the water the Stratfordian claim that 'The Tempest' couldn't have been written before 1610, when Sylvester Jourdain came back from *his* shipwreck and told the tale," she said. From the Fenton expedition we whizzed on to Ostler v. Heminges—"the Achilles' heel of the Stratfordian case," according to Mrs. Miller. Ostler v. Heminges, it emerged, was a lawsuit filed by Thomasina Ostler against her father, John Heminges, an actor and member of the Globe company. Mrs. Miller had retained three translators to interpret the legal Latin of the court papers, and their findings convinced her that William Shakespeare—whose name appears as a shareholder in the Globe Theatre—was no longer living when Mrs. Ostler sued. "And, you see, the lawsuit was filed in Hilary term of the thirteenth year of King James' reign. Well, that would be January through March of 1616, and if the William Shakespeare who was a shareholder in the Globe Theatre was already dead, then he must have been a different man from the William *Shakspere* who lived in Stratford and was still very much alive."

She turned to her husband, and, addressing him as "Daddy," asked if he could supply me with a copy of the lawsuit. The Judge, addressing her as "Mother," replied that he had already done so, and I saw that a small moun-

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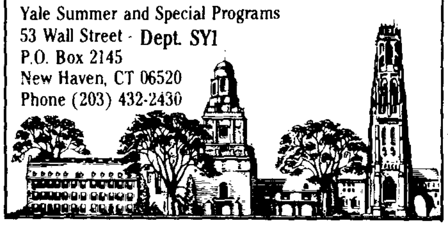

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tain of documents now stood on a table next to me.

"Tell him about the signatures," the Judge said.

"The woman who's in charge of the Stratford man's will at the public-record office in London has released a statement saying that there's a possibility that it's a copy," Mrs. Miller said. "Well, a copy, technically, is the same as a forgery. I'm going to speak about this at the Shakespeare Oxford Society meeting Saturday."

"Three of the officially accepted signatures of the man from Stratford are on this instrument," the Judge put in, pounding his fist on the table as he spoke. "And the woman at the public-record office now says they're not genuine."

"So there go three signatures," said Mrs. Miller.

"Poof," said the Judge.

"Now, at the most, Shakespeare left six signatures, of which five are considered authentic," his wife continued. "Of those five, three are in the will. We know, incidentally, that the signatures vary one from another; it looks as if whoever was copying the will tried to make the signatures look the same, but they just didn't come out that way. Now, every time a researcher thinks he's discovered a new Shakespeare signature it makes banner headlines across all the continents: 'Ooooh, another signature of the great Bard!' Well, here three signatures have in effect been taken away from the five or six we supposedly have. Nine, eight, seven little Indians—we're down to two Shakespearean signatures. That's all the evidence we have that the Stratford man knew how to sign his name. And you can't get any Stratfordians interested."

Some years ago, at an early stage of her investigations, Mrs. Miller was stymied by a shortage of reading matter. "I went down to L.S.U. with a bibliography, and the library had only one book on the authorship issue," she said. "And it was by a Baconian. There was no copy of Looney's book in the entire State of Louisiana!" So that others would not experience the same frustration, she decided to put the principal Oxfordian works back into print, an enterprise that has entailed tracking down rights, designing covers (in matching deep purple), and composing new material to reflect the recent findings of Oxfordian scholars, Mrs. Miller among them. Under her care, Looney's " 'Shakespeare' Identified" grew from a single four-hundred-page volume to two volumes containing a total of twelve hundred and fifty pages. "Plus, I added pictures—I had to get permission to use them from earls and dukes and marquises," Mrs. Miller said. She has also underwritten, in association with the Deep South Writers' Conference, a prize for the best play about Edward de Vere—and in a non-denominational spirit she has agreed that the entries need not approach the subject from an Oxfordian perspective.

I asked how she had managed to finance these undertakings.

"We don't spend money on anything else," she answered. "I don't buy any dresses, and M.D.'s no peacock, either."

Mrs. Miller is forever mailing out books and articles on the authorship question to potential converts. Ogburn's "The Mysterious William Shakespeare" is her standard gift for weddings and graduations. "Charlton has been the godfather to us all," she said. But when she gives a copy to someone graduating from high school—and this is something she does only if she is very impressed with the quality of that young person's intellect—it comes accompanied by a warning. "I say, 'Don't open this till you finish college, because if you hit some professor with a closed mind on this, he's the one with the grade book and the sharpened pencil.' " She has had a number of unhappy encounters with the academic world, but if professors of literature will not listen to her she will not waste her time on professors of literature. The rest of the world, she assured me, has been more receptive. "Every letter I seal, every stamp I put on a letter to go out to somebody, every book I mail, I give it a little pat and I say a little prayer: 'May the person that receives this be the instrument of bringing about the great change.' Because you never know who will be the instrument." That the great change was coming, and that the moot-court proceeding would help bring it about, Mrs. Miller took quite for granted. "It's amazing how much interest this debate has started up," she said. "You can already see the closet Oxfordians coming out of the closet."

When the Millers had thought of every document they wanted to give me, the Judge found a plastic laundry bag big enough to hold them all, and we said our farewells. At the door, Mrs. Miller folded her hands in prayer and sent me away with a benediction: "May you be the instrument of bringing about the great change."

THE first anti-Stratfordian was a writer-cleric by the name of James Wilmot—a friend of Samuel Johnson's and Laurence Sterne's—who, in the early seventeen-eighties, retired from London to Warwickshire and began gathering material for a proposed biography of Shakespeare, the most famous former inhabitant of those parts. Wilmot soon discovered that his subject was the son of an apparently illiterate tradesman, and, insofar as the documentary evidence revealed, had never been to school. Nor, it seemed, had he left any diaries, letters, or other written records of his literary life, and his neighbors had been just as discreet. Stratford, at the end of the sixteenth century, was a town of only fourteen hundred people, and surely, Wilmot reasoned, a man of Shakespeare's erudition and achievements would have drawn some notice in such a backwater. And what of the library that so learned a man must have possessed? Wilmot, according to a contemporary, "covered himself with the dust of every private bookcase within a radius of fifty miles" without finding evidence that Shakespeare had owned a single book.

What we know of Wilmot's research comes secondhand, for he never wrote his biography and eventually burned his papers, presumably believing them to contain a secret too awful for Stratford, or England, to bear. Nearing the end of his life, however, he confided in a visitor, one James Corton Cowell, who later extended the confidence to the members of the Ipswich Philosophic Society in lieu of a talk he had been scheduled to deliver on Shakespeare's life. Anticipating "shouts of disapproval and execration" as he confessed himself "a Pervert, nay a renegade to the Faith I have proclaimed and avowed before you all,"

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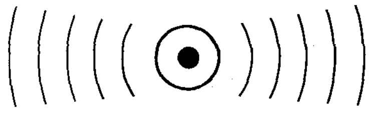

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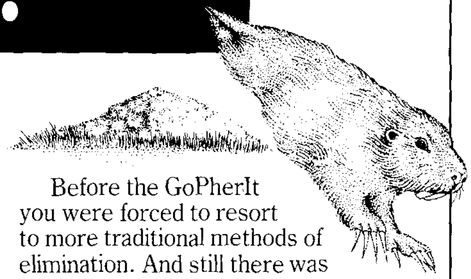

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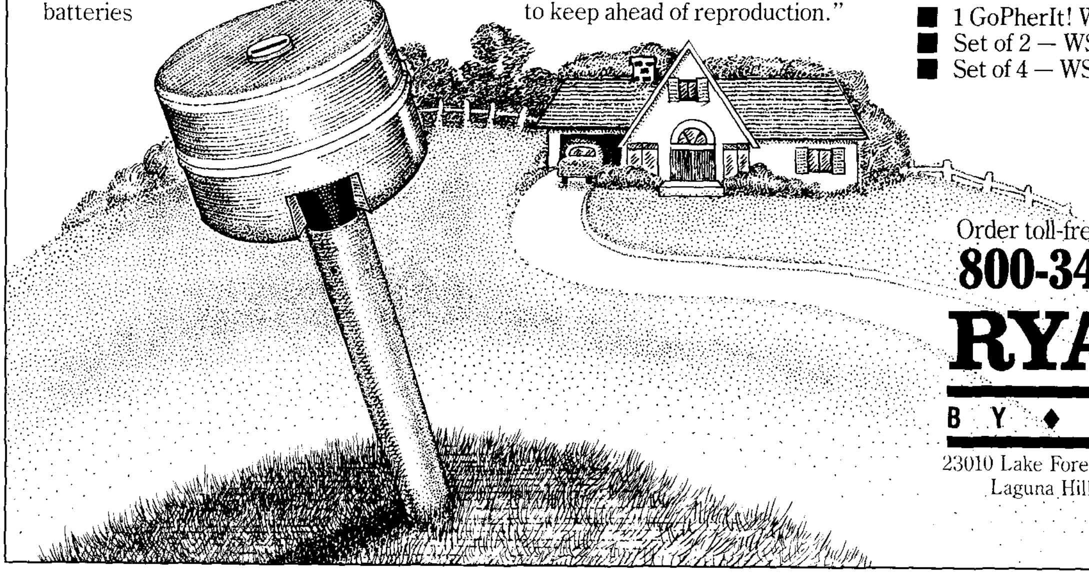

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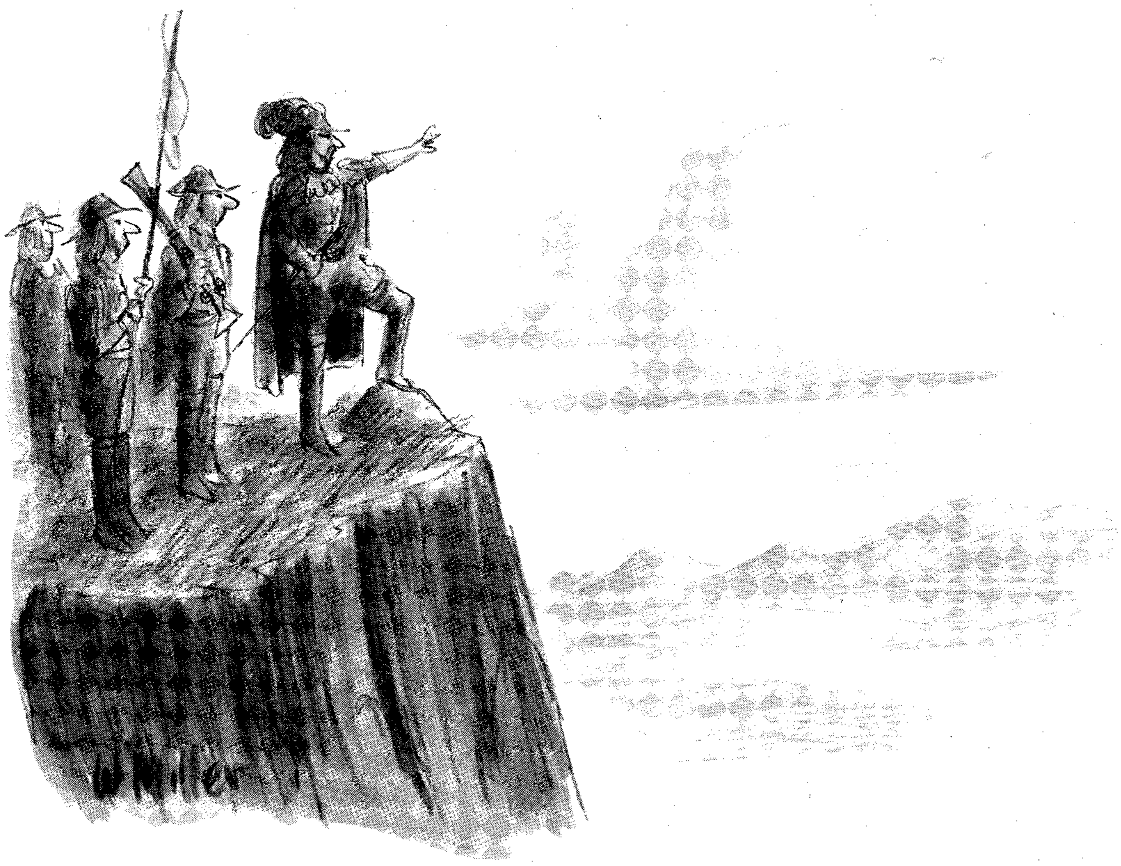

"Someday, all this will be infrastructure."

• •

Cowell reported that he had criss-crossed Warwickshire in search of data for his talk, but "everywhere was I met by a strange and perplexing silence"—everywhere, that is, except in the home of Dr. Wilmot, who had offered "an explanation that is so startling that it is easy to understand his timidity." Wilmot believed the plays to be the work of "some other person" with "good reason for concealing his connection with them," and he had a nominee. "Dr. Wilmot does not venture so far as to say definitively that Sir Francis Bacon was the author," Cowell said, "but through his great knowledge of the works of that writer he is able to prepare a cap that fits him amazingly."

Posterity has vindicated Wilmot in his reticence, if not in his theory. For all the changes that anti-Stratfordianism has been through since Wilmot's time, it has never been a calling that could be recommended to anyone looking for positive feedback from people in authority. In 1895, the Danish critic Georg Brandes expressed the view of the nineteenth-century literary establishment when he spoke of the anti-Stratfordians as "a troop of less than half-educated people . . . raw Americans and fanatical women." A few years later, Sir Sidney Lee, of the University of London, dismissed their arguments as "madhouse chatter . . . unworthy of serious attention from any but professed students of intellectual aberration." In its Baconian era, the movement was dominated by such figures as Catherine Ashmead Windle, a San Francisco matron who credited Bacon not only with his own works and Shakespeare's but also with the essays of Montaigne (who, in her judgment, never existed); and Dr. Orville Ward Owen, of Detroit, who built a giant "decoding wheel," trained a team of female assistants to operate it, and set the device to work on the entire Baconian œuvre—which he took to include not only Bacon and Shakespeare but most of Marlowe and Spenser as well. Scrutinizing the plays with this apparatus, Dr. Owen extracted and deciphered an epic poem, addressed to posterity, which contained directions to the burial place of certain Baconian manuscripts—in the bed of the River Wye, not far from Tintern Abbey. He then mounted an expedition to unearth them—a fruitless effort that wound up lasting six years (the directions were not as precise as he would have liked), at a high cost to his physical and mental health. "Never go into this Baconian controversy, for you will only reap disappointment," he wrote to a young admirer from his deathbed, in 1924. "I had the largest practice of any physician in Detroit. I could have been the greatest surgeon there, if I had staid by it; but I thought that the world would be eager to hear what I had found. Instead, what did they give me? I have had my name dragged in the mud,—had more calumny heaped upon my character than many people can imagine,—lost my fortune,—ruined my health,—and today am a bedridden almost penniless invalid."

The Oxfordians readily acknowledge that the movement was on the wrong track in those years, not only in its choice of a candidate—Bacon, they say, for all his talents, did not have a poetic bone in his body—but in matters of methodology. From an Oxfordian perspective, the movement began to right itself around the beginning of the century, when a number of anti-Stratfordian scholars (and some Stratfordians) found, in studying the plays, evidence that their author was a man well steeped in horsemanship, falconry, biology, astronomy, Italian, French, Greek, Latin, law, botany, landscape gardening, and a host of other subjects uncharacteristic of the knowledge of a commoner without much formal education. In "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," published in 1908, an English lawyer, Sir George Greenwood, outlined the case against the Stratford man and attempted to sever it once and for all from the suspect work of Mrs. Windle, Dr. Owen, and their colleagues. Greenwood did not identify himself with a particular candidate for the authorship but argued that the traditional biography of the Bard was incompatible with the knowledge to which the plays attested, and that, considering the scantiness of the evidence, it was simpler and more logical to assume—here he was following the principle of reasoning known as parsimony—that somebody other than Shakespeare was their author.

Greenwood's book converted Mark Twain, who refashioned the argument into a parable. "Take a lap-bred, house-fed, uneducated, inexperienced kitten," Twain wrote, and "take a rugged old Tom that's scarred from stem to rudder-post with the memorials of strenuous experience, and is so cultured, so educated, so limitlessly erudite that one may say of him 'all cat-knowledge is his province;' also, take a mouse. Lock the three up in a holeless, crackless, exitless prison-cell. Wait half an hour, then open the cell, introduce a Shakespearite and a Baconian, and let them cipher and assume. The mouse is missing: the question to be decided is, where is it? You can guess both verdicts beforehand. One verdict will say the kitten contains the mouse; the other will as certainly say the mouse is in the tom-cat."

Greenwood paved the way, also, for J. Thomas Looney—"an unfortunate name," an article on the authorship question in *Life* once observed, but, according to Ogburn, "an honorable one on the Isle of Man, where it is pronounced 'Loney.' " (No such mitigation has been offered for one of Looney's anti-Stratfordian forebears, a cryptographer named George M. Battey.) Looney was a modest, sober English schoolmaster, who, while the First World War raged, conducted a painstaking study of the authorship question, telling none of his friends what he was up to. He did not bring a wealth of new information to the negative case, but, having taught "The Merchant of Venice" to several generations of schoolchildren, he considered himself able to testify to the author's exceptional knowledge of the "life and spirit" of Italy. And the traditional explanations for Shakespeare's learning struck him as beyond belief. "Dirt and ignorance" were the most prominent characteristics of the Stratford of Shakespeare's time, Looney wrote, and "considering the illiteracy of his parents and the fact that ability to read and write was a condition of admission to the Free School at Stratford"—these points are contested by some Stratfordians—"it is obvious that there were serious obstacles to his obtaining even such inferior education as was offered by schools in small provincial towns in those days." As for the suggestion of one biographer, James Halliwell-Phillipps, that "older boys" could have provided Shakespeare with preschool tutoring, Looney commented, "Later generations of schoolboys have preferred more exciting pastimes." Between Shakespeare's boyhood in Stratford and his literary career in London there had taken place "one of the greatest if not actually the greatest work of self-development and self-realization that genius has ever enabled any man to perform," Looney contended, and it seemed to him that an even more remarkable "self-stultification" had occurred in Shakespeare's maturity, when, "after having performed so miraculous a work," he "retired to Stratford to devote himself to houses, lands, orchards, money and malt, leaving no traces of a single intellectual or literary interest." A life containing "two such stupendous and mutually nullifying feats" struck Looney as "altogether outside general human experience," and he could only believe that the middle period was "an illusion: in other words, William Shakspere"—Looney spelled the family name as it was spelled in a number of local records—"did not write the plays attributed to him."

Working from the plays and the sonnets, Looney compiled a list of characteristics that one would expect to find in the author. Then he searched for a man who filled the bill. To begin with, he searched among the acknowledged court poets of the time, theorizing that anyone with the necessary skills could not have failed to publish at least a few verses in his own name. To narrow the possibilities, he looked for a court poet who had used the stanza form—six lines of iambic pentameter, with alternating rhymes through the first four lines and ending in a rhymed couplet—employed in "Venus and Adonis," the first poem published under William Shakespeare's byline. In an anthology of sixteenth-century poetry he alighted on the name of Edward de Vere, whose sentiments and cadences—at least, to Looney's ear—echoed Shakespeare's. Then he turned to *The Dictionary of National Biography*, and read that de Vere, "despite his violent and perverse temper, his eccentric taste in dress, and his reckless waste of substance, evinced a genuine taste in music and wrote verses of much lyric

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beauty," and that "Puttenham and Meres reckon him among the best for comedy in his day; but though he was a patron of players no specimens of his dramatic productions survive." Broadening his researches, Looney discovered that Oxford had stopped writing under his own name at about the time "Shakespeare" started; that he was the son-in-law of William Cecil (Lord Burghley), who is widely regarded as the model for Polonius in "Hamlet" ("To thine own self be true" resembles a maxim that Burghley had dispensed to one of his sons); that his brother-in-law Peregrine Bertie had visited the Danish court, at Elsinore; that he had two cousins, named Horace and Francis, who were generally referred to as Horatio and Francisco; that as a young man he had taken a grand tour of the Continent and travelled to many of the places in Italy that figured in the plays (there befriending Baptista Nigrone and Benedict Spinola, whose names, it seemed to Looney, could well have fused into the "Baptista Minola" of "The Taming of the Shrew"); that he was the patron of a theatre company, and was so much given to associating with actors and other low-born types that Burghley accused him of having been "enticed away by lewd persons" (shades of Prince Hal); and that the Earl of Southampton—to whom "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" were dedicated—was a great favorite of Oxford's and nearly became his son-in-law.

Oxford, it was true, had died in 1604, before a number of the plays were thought to have been written. But the dating of the plays struck Looney as largely arbitrary, based on—as much as anything—the premise that the Stratford man was the author. (In any case, some of the plays were neither published nor performed until after the Stratford man died, in 1616.) In other respects, the timing of Oxford's death seemed consistent with Looney's theory. It certainly seemed consistent with the later sonnets, which spoke in the voice of a man facing imminent death yet were usually assigned to the first few years of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare, nearing forty, had more than a decade to live.

When the war was over, Looney looked around for a publisher, and found one who offered to pay him a large sum—but only if he would adopt a pseudonym, in order to safeguard the project from ridicule. Had he agreed, we would have had the odd spectacle of a pseudonymous authorship exposed by a pseudonymous author. But Looney refused, and, placing a copy of his manuscript on file with the British Museum to establish the priority of his discovery, he kept looking. It took him two more years to find a publisher who would accept him as he was.

With the publication of " 'Shakespeare' Identified," the anti-Stratfordian movement gained a new generation of converts and sympathizers, including John Galsworthy, who called the book "the best detective story I have ever read," and Sigmund Freud, who sent Looney a fan letter. (Freud's enthusiasm for the authorship question remained within the circle of his friends and colleagues—and, among them, a topic of mild amusement—until 1935, when he decided to work it into an English-language version of his "Autobiographical Study." It fell to Freud's translator, James Strachey, to explain to Freud the slang meaning of Looney's name, and Ernest Jones pointed out that Freud's line of work rendered such an association doubly hazardous. Freud agreed to remove the passage from the British edition, but insisted on retaining it in the American edition. "The same sort of narcissistic defense need not be feared over there," he explained, in a letter to Strachey.)

" 'Shakespeare' Identified" is a book that both unsettles and reassures, much in the manner of a Sherlock Holmes story. The reader finds himself—as Doctor Watson often did—by the fireside, drinking a glass of port and listening to his old friend construct an orderly and ingenious explanation of a baffling set of facts. As a detective story, however, Looney's book lacks a final scene in which the suspect is brought to bay. That task he bequeathed to his followers.

In Ogburn's "The Mysterious William Shakespeare," the reader must readjust; half a century later, the game is still afoot, but instead of a single trail leading to a single resolution there are many trails leading to many discoveries. Ben Jonson, in his memorial tribute to Shakespeare (written in 1623 for the posthumous edition of the plays known as the First Folio), writes, "though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek." These words have generally been interpreted as alluding to Shakespeare's unlettered background. Ogburn, however, insists that Jonson is speaking in the subjunctive mood (i.e., "even if you had small Latin and less Greek, which is not the case"), and that, although a party to the concealment of Oxford's role as the true author, Jonson did what he could in his elegy to "tip posterity off to the sham." Oxfordians are often asked how the Earl managed to conceal his identity as a playwright so well. He didn't, Ogburn answers, citing a series of passages in which, as it seems to him, the true author almost winks at his readers. Sonnet CXXV contains a reference to a time when "I bore the canopy." Ogburn interprets this as an allusion to Queen Elizabeth's canopy, which only a courtier, such as Oxford, would have borne. Sonnet LXXVI declares that "every word doth almost tell my name." This could only be the statement of a pseudonymous author yearning for recognition, according to Ogburn, since Oxford routinely used the words "ever" and "every" as playful variations on "E. Vere."

To step into the nine hundred pages of "The Mysterious William Shakespeare" is to enter a sort of Oxfordian kindergarten, elementary school, high school, college, graduate school, and reëducation camp all rolled into one. Not a program for the casual student, it has produced a corps of dedicated graduates—Oxfordians capable of demonstrating, among other things, that Oxford's career as a pseudonymous author began when he was thirteen, with the composition of the poem "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet," a primitive version of "Romeo and Juliet," thought to have been written by Arthur Brooke; that Brooke himself was probably an invented figure, notwithstanding an epitaph by the poet George Turberville ". . . on the death of Master Arthur Brooke drounde in passing to New

Haven" (Ogburn suggests that Turberville wrote this verse to help save Oxford's pseudonym from disclosure; the fictitious Brooke, "having served his purpose . . . was disposed of as an unwanted kitten may be"); that the Shakespeare plays were not mere entertainments but Oxford's fulfillment of "a mission to expose what was rotten in the state of England;" that his sponsors in this mission got together in 1597 and decided on a cover story involving the Stratford man; and that, to make the story stick, they had the Earl of Southampton pay him a thousand pounds in hush money, in order to (as Ogburn puts it) "ensure his return to that dreary community, and to his wife and children."

IT is always difficult to pinpoint the moment when a topic of discussion penetrates the mass market, but on Friday, September 25th, when "Good Morning America" broadcast a report on the American University debate in between a piece on a National Football League players' strike and an interview with Dolly Parton, it was clear that the authorship question had—at least in the Warholian sense—arrived. Traffic conditions in the parking lot of the Metropolitan Memorial United Methodist Church, where the debate was to take place, confirmed that conclusion. I had been wondering who would come besides the fifty or so Oxfordians that Gordon Cyr was expecting. By a quarter to ten, the church was well on its way to a capacity crowd—roughly a thousand people. (Could so many have been lured to a Shakespeare play at that hour?) As for their identities, a cursory inspection revealed several high-school groups (two school buses were parked outside) and a sizable contingent of college and law-school students. Otherwise, the event had drawn what looked like a fair cross-section of white-collar Washingtonians.

The Oxfordians were heavily concentrated in a cordoned-off section near the front of the church, to which various American University officials, the wives of the Supreme Court Justices, and assorted other V.I.P.s had also been admitted. Charlton Ogburn was immersed in conversation ("I can attest to the wife," he was saying, as I passed by, "and she can attest to the ego"), and Charles Vere was patiently shaking hands ("Actually, we're descended from the *fifteenth* earl") with a delegation of admirers. Behind the choir stalls, technicians from several

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television stations adjusted their cables and equipment, and Supreme Court security officers in dark suits, carrying walkie-talkies, shuffled back and forth in anticipation of the arrival of the Justices. I found a seat near Gordon Cyr, and he at once introduced me to a friend of his named Russell des Cognets, Jr., a large man with a sun-scraped face and a ready smile. Des Cognets was a farmer (barley and tobacco) and a buyer and seller of real estate in and around Lexington, Kentucky. He told me that among his many activities on behalf of the Oxfordian cause he has subsidized a regular column on the authorship question—a sort of advertorial—in a quarterly called *The Shakespeare Newsletter*, and he once stationed himself outside the door of a meeting of the Shakespeare Association of America, handing out literature "and just generally talking up the Oxfordian case." In all, des Cognets figured, he had sunk about eight thousand dollars in these efforts. I asked him what made the issue worth so much to him, and he answered, fervently, "It moves my heart to have this thing unsettled the way it is. It's as if your mother didn't have a very good idea who your father was, and you always wanted to know. Read the end of 'Hamlet,' where Hamlet says, 'Report me and my cause aright.' That's one of our battle cries as Oxfordians, and he put it in at the end. Apparently, he was revising 'Hamlet' toward the end of his life, and he put that in there hoping that people in future years would try to unravel the situation."

While we were talking, Carol Sue Lipman, of Los Angeles, introduced herself. She told me that she worked at Columbia Pictures and in her spare time ran a group known as the Shakespeare Authorship Roundtable, which included believers in a number of authorship candidates and which she had founded after trying and failing to get the U.C.L.A. extension program to hold a seminar on the subject. "They agreed that it would make money, but they refused to do it," she said scornfully.

The reverberating sound of a hand rubbing against a live microphone called the audience to order, and the president of the American University, Richard Berendzen, uttered a few introductory words about the state of liberal-arts education in America, in which context he found it reassuring to behold such a heavy turnout for a discussion of letters. Berendzen then introduced David Lloyd Kreeger—"a business executive, a musician, a connoisseur of the arts, a patron of the arts, a philanthropist for several decades . . . Washington's modern Leonardo"—and gave way to a small man of wiry build with slick dark hair, a large, friendly, deeply lined face, and remarkably mobile features.

"I would like briefly to explain the reasons for my involvement in these quite extraordinary proceedings," Kreeger said. "It begins with my love for the plays, sonnets, and narrative poems of Shakespeare—a love that was nurtured by my reading the entire works in my early years after law school, during the two hours I spent each day on the Pennsylvania Railroad commuting to a law firm in Newark. And my reverence for these masterpieces quite naturally sparked a wish to know more about the genius who had created them." That wish had led him into the authorship controversy, which, he noted, turned on circumstantial evidence and therefore "might profitably be subjected" to legal argument. "I speak for all responsible for this event," he continued, "when I express the hope that, whatever the outcome, it will cast additional light upon a fascinating literary and historical question, and will enhance the pleasure and the understanding to be derived from what may well be the greatest body of literature penned in human history. And now, ladies and gentlemen, will you please rise for the entrance of Mr. Justice William Brennan, Mr. Justice Harry Blackmun, and Mr. Justice John Paul Stevens. Thank you."

The audience rose, and the three Justices, in full courtly raiment, filed in, flanked by their police guard. As they took their seats, the audience broke into applause.

Justice Brennan, the acting chief, spoke first. The debate would be conducted as an appellate-court hearing, he said, except that, in the absence of the usual lower-court finding to affirm or overturn, he thought it reasonable to assign the burden of proof to the Oxford side, since it was trying to upset a long-established tradition. He then yielded the floor to Peter Jaszi, a tall, broad-shouldered, bespectacled man with fair skin and thick, curly blond hair. "It is my pleasure to rise today on behalf of Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, who was born in 1550 and died in 1604," Jaszi began, turning toward the Justices as he spoke. "In his day, Oxford had a reputation as a poet and a dramatist, but because so little was published that can be traced to him few poems and no plays associated with his name are known today. It is my contention, however, that a body of work from de Vere's pen does survive—the incomparable plays and poems conventionally attributed to William Shakespeare. In particular, I will argue that Shakespeare was an emblematic pseudonym adopted by Edward de Vere, and maintained by others after his death, to conceal the fact that de Vere had written poems for publication and plays for public performance—something the customs of the time effectively prohibited a nobleman from doing."

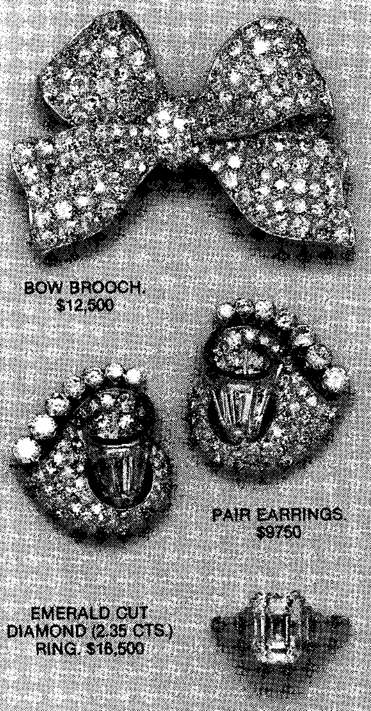
Remembering Ogburn's anxieties, I glanced his way. He was watching intently, with his head thrust forward, as Jaszi continued: "When I refer to 'Shakespeare' in my remarks today, I will be indicating the author of the plays and poems collected in the First Folio of 1623, whoever he may have been in fact; I should emphasize that it is to this Shakespeare that the various tributes that the plays and poems received from contemporaries were addressed, and not to William *Shakspere* of Stratford-upon-Avon. When I refer to this Shakspere of Stratford, I will be pronouncing his family name according to the spellings which appear in twenty-nine of the thirty relevant entries in the Stratford parish register, and in all three of the signatures to his will.

"Despite the prodigious scholarly efforts which have been invested in seeking his traces, most of what we know about this obscure historical figure can be summed up as follows: William Shakspere was born in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, and he died there fifty-two years later, having achieved prosperity through wise investments and by other means, at which we can only guess. We also know that he lived for a time in London, and that during those years his financial portfolio, so to speak, included shares in a London theatre company." The Oxfordian case, clearly, was in good hands. Speaking rapidly, in long, well-formed sentences, Jaszi noted that the plays were "rich in multiple classical references and other allusions which reveal their author as a highly educated man, a man of wide culture; whereas, so far as can be demonstrated by reliable evidence, Shakspere of Stratford never attended school a day in his life. His father was illiterate, and, it seems clear, so were both of his daughters."

Here Justice Brennan broke in—as appellate judges are wont to do in oral arguments—to ask, "Well, now, is that entirely clear?"

They parried over the schooling question for the next five minutes, and as they did I noticed that several of Justice Brennan's questions—in particular, one containing the statement that the Stratford grammar school "taught Greek and Latin and the kinds of courses that perhaps if you get at all today you get in college"—had Ogburn in a state of great agitation. He was visibly relieved when at last the argument got unstuck, and several surrounding Oxfordians nodded approval as Jaszi referred to an address in which the poet Gabriel Harvey, urging Oxford to devote less time to writing and more to a nobleman's duties, used the words "Thy countenance shakes a spear." Jaszi went on, "It's also important to note that the Shakespeare name, as it appears on title pages and elsewhere in the quartos of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,' and in the 1609 edition of the sonnets, is hyphenated—a form that, so far as we can tell, is characteristic of no other author's name used in the Elizabethan period, or, indeed, of any other Elizabethan surname in common use, save for those formed by composing two different family names that had been joined together through marriage. This hyphenated use of the Shakespeare name seems to me clearly indicative of the emblematic character of the pseudonym that de Vere had adopted."

After another ticklish exchange with Justice Brennan—this time over the dating issue—a bell was rung to signal that the Oxfordian side had five minutes left, and Jaszi began to enumerate some "particular links" between Oxford's life and Shakespeare's plays. The plot of "Hamlet," he said, recalled "the hasty remarriage of Oxford's mother, following the death of his father," while Hamlet's speech to the players was "typical of what a theatrical patron of the day, such as Oxford, would have had to say to his player-employees." The book that Hamlet was believed to have been reading during his first encounter with Polonius, "Cardanus's Comfort," was a volume that had been published with



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a dedicatory poem by Oxford. And there was “something approaching consensus,” Jaszi said, that the character of Polonius was based on Oxford’s father-in-law, Burghley. “I might mention, too, the extensive piracy of the plays and poems,” Jaszi said. “That is something which, according to authorities on the publishing practices of the day, marks them out as likely to have been the works of a nobleman. A nobleman could not complain of piracy. A common person such as Shakspere of Stratford, with a good business head and a strongly developed self-interest, not only could but almost certainly would have complained.”

“He couldn’t copyright them, could he?” Justice Brennan asked.

“He couldn’t copyright them,” Jaszi said, “but there were procedures in existence, under the Company of Stationers, to which all the printers of the day, both those authorized and those unauthorized, subscribed, by which an author who believed that a member-stationer had taken his work without authorization could appeal and get relief—injunctive relief or damage relief. . . . And there are instances, from the time of the plays and poems in question, of authors who have been abused by publishers, doing just that. No one did that on behalf of Shakespeare or Shakspere.”

The audience gave Jaszi a big round of applause as he took his seat. Then the Stratfordian counsel, James Boyle, rose to speak on behalf of “my client, Shakespeare the actor and theatrical entrepreneur from Stratford.” Boyle—as Ogburn, based on his conversations with Kreeger, had told me *in a worried voice—was tall, youthful,* and good-looking. Speaking in a discernible Scottish accent, he promised to present “ample direct evidence” identifying the traditional Shakespeare as the author, and to show that the Oxfordian case—indeed, the entire authorship controversy—had its roots in “ahistorical assumptions.” In the dedications to the First Folio, he said, four of Shakespeare’s friends and colleagues saluted him as the author of the plays, and “I am not so willing to besmirch their character as my learned friend seems to be.” Ben Jonson, he pointed out, “says that he longs to hear Shakespeare’s ‘buskin tread and shake a stage.’ Edward de Vere was not an actor; this is hardly a reference to him.” Another eulogist, Leonard Digges, predicted that the plays would endure after “time dissolves thy Stratford monument.” Shakespeare was buried in Stratford, Boyle observed, and Oxford was not.

The various theories that were intended to explain why de Vere might have concealed his part in writing the plays were “internally contradictory and collapse of their own weight,” Boyle continued. If it was impermissible for a nobleman to be identified as a playwright, how had Oxford come to be cited as one by his contemporary Francis Meres? Although there was a taboo against the involvement of noblemen in the commercial theatre, “the taboo was of differing strengths with differing people, as is the case with most social taboos in most eras,” Boyle said. “Edward de Vere is not a man whose life reveals an extraordinary fear of social disapproval. He denies the paternity of his own son, openly lives with his mistress, is put in the Tower for fathering a child by her, is reputed to be in the company of lewd persons, sells off most of his estates, has running battles in the streets. These, I would claim, are not the actions one would expect of a man deeply concerned for his good name.”

The audience laughed heartily at this, but Justice Stevens got an even bigger laugh—and set off a wave of applause in the Oxfordian ranks—by quietly remarking, “Sounds like the conduct of a playwright.”

When the laughter had died down, Boyle replied, “I think the fact that we believe that now, Justice Stevens, is simply evidence that our ideas as to what constitutes a playwright have changed from the Elizabethan era to the present day.” Shakespeare, he went on to explain, was “not Byron” and “not Proust” but “a professional Elizabethan dramatist” who “lived the life of a man of his time” and “left the record that we would expect.” The absence of manuscripts or letters in Shakespeare’s hand was not as significant as it appeared, Boyle contended. “We now believe that anything which has been touched by the famous is somehow of great value. I’ve no doubt that the nameplates which you have in front of you now will be taken away by some souvenir-hunter. In the Elizabethan period, that was not the case. We have clear references to other manuscripts—such as those of Francis Bacon, who was, at the time, much more famous than William Shakespeare—simply being discarded.”

The Stratfordian side, it seemed to me, had also fared well in its choice of advocate. The question of Shakespeare’s unlettered, small-town background was, in Boyle’s view, “the most troublesome aspect of the case.” Scholars “have pored for days upon days, for weeks upon weeks, over the works, and have found in them all manner of learning—classical allusions, Latin, Greek, horticulture, landscape gardening, sailing," he said. "We appear to be constructing a kind of 'six-million-dollar playwright,' and this indeed is what Edward de Vere is presented as—a man of enormous accomplishments. Can we really believe that this rustic from Stratford-upon-Avon, who, at best, attended a grammar school, would have such knowledge? I think that all these attacks depend on simple, ahistorical assumptions about the times. Ben Jonson, whom I would like to use as an example, was educated only at a grammar school, worked as a bricklayer, and still became the most classically learned man of his day. This is not a world in which one needs to go to a university in order to acquire a classical education. We cannot apply our assumptions back to that day." The Oxfordians, Boyle said, maintain that Jonson's learning was "the knowledge of a bookworm. . . . Well, I would claim that Shakespeare is simply a better writer than Ben Jonson, and we all know that certain people can quarry from books and from their own imaginations something that convinces others."

When Boyle sat down, Jaszi rose to present his rebuttal. Concerning the educational analogy, he pointed out that Ben Jonson had attended Westminster, "one of the grammar schools about which we know a great deal—one of the great educational institutions of that period—and he attended under the specific patronage of the great William Camden, who was his particular teacher there." As to Camden's credentials, "we know that he was among the greatest antiquarian and classical scholars of his day," Jaszi said. "Jonson, moreover, had an association with St. John's College, Cambridge—although he apparently never matriculated there—in later life." True, Jaszi conceded, it was the rare Elizabethan playwright who left to posterity whole manuscripts of his work, but there was no shortage of literary materials from the period. "Poems, portions of plays, even letters survive for many literary men of the day, and in the case of the great figures of the period—Spenser, John Donne, and others—significant quantities of material survive," he said, while there was nothing of that sort from "Shakspere," except for one "controverted and controversial piece of evidence"—namely, a portion of a play entitled "The Book of Sir Thomas More," which was unearthed in the present century. "To make Shakspere the author, moreover, we would have to explain away the lack of recognition, in life and at death, that he would have received as such an author, in London or in Stratford. No obituaries marked his death in 1616, no public mourning. No note whatsoever was taken of the passing of the man who, if the attribution is correct, would have been the greatest playwright and poet in the history of the English language."

Boyle used his rebuttal time to offer a hypothesis about the origins of the authorship controversy. "There is behind the works an enormous question mark," he said. "We simply don't know what kind of a man this was, and we long to know. . . . We look at these great plays—'Hamlet,' for example—and we want to know, Is this a Freudian fable? Is this about Shakespeare's feelings about his mother? Is this about power struggles in the Elizabethan monarchy? What's it really about?" It was natural to "wish someone about whom we knew a lot more had written these plays, and from the wish to the deed is but a short step," Boyle said. "Thus they substitute Edward de Vere, about whom we know a great deal, for William Shakespeare, about whom we know practically nothing, and—*voilà!*—we know who wrote the works, and thus we understand them better. I would claim that this same idea—that we need to limit . . . the meaning of texts that come down to us—in part explains the current debates about the intent of the framers of the Constitution." This was evidently a reference to the views of Robert Bork, whose nomination to the Supreme Court was under scrutiny by the Senate at the time. "Here, again, we have an attempt to limit the meaning of a historical document," Boyle said. "I would conclude by saying that the arguments in favor of William Shakespeare are overwhelming. I think that we should say with Ben Jonson, 'A good poet's made as well as born, and such wert thou.' Thank you very much."

"The court will now recess until three o'clock," Justice Brennan announced.

"I DON'T think that went too well for us," Charles Vere was saying in a subdued voice to a cluster of Oxfordians that had formed around him. "I attribute that to Justice Brennan's first statement—putting the burden of proof on the Oxfordian side—and to the way he kept interrupting Professor Jaszi and sidetracking the

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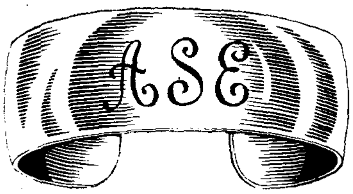

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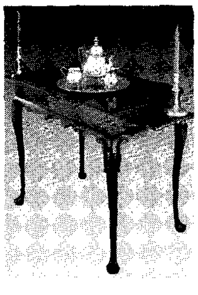

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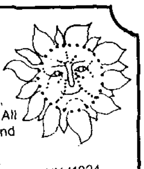

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argument. It wasn't the ideal forum, I don't think."

I sought out the Stratfordian counsel, James Boyle, who was preparing to head over to the American University campus for lunch. He seemed to take as dim a view of the Oxfordian case off duty as on. "It's full of contradictions," he said. "The Oxfordians—at least, some of them—argue that Queen Elizabeth was funding the writing of these plays but also ordering de Vere to cover up his authorship of them. They make William Shakespeare out to be a bumbling, illiterate provincial, but they go on to argue that he was picked by a nobleman to masquerade as a great playwright. The pattern is repeated again and again: all the evidence that fits the theory is accepted, and the rest is rejected. Francis Meres mentions both Shakespeare and de Vere as playwrights; you might think that this proves that Shakespeare and de Vere were two different people, or that de Vere wasn't ashamed to be known as an author. Not according to the Oxfordians. To them, all it proves is that he had the skill necessary to write the plays; they reject the other implications. If you argue in that way, you can prove that Oxford wrote anything at all, and, indeed, some of the Oxfordians have him writing Arthur Brooke's poetry—at the age of thirteen—along with John Lyly's lyrics and Arthur Golding's 'Metamorphoses,' as well as his own work and all of Shakespeare's. The argument just devours everything in its path. Denial confirms it, acceptance confirms it. In that sense, Oxfordianism is like psychoanalysis, but even Freudianism recognizes that sometimes a cigar is only a cigar. The Oxfordians have constructed an interpretative framework that has an infinite capacity to explain away information. It is impossible for me to imagine a piece of evidence that could disprove the theory to its adherents."

What about a letter in Oxford's hand, I proposed, congratulating William Shakespeare of Stratford on his achievements as a playwright?

"What an unlikely communication between an earl and a common player!" Boyle shot back, in his Oxfordian persona. "Obviously, something designed to carry on the conspiracy of concealment. The very fact that he wrote such a letter presents the strongest proof we could possibly have!"

Boyle called my attention to an article in the *Journal of the American*

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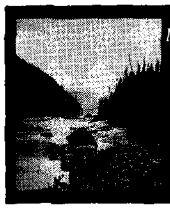

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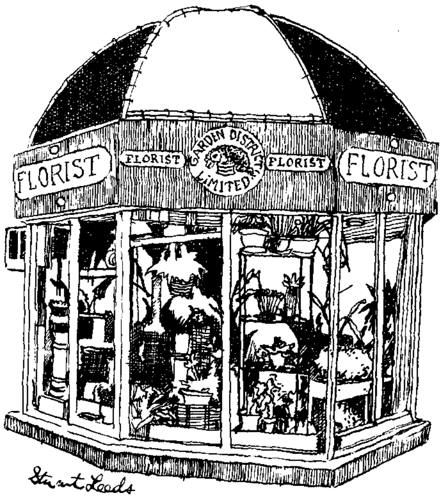
Psychoanalytic Association by a psychoanalyst, Harry Trosman, which portrayed Oxfordianism as a variation on the family romance, a genre of fantasy in which a seemingly ordinary person is rescued from a humdrum life by the discovery that he is really a child of the nobility. In Trosman's view, the Oxfordians rescue the legend of Shakespeare from the vices associated with the Stratford man—lack of education, an apparent preoccupation with property and commerce, a willingness to steal from other people's writings, and so on—and attach it instead to Oxford, whom they idealize.

I brought up the family-romance theory with Boyle's adversary, Peter Jaszi, when I found him at lunch in the faculty lounge of the law school. He conceded that there might be something to it as an explanation of motive, but added that he didn't see why the Oxfordians or their theory should be dismissed on that basis. "Obsessiveness—even romantic obsessiveness—is not necessarily a bad quality in scholars," he said. "It's the rare biographer who doesn't fall in love with his subject. So to say that they're obsessed, and to say that they identify personally with their subject, doesn't necessarily differentiate them from serious scholars. What does differentiate them, perhaps, is a certain temper, a certain bent of mind, that almost reflexively rejects orthodoxy and seeks alternatives. But that can be a useful function in and of itself—the gadfly role, the outsider role. Any field of intellectual discourse is subject to getting stale and self-satisfied if there's nobody on the outside posing a challenge to it. There are clearly things having to do with scholarly method—footnote style, and so forth—which the Oxfordians do not understand as well as the professional Shakespeare scholars. That's only to be expected—they're amateurs. But there have been times when amateur scholars have ultimately made a contribution that the professionals had dismissed as being beyond possibility—Heinrich Schliemann and the discovery of the ruins of Troy, for example.

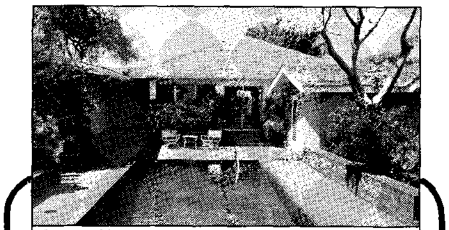
"One can ask where the passion on the Oxfordian side comes from, but one can also ask where the passion on the other side comes from. Some of the attacks by the Shakespeare establishment are not written in the language of ordinary scholarly discourse. You'd think that it wouldn't matter to most Shakespeare scholars just who wrote the plays. If I've written an interpretation of 'Hamlet,' why should I care who wrote 'Hamlet'? But they do care. They care very much. In some ways, Shakespeare criticism of the last however many decades has anticipated post-structuralist criticism—the kind of criticism that says that the idea of 'author's intent' is an illusion, and, thus, that no interpretation is more authentic than another. Shakespeare is an ideal subject for this sort of criticism, because we know so little about him. He's a Rorschach test. He's the equivalent of no author at all. Maybe that's why the conventional Shakespeare establishment clings so strongly to the attribution to the man from Stratford. It's been very convenient for this branch of the profession not to have any information about the author.

"I'd really like to see the two sides talk to one another in a more civilized fashion, and not only about the authorship question itself. The Oxfordians may have a role to play in keeping the professional Shakespeareans on their toes—for instance, on this issue of dating. The literature on the dating of the plays is not overwhelming. Many of the arguments are well fashioned and deeply steeped in the evidence, but there is a profound circularity to those arguments. Many of them premise the dating on the identification of the author. If these people could be made to sit together in one room and focus for the moment not on who wrote the plays but on the sequence in which they were written, sharing all the evidence and arguments they've got, it could be fascinating. And there's this question of the class attitude—the political message—of the plays. It's an important tenet of the Oxfordian argument that the author of these plays was a snob. Quite apart from the authorship question, Charlton Ogburn has a reading of these plays. The author, he says, doesn't appear to have believed that low people should rise or that high people should fall, or that they should mix too much—he uses common people for comic effect, and that's about it. It's a very plausible reading. It's something that scholars could discuss. They could file into the room and check their authorship guns at the door."



THE audience rose respectfully to its feet once again, when, at three almost on the dot, the Justices returned and took their seats. Justice Brennan announced that he and his colleagues would disclose their findings in turn. In his own view, he said, the Oxfordian case rested on two faulty assumptions—"a perception of the plays as reflecting a vast knowledge in a number of areas" and "a belief that William Shakespeare of Stratford could never possibly have been exposed to the education and experiences necessary to produce these models of learning and erudition." Brennan noted that "the plays, brilliant, witty, and poetic as they undeniably are, nevertheless are not factually perfect," and he went on: "They contain a number of errors, amusingly documented by various scholars—for example, Bohemia is given a seacoast in 'The Winter's Tale;' characters in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' board ship at Verona for passage to Milan; Cleopatra wears a corset and plays billiards; Hector quotes Aristotle; Hamlet attends a yet-to-be-founded university; there are clocks in ancient Rome and gunpowder in the time of King John; Edgar, although a contemporary of pre-Roman King Lear, is familiar with Bedlam, the hospital for the insane in Shakespeare's London." As for the author, "the historical William Shakespeare was not such an ignorant butcher's boy as has been made out." Although some Oxfordians had characterized Shakespeare's father as "a man who couldn't even sign his name," Brennan said, "in fact he was a member of the borough council and fairly prominent in local affairs in Stratford. Now, if he signed certain documents with his mark rather than his signature, so did most people in those days." The case for Oxford, Brennan concluded, "was not proved, as I saw it."

Justice Blackmun delivered his opinion next. Brennan's conclusion was "the legal answer," he agreed, but "whether it's the correct one causes me greater doubt." The Oxfordians,



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in his view, "come closer to proving" their case than any of the other dissenters, and Blackmun's mind, accordingly, was "tossing on the ocean," like Antonio's in "The Merchant of Venice." He couldn't help asking himself "what business I have to judge this," he said. "And hence I hesitate to do it, and that brings to mind the very profound saying of Isabel in 'Measure for Measure' when she says, 'Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.' That's the way I feel here today."

Justice Stevens identified his position with Blackmun's: a legal verdict for the Stratford man, qualified by a personal expression of uncertainty. The uncertainty stemmed from "lingering concerns about some of the gaps in the evidence—the absence of eulogies at the time, in 1616, when Shakespeare died; the absence of writing about Shakespeare during his life." Citing Ogburn's "The Mysterious William Shakespeare" as his reference, Stevens spoke of "the various skills that the man had" and of his nobleman's outlook on life. "So you can't help but have these gnawing doubts that this great author may have been someone else," Stevens said, "and I would say, also, that—perhaps departing from my colleagues—I am persuaded that if the author was not the man from Stratford then there is a high probability that it was Edward de Vere. I think his claim is by far the strongest of those that have been put forward."

Stevens praised everyone involved for "raising the questions that generate further interest and study of this really incomparable author who has given so much to our civilization." Then, unexpectedly, he paused, and addressed a few remarks to the Oxfordians. If they were ever going to make further progress with their argument, he said, they would have to "put together a concise, coherent theory" of how and why Oxford came to write the plays without owning up to them, and how the subterfuge was continued after his death. It was not his place to propose such a theory, Stevens said, but it seemed to him that such a concealment would most likely "have been the result of a command from the monarch." He could only imagine that Queen Elizabeth and the "somewhat eccentric but distinguished" Lord Burghley had "concluded, for reasons that we may never thoroughly understand," that "we want this man to be writing plays under a pseudonym." My Oxfordian neighbors were listening very intently, I noticed, and a few of them nodded in agreement. "Finally, I would remind you," Stevens said, with a note of formality returning to his voice, "that, although we've done our best, and we agree on the ultimate outcome, the doctrine of res judicata does not apply."

When I caught up with Charlton Ogburn, a few minutes later, he was describing the decision as "a clear defeat" and reminding people that the debate hadn't been his idea in the first place. Several of his fellow-Oxfordians tried to call his attention to the conciliatory words of Justices Stevens and Blackmun, but Ogburn was not in a mood to be reassured. "Justice Brennan's summation was simply a review of all the discredited arguments of the Stratfordians," he said. On that point, Gordon Cyr was of a like mind. Bohemia, he said, with considerable irritation, actually had a seacoast at one time (it was on the Adriatic). As for some of the other "so-called mistakes in Shakespeare's plays, every educated artist of that period, and for hundreds of years following, took considerable license with history," Cyr said. "Are we to assume that Rembrandt, for example, was an ignoramus because he dressed his Aristotle in contemporary European clothes?"

Individually and collectively, the Oxfordians were in the throes of a new debate—over how to incorporate the events of the day into the history of their movement. Minos D. Miller, for one, had resolved the question in a positive light: his faith in both Oxfordianism and the judicial process had emerged intact. "Given the premise—that the burden of proof was on our side—I think it was a hundred per cent successful," he said. "I wish I'd had the chance to ask the Justices a different question, though. I'd like to have asked them: If it was a crime to write the plays, would they find the man from Stratford guilty?"

Mrs. Miller, who had pulled alongside her husband on her scooter, shook her head vigorously. "He would be found as innocent as a lamb," she said.

—James Lardner

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INFANT MORALITY
UP IN VERMONT
—Randolph (Vt.) White River Valley Herald.

Adults are another matter.

THE THEATRE

Boarding-House Blues

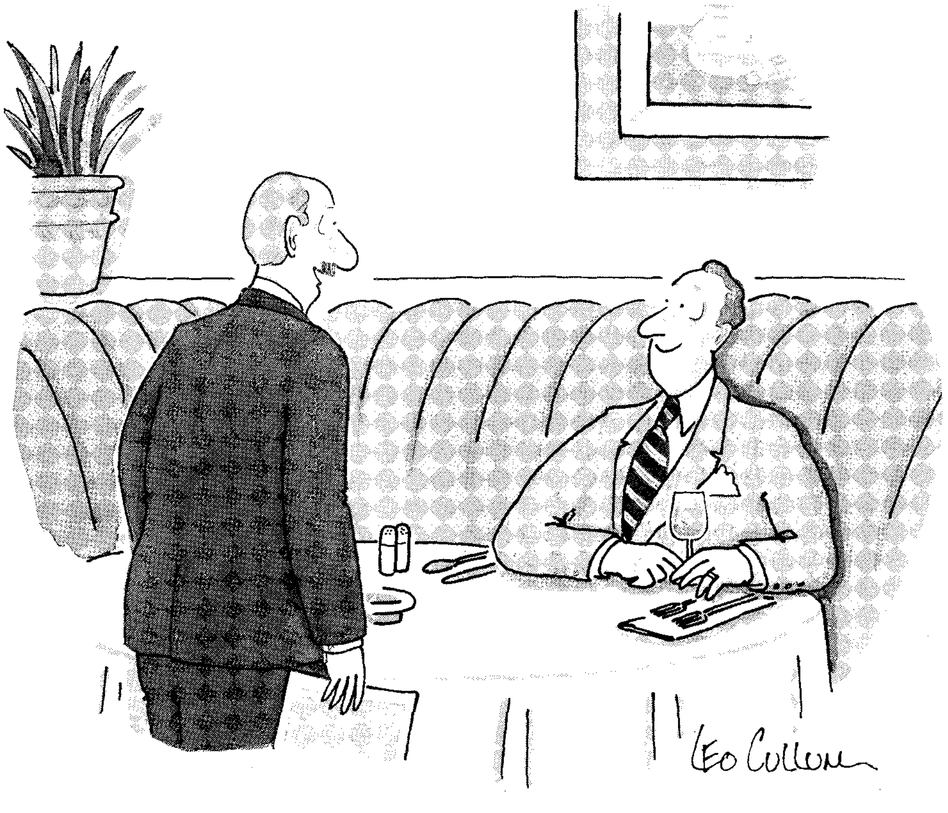
AUGUST WILSON'S "Joe Turner's Come and Gone," now at the Barrymore, was, the playwright has told numerous interviewers, inspired by a painting by Romare Bearden called "Mill Hand's Lunch Bucket," a collage whose subject is a boarding house. The play is the third we have seen here in a series that is exploring the black experience in America in the twentieth century decade by decade. "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom" took place in the nineteen-twenties, "Fences" in the fifties. "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" is set in 1911, in a boarding house in a Pittsburgh slum, and it is itself a collage of episodes and characters, but with a strong narrative strain. At the opening, Seth and Bertha Holly, the proprietors, are looking out the kitchen window watching a boarder named Bynum picking leaves and plants from the yard to use for magic spells and such. This voodoo makes Seth and Bertha a bit edgy, but not edgy enough to impair their affection and respect for Bynum. Soon a tall man in a long black coat and black hat enters, leading a little girl. He is Herald Loomis, and he is almost rigid with exhaustion and anguish. Eleven years before, he was captured by one Joe Turner, a white plantation owner from Tennessee who impressed former slaves and black workingmen into service in work gangs and often held them for years. Loomis, a clergyman and farmer, went back home after his release to find that his wife had gone North, leaving their daughter with her grandmother. For the past four years, he and the child have been walking one road after another, Loomis feeling empty and incomplete; he knows that only when he finds his wife will he be able to start living again.

Somewhere near the beginning, Seth says, "Ever since slavery, nothing but crazy-acting niggers keep on coming, carrying their Bibles, niggers coming up here looking for freedom." His boarding house is a kind of way station. There is a white man who goes from town to town looking for missing persons and mostly finding them. There is a footloose young man who expects to wander North and earn his living with his guitar. There are two young women—one unlucky in love and dependent, the other a tough free spirit, confident that she can get along on her own.

"Joe Turner" is the most mystical, most remote and dispersed of all Mr. Wilson's plays; if any work of fiction can be said to be about an abstract noun, this one can be considered a play about dispersal, about a people dispossessed by history. The past, strange and dreamlike, keeps encroaching on the present. There is a passage about bones walking on water, for example, that refers to the slave ships; slavery, still in the memories of many black people, is the underpinning of everything here. I must say quickly that Mr. Wilson's humor is as natural as breathing, and that there are many funny lines and bursts of gaiety, most notably one in which all present sing and dance a clapping song called a juba.

Under the direction of Lloyd Richards, the acting in every instance is all it should be. I first saw the play as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut, three summers ago, in what seems substantially the same form. There has been a change of emphasis, though. Loomis's story is by far the strongest in the action, but there are other stories, other characters; and I realized, seeing the Broadway production, that it is Bynum—the healer, the medicine man rooted in Africa—who is, in Ed Hall's beautifully modulated, humorous performance, the presiding spirit of the show. Delroy Lindo is properly withdrawn as anguished Loomis; Mel Winkler and L. Scott Caldwell are exactly right as Seth and Bertha Holly; Angela Bassett is Loomis's lost wife, who, at the end, provides the play with its most emotional scene. I also admired Bo Rucker, Raynor Scheine, Kimberly Scott, Kimberleigh Aarn, and Jamila Perry in other roles. The setting, by Scott Bradley, of the boarding-house parlor and kitchen, with a frieze of the city of Pittsburgh above it, is extremely effective, as lighted by Michael Giannitti. Pamela Peterson designed the appropriate costumes.

—EDITH OLIVER



"*The Businessman's Special today is flounder stuffed with cash.*"

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DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Sydney* (*Australia*) *Morning Herald*]

APOLOGY

In a letter from Elsa Atkin of the ABC, published yesterday, a word was inadvertently changed. The result was that "a number of speakers became unmanageable" when Ms Atkin had written that "the number of speakers became unmanageable". We apologise for this error.

DANCING

Grand Concerns

IS this danceable or not? The question seems not to occur to many choreographers. For the Béjarts and the Neumeiers, no subject—and no music—can be too grand. You loved the novel? The symphony? The oratorio? You'll love the ballet.

This isn't news. Yet when it comes to Russians handling themes from their own literature or history naïveté springs eternal in my breast. Though I've long since ceased to hope for serious choreography in new Soviet works, I continue to approach each new Soviet Ballet on a Great Russian Theme expecting that it will harbor *some* insight that only Russians could have—insight that must surely elude Western choreographers who take on Turgenev plays or Pushkin poems or chapters of Russian history. I'm crushed every time.

There is no pain like that of watching the captain of the battleship Potemkin and the figure of Death (in skeleton costume) both holding on to the latter's scythe while they and the entire ship's company dance the cancan. I saw this done by the Kirov Ballet last November in Paris in "Potemkin," a new ballet by Oleg Vinogradov. Smoothly flows the awfulness of Vinogradov's choreography, betraying no reluctance in taking on such matters as life, death, the clash of the classes, and the Russian Revolution. The Soviets don't realize that such themes are beyond ballet, but that's not where the pang lurks. The misery lies in seeing Russian artists turn their own heritage into pop trash.

Maya Plisetskaya, the great Bolshoi ballerina, and her husband, the composer Rodion Shchedrin, were the stars of the recent three-week American-Soviet festival in Boston, Making Music Together. That such an event could happen, and that a return visit by American artists is planned for October, 1989, is a sign of *glasnost*. That Plisetskaya and a contingent of the Bolshoi could present ballet versions of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gogol as serious contributions to this cultural exchange is a sign of the confused triviality of Soviet choreography. There had been reasons to hope against hope that the troupe's choreography would contain something original. Plisetskaya, well-known to be the leader of a Bolshoi faction that criticizes the work of the company's artistic director and chief choreographer, Yuri Grigorovich, has spoken eloquently on every documentary that has given her a chance to, and in a 1986 BBC program on the Bolshoi she emerged as its most bold, intelligent, and individual spirit. "I love formalism," I remember her saying eagerly; she was apparently unbothered by the customary pejorative associations of this word in Soviet critical parlance, where it is often still synonymous with decadent Western abstraction. Yet how much greater art could be, she went on to say, when it *communicated* something. Chunks of her Chekhov choreography were then shown, and there descended between the television screen and this viewer a thick fog of incomprehension.

I did not go to the Chekhov or Gogol ballets presented in Boston, but braved the Tolstoy. Impossible to know what offensive aspects of Grigorovich's work Plisetskaya thinks she's avoiding in "Anna Karenina." (She choreographed this in 1972, in association with Natalia Rizhenko and Victor Smirnov-Golovanov.) Certainly it has none of the male chauvinism of which Grigorovich has been accused, but the title role has no more depth than any of his roles for women. It just involves more guts and stamina. As with Grigorovich, a solo or a duet is, at best, a Mood. It may have climaxes, but it cannot change tack. Never specific in its expression, the ballet has much of that mimeless mime so valued by the Russians—meticulously inflected arm gestures that say nothing more than "Well!" in a thousand and one ways. It's an upper-body ballet, with steps applied as emotional locomotion. And many a long tragic stare.

While in Boston, I came far closer to Tolstoy's life-enhancing naturalism in the Museum of Fine Arts exhibition of Dutch seventeenth-century landscape painting than I did with this "Anna Karenina." There is no Levin, Oblonsky, or Dolly. Much is made of the railroad worker who is killed by a train at the beginning. He not only haunts Anna; he partners her nearly as often as Vronsky does. I don't greatly care for any of the music I've heard by Shchedrin (he has composed or arranged the scores for several of his wife's vehicles); but his opera "Dead Souls," which I also saw in Boston, at any rate reveals serious involvement not only with several strands of the Gogol original but also with nineteenth-century operatic tradition. His accompaniment to "Anna Karenina," said to be inspired by Tchaikovsky, was bad movie music, ranging from trite atmospheric effects to a discordant quagmire intended to reflect the heroine's psychological anguish. There's no sense of what's *dansante* in Tchaikovsky.

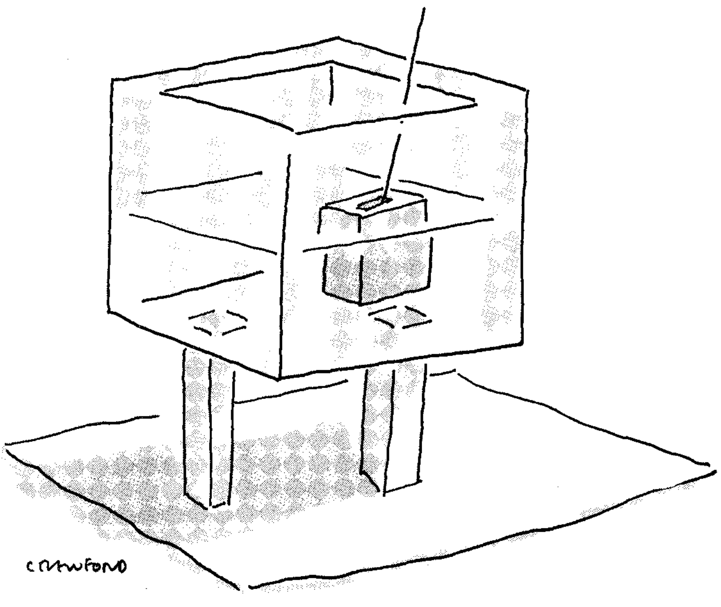
To Western balletgoers, the idea of an "Anna Karenina" ballet may well recall the film "The Turning Point" and Anne Bancroft as Emma, its aging but still active prima. Tolstoy's heroine, we were told, was Emma's greatest role, and we were shown a solo from it: volleys of spasms within a robe like a tent. Plisetskaya's Anna is not dissimilar, except that it's in period frocks and on point, and it goes on for two hours and a half. At sixty-two, Plisetskaya dances with remarkable strength; technically there were few embarrassments. But she is an aging *assoluta*, and "Anna Karenina" is basically an elaborate bid for applause—in which respect it succeeds to perfection. She has danced a version of Isadora (by Béjart); she is still dancing her own Carmen. If she must vie with Alicia Alonso and Marcia Haydée in building herself a gallery of great undanceable heroines, why not Hedda Gabler? She has the coldness, the hunger, the biting humor. Anna Karenina isn't in her mold. She has no frailty, she is too practiced a *charmeuse*, and she sculpts the intimate scenes in doom.

A *monstre sacré* like Plisetskaya enters home territory when it comes to curtain calls. She milks these dry with an engaging greed, and on Sunday, March 27th, she had an even better opportunity, when dancers from American Ballet Theatre and the Martha Graham company joined the Bolshoi troupe to honor her in an "Hommage à Plisetskaya." The best Bolshoi dancing all evening came from Maya herself—on film, most memorably in excerpts from a scorchingly witty Act I of "Don Quixote," at least thirty years old. She also made two live appearances, the second in what the introductory announcement called "her immortal Dying

Swan." She danced it twice. The moment she began to acknowledge an ovation, she would drop the tragic mask and bathe in the applause. You could see her getting high on it, and gradually you saw her becoming funny, then sexy, too, just as she had been in "Don Q."

The gala's other star was Mikhail Baryshnikov. In one of the many perfect gestures that have characterized his career, he danced in "Apollo": the Balanchine-Stravinsky masterpiece became the perfect symbol of Russian-American exchange. No Parnassian ichor entered the veins of his Muses (Susan Jaffe, Christine Dunham, Leslie Browne), but his own performance had the galvanizing attack and the spontaneity to make the ballet mint fresh. Later, he came on in black tie to read congratulatory telegrams to Plisetskaya from Ronald Reagan, Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, and Frank Sinatra. And with the last he loosened his tie, slipped off his jacket, and walked straight, without a hint of a gear change, into "One for My Baby," from Twyla Tharp's "Sinatra Suite." Surprising connections to "Apollo" emerged. Colloquial ease; sovereign economy; throwaway perfection; expressive urgency. The true artist's heartbreaking quest for the ideal was apparent at every point.

FROM THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART'S COLLECTION OF AMERICAN MIXOLOGY...



...THE MIES MARTINI

WHEN choreography is set to a concerto, the focus of the slow movement is often upon one sustained duet. Between the outer sections, where all ranks are kept busy in the varied fray, we reach the ballet's most intimate point. Emotion is nearer the surface here: we may even sense a wound. And thus Lar Lubovitch surely asks us to respond to the central duet of his "Concerto Six Twenty-two." The difference here is that the two dancers are male. What happens is not just buddy-buddy stuff. (Much mutual partnering occurs. The mood is tender and grave.) Nor is it a sex scene. In the sombre eighties climate of AIDS-consciousness, it would be hard not to trace images of an emotional support system between two men. And people have been doing so since the piece was first acclaimed—at its première, in 1986. Since last October, when it was performed at the Dancing for Life gala at the New York State Theatre, it has become something of a shrine.

We are shown two men caring for each other through various swoons and impulsive flights. They aren't identical—each has a different solo—but Lubovitch gives them no particular characteristics. He's saying, "They could be any two guys." Hence the heartfelt applause: identify, all you who feel inclined. The most concrete event in the two men's relationship is its beginning. Slowly they enter the empty stage from opposite sides, paces synchronized, eyes joined. It's as if destiny were drawing them together. This entrance establishes a solemn, ceremonious occasion for mutual absorption; the dancing that ensues is a non sequitur. Lubovitch's images develop no cohesive meaning. These two men hardly ever again look into each other's eyes; one partners the other with dutiful, nurse-with-patient tact—would do the same for any member of the male sex. Perhaps that's the point; but it certainly isn't the mood in which they first met. And their partnership is so determinedly equal that any sense of serious feeling is wiped out by the way they take turns in everything. "Anything you can do (for me), I can do (for you)": and all so noble and sober. Finally, they depart by the separate paths on which they entered; they don't even get to go home together.

The duet is sandwiched oddly between ensemble dances where bland merriment for men with women is the norm. Nowhere else in this work does Lubovitch bring those two men together as a duo, either alone or in company. Nowhere else is there any marked emphasis on companionship within one sex. Inconsistent though the male intimacies of that central duet are, the structure of the work makes it seem a prolonged secret interlude: two men taking a break from the party to be closeted alone. "Concerto Six Twenty-two" does not add up to the work it has been acclaimed as being. Crummy in other respects, as AIDS-consciousness it's a wash-out.

Lubovitch normally has an "idea" for each work he makes. Of the two most recent works shown in his two-week season at City Center, "Musette," danced alongside Poulenc's Concerto for Two Pianos, features entrechats and cabrioles—it's ballet time for Lubovitch—and "Of My Soul" employs the American Sign Language of the deaf, delivered with preposterous stress against a Bach cantata. However smart an idea each may be, it soon gets stuck in a rut.

Lubovitch's work looks to me like scrag ends of modern dance, amateurishly assembled. Much of his phrasing is a tepid version of fall-and-recovery. (You'll see more tension and rubato in any decent class in Limón-Humphrey technique.) Where Graham's work is based on contract-and-release principles, Lubovitch throws in occasional dollops of clench-and-slacken. The upper body is kept as busy as the lower, but no precision is apparent anywhere. At times, he tries turning that very slackness into a shtick, as when in "Cavalcade" the dancers waggle their unstretched feet like flippers. Do some of these dancers have real talent? We weren't given much chance to find out. Most of them go in for the most mannered performing I've ever seen from an American modern-dance company, decked out with

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strained facial expressions, nods, becks, and repulsive charm.

Worst of all is Lubovitch's way with music. Whereas a great musical experience in the concert hall or in choreography takes you far from the bar lines in the music, Lubovitch draws attention to them. He can generally tell how many beats there are to a bar, and if the first one is stressed he knows what to do with it. Each bar line is a hurdle he clears successfully. Then, if the music isn't too complex, he sometimes also responds to a melodic line, and to changes of tempo and mood. And so, keeping his sights low, he skitters along the surface of the music, like a kid skateboarding through the Sistine Chapel. He has no ear for Poulenc's strange and sudden harmonies. In "A Brahms Symphony" (the Third) he omits the final movement. "Concerto Six Twenty-two" is set to Mozart's Clarinet Concerto. He made it sound like one of the composer's minor jollities, and only afterward did I realize that this was music I knew and revered. He has said that this choreography is about friendship, and that, after all, Mozart wrote the music's solo part for a friend. But this score also reflects many of the varied moods of "Die Zauberflöte," composed at the same time. It has intimations of the divine and of lonely meditation, too. I returned to the Mozart and Brahms music after Lubovitch in the spirit in which I picked up "Anna Karenina" again after the Plisetskaya experience—to cleanse the palate.

WHEN people speak of the dancing of Edward Villella, chances are the first word they apply to it is "energy." It's the first word to apply to Miami City Ballet, which he has directed since its inception, in 1986, and which he brought to the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College for just two performances. A happy local début.

One big blot on the program of six works was Lynne Taylor-Corbett's "Surfacing," which a voice-over announcement called Miami City Ballet's first public acknowledgment of "the health crisis now sweeping our world." Its six dancers are listless and tormented; the three men appear to suffer from a terminal blend of narcissism and bad choreography. AIDS is too grim a subject to be attached to works of this kind of rock fatuity.

In Jimmy Gamonet de los Heros the company has a serviceable, musical choreographer. His adagio to Bach's

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Air on a G String sets a girl and four men in Balanchine-influenced configurations without developing any drama from them. Much better is his "Transtangos," a bang-up closing ballet to Astor Piazzolla's tango variations. Light and palmy, stealthily pacing its fun and flirtations.

The program's main event was "The Prodigal Son," the Balanchine ballet most central to Villella's fame. The Miami company gave a more convincing account of it than some much more prestigious ballet companies abroad have. Although I couldn't quite believe in either Kay Preston or Dawn Fay as the Siren—too plebeian in manner—both were so articulate in every nuance that the ballet never flagged. Yanis Pikieris, already equipped with Villella assets for the title role—a dark mop of hair and virile charm—danced and mimed vividly. He has the hurtling force, the innocent ardor for the part. Everything is detailed, clear-cut, spontaneous. And he shares with the servants and drinking companions a striking primitive vigor.

The Miami dancers show in all they do a fine, lucid musicality, nowhere more welcome than in two rare items of fifties Balanchine—the "Sylvia" pas de deux and the 1953 version of "Valse-Fantaisie." Seeing both for the first time onstage, I was captivated all over again by Balanchine's unpredictable wit. For three women and a man, "Valse-Fantaisie" is a distillation of the fun that "Les Sylphides" should be and so seldom is. Arm gestures employed to create metre, steps to deepen drama: nothing is used as you expect, and yet the piece looks light and inevitable. It sails upon its Glinka music, is whirled by it, pounces into it. A Judgment of Paris steeped in Russian Romanticism, back in the days when the waltz was young.

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

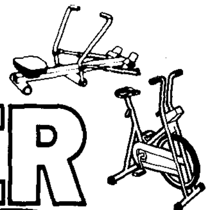
Mr. Bush said he saw a need to "flush out" his basic campaign themes so they appeal to a wider audience.

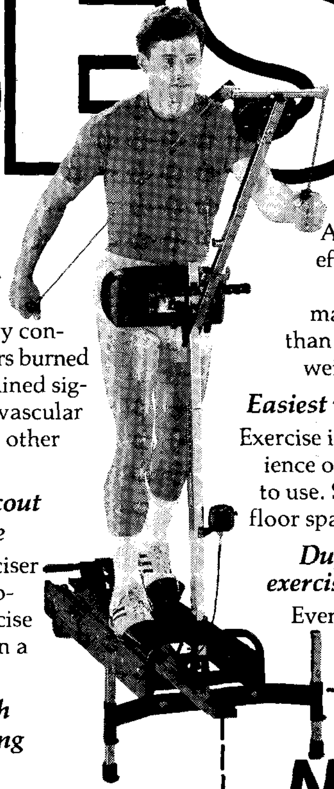
•

Study Club will meet on February 16th at the home of Marjorie McNeillie. Edith Kirkpatrick will present a program on Canadian industry. Members are asked to bring a Canadian river with them.

—*Marblehead (Ohio) Peninsular News.*

The St. Lawrence would be interesting.





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MUSICAL EVENTS

Quartets

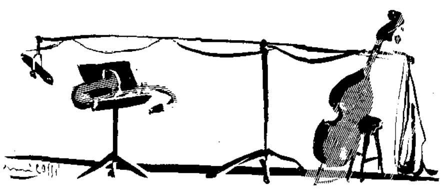
GRAND-OPERA companies may be expensively maintained dinosaurs. Original-instrument orchestras have started to challenge big symphony orchestras for the rights to not just Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart but also Beethoven and Berlioz—with Schumann soon to follow. String quartets flourish, sustained by a two-century repertory reaching from Haydn to works with ink still wet on the page. New Grove cautiously credits the invention of the string-quartet medium to Haydn—with due reference to precedents. Once established, it inspired composers from Beethoven to Benjamin Britten, from Mozart to Elliott Carter, to some of their highest achievements. When Beethoven came to Vienna, late in 1792, he could hear string quartets played by the four gifted boys Prince Karl von Lichnowsky had engaged for his Friday-morning musical gatherings. Ignaz Schuppanzigh, the leader, was sixteen. Three decades later, the last Beethoven quartets were played by a quartet still led by Schuppanzigh. Quartet playing seems to be an activity embraced in youth and continued with increasing joy and satisfaction. Quartet composers increasingly challenge their interpreters, make no compromise of musical idea with technical ease. Beethoven's impatience with his executants' complaints of difficulty is well documented. While Carter was composing his First String Quartet, he "often wondered whether the quartet would ever have any performers or listeners." (It was played more often than any of his previous works.) Brian Ferneyhough or Iannis Xenakis can fill pages with music that looks unplayable and be assured that the Arditti String Quartet will master them and make them sound.

Every year, new young string quartets of uncommon ability are brought to prominence by the big competitions: Évian, Portsmouth, Banff, Reggio Emilia, the Naumburg in New York. The quartets tour. Radio and records introduce them to still wider audiences (and chamber music returns to the intimacy of the chamber). Composers write for them. The spring issue of *Chamber Music*, the magazine of Chamber Music America, contains an interview with Eugene Lehner, who was the viola of the Kolisch String Quartet from 1926 until its disbandment, in 1939. (The Kolisch gave the first performances of Schoenberg's Third and Fourth Quartets, Bartók's Fifth, Berg's Lyric Suite.) Mr. Lehner recalls the quartet's practice of playing the standard repertory without scores ("Any half-way trained musician can sit down and, in two hours' time, learn a Mozart or Haydn quartet by heart"), which lent "a certain improvisatory freedom" to its performances while also leading to "accidents." When he is asked about chamber-music playing today, Mr. Lehner says:

> The quartet-playing level today is just hair-raising! How different were the values in our time! This idea that when we were playing was the great time of chamber music—I do not believe it. The golden time of chamber music is now. . . . In comparison to what is being done today, we were rank amateurs. And not only technically, but musically as well. . . . Five times a week I listen to chamber music on the radio and hear some incredibly good ensembles and truly superb music-making. And when hearing a professional quartet, I am speechless from wonder how it is possible that four human beings can produce such perfection and beauty.

Mr. Lehner adds that he refers to the re-creative arts and is less sure about "the creative side of the present," and he ends by asking, "How many future Schoenbergs, Bartóks, Stravinskys, and Hindemiths are writing music today?" The question is unanswerable before the twenty-first century. Yet string-quartet recitals this season have not only demonstrated the high abilities of contemporary performers but also brought forward some admirable new music for the medium.

IT has been suggested that Sofia Gubaidulina, who was born in 1931, is the first great woman composer. I have not heard enough of her music to proclaim greatness, but what I have heard—all of it fine, fanciful, and beautiful, the most arresting sounds to come from Russia since Shostakovich—does not contradict the possibility. Earlier this year, the Kronos Quartet played Gubaidulina's Second String Quartet (1987) in Alice Tully Hall, and a few days later the Muir String Quartet played her Third String Quartet (also 1987) in Weill Recital Hall. Neither piece is as substantial a work as the concerto for bassoon and an orchestra of cellos and double-basses (1975); or the violin concerto "Offertorium" (1980/1982), which Gidon Kremer played with the Philharmonic in 1985 and with the Boston Symphony this month; or the symphony "Stimmen . . . Verstummen . . ." (1986). But both string quartets have the personal, questing quality and the sense of free, spontaneous invention that make Gubaidulina's music so compelling.



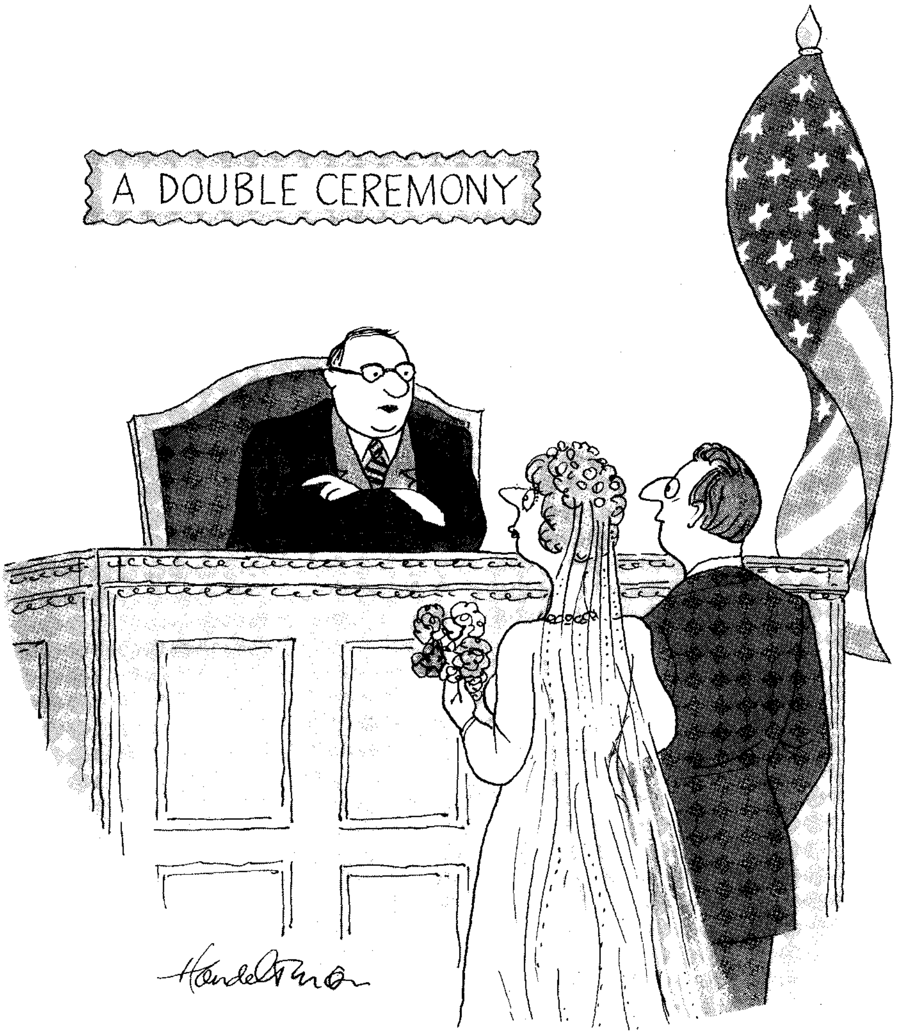
Sometimes her large forms prove difficult to grasp. For example, the "Seven Last Words" (1982), for cello, accordion, and strings, though filled with striking sounds and passionate ideas, seems structurally somewhat loose. The string quartets, however, are shapely one-movement works. No. 2 is brief (it lasts about nine minutes) and for nearly half the length is an exploration of and meditation upon a single pitch, reiterated at different volumes, with different durations, in different timbres, with different intensities—generating echoes, subtle distortions, and fine, resonant flurries. This sounds schematic—the deployment of a device many composers tried during the sixties, when making nonthematic music built of timbres and densities was in fashion. But Gubaidulina uses the device freshly, holding a listener's attention until—well before he is tempted to cry "Enough!"—she breaks into a richer kind of music, with melodies and harmonies. A major third instantly cancelled to minor—the "Also Sprach Zarathustra" motif without the bombast—is recurrent. The textures are airy. The progress is unpredictable but does not seem haphazard. The piece finally flutters out on high as if escaping from this world into thinner, purer space.

No. 3, which lasts about sixteen minutes, is also a two-part structure. The first half is all pizzicato: a glinting, shifting pointillist web, with occasional notes picked out in sharp relief. Bartók snap pizzicatos, solos with ripe glissando linking the plucked notes, mandolin-like tremolos, garlands of thrummed trills slithering up and down the fingerboard make up the music until, as in No. 2, everything suddenly changes—as if a door had opened, or a brook had been jumped into the next square, where the landscape and the characters are quite different. Long bowed notes are heard, close-jostling at first and then settling on a vibrant F-sharp; chords; a cello solo; counterpoint into which some of the pizzicato patterns return; finally a high, luminous song, suggesting a dawn chorus in which individual voices are lost in the joyful shimmer.

Parallels can be traced with things that Ligeti and Lutoslawski have done. To some extent, the quartets seem to be experimental works, concerned with bringing new musical ideals to the traditional medium, with inventing and testing new sonic possibilities. They are like drawings rather than paintings—but drawings by a master, fresh, skillful, and sure. I missed the Kronos performance of No. 2, and know the work from an Arditti tape recording. Of No. 3 the excellent Muir Quartet—both an Évian and a Naumburg winner—gave a wonderfully resonant, delicate, and colorful performance.

CHARLES WUORINEN's Third String Quartet (1987) was played in January by Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, Lois Martin, and Fred Sherry at a Group for Contemporary Music concert in Merkin Hall. It is a long span of thoughtful, beautiful music, generated, the composer says in his program note, by a phrase of the "Asperges me" chant. It begins with a characteristic burst of Wuorinen energy but then settles on some long chords and moves into a stretch of quiet counterpoint, reaching a still point from which the "Asperges me" melody—hitherto adumbrated by motifs or melodies with small steps—starts out *en clair* from the bottom G of the first violin. But this is not archaizing music: chromatic displacements and developments soon take over. (In fact, the second violin, in longer notes, sings the whole phrase "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean" without breaking mode, but this is more apparent in the score than to the ear.) Further grave contrapuntal discourse ensues. The piece moves deliberately, without haste. One can hear everything happen. An eighth-note pulse moves through flexible periods, barred (for convenience of playing, not for downbeats) in a variety of metres. Structure is defined by returns to G, which is then treated as the starting point for new explorations of motifs derived from the chant fragment. Canons, imitations, augmentations are audible. There is no outré writing for the instruments, but there is variety of texture—now close, now wide-spaced. The "infinitely slow" resolution to the final chord is moving. This is a poetic—I'd say an inspired—composition, representing Wuorinen in an unusually intimate vein, and it strikes me as a major contribution to the string-quartet repertory. The Group players gave a devoted, carefully balanced, gripping performance, which needed only to be a little tighter. The score (which is published by Peters) suggests a duration of twenty-five and a half minutes, and the Merkin Hall performance lasted just over half an hour.

THE Boston Composers String Quartet made its New York début in February in Weill Hall, playing four new works from Boston—by Brian Hughes, Thomas Oboe Lee, William Thomas McKinley, and Robert Aldridge. The players were very good indeed—bold, accomplished advocates. The music induced the mixed feelings one sometimes tends to have about the Boston avant-garde: on the one hand, admiration, and even envy, of so much activity and of the public interest taken in it; on the other, a suspicion that the university-ridden city is overstocked with composers busily composing away because that is what they have been trained to do. I am, of course, thinking not of Boston-based composers—John Harbison, Leon Kirchner, Donald Martino—whose work joins the national repertory but of what we hear when, say, the Composers in Red Sneakers bring bundles of Boston music to town. McKinley teaches at the New England Conservatory, and the three other composers whose quartets were played had been students of his there. None of the works have left any lasting impression. The most interesting of them was Aldridge's "Ghosts"—a four-movement quartet (Prelude, Vari-



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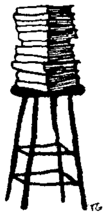

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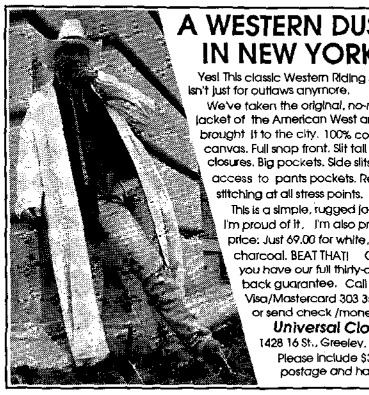

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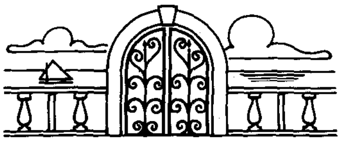

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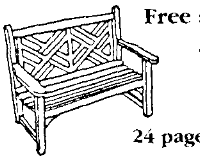

ation, Fugue, and Sonata) that is a dialogue between the composer and what he calls "haunting and familiar voices" from the past.

THE famous Arditti String Quartet—bright star of Europe's festivals, inspiration for many modern composers—made its long-awaited New York début in February, in Merkin Hall, with an international program: Oliver Lake's "Input," Ferneyhough's Third String Quartet, Ligeti's Second, Carter's Fourth, and Xenakis's "Tetras." Comparisons with the Kronos are inevitable: both groups specialize in new music, cover a very big repertory, and play with a verve that attracts listeners normally reluctant to give ear to contemporary music. The Kronos players put on more of a show: they take more trouble about their hair, their fancy clothes, the lighting effects. The Arditti players command musical distinction, technical virtuosity, tonal beauty, and stylistic perception of a superior order. They are also more discriminate about what they play. After the Arditti's Merkin concert, my *Times* colleague wrote, "It is not easy to recall a more impressive evening of quartet playing, in whatever repertory."

The program was an almost bewilderingly diverse prospectus of contemporary quartet writing—at its greatest (Carter), most complicated (Ferneyhough), and most sonically extravagant (Xenakis). The five movements of the Ligeti (1968) are in themselves five different modern-string-quartet ways of handling a musical idea, in the company of friendly "ghosts"—those of Mozart and Haydn, Bartók, Berg, and Webern. It was played with a precision and beauty to match that of the LaSalle Quartet, which created the work and (like the Arditti) has recorded it. The Lake (1985), a brief, bright composition, cast the first violin, Irvine Arditti, in an exuberant solo role. "Tetras" (1983), written for the Arditti, is a roaring, buzzing, grunting, sliding, spluttering affair of sounds ferocious, humorous, or (occasionally) lyrical. It went on too long for my taste—about sixteen minutes—but brought the concert to a rousing close.

Carter's Fourth Quartet (1986) uses the instruments in their natural voices, engaged in a dialogue that is profound, personal, and inspiring. The performance was more fluent, more carefully balanced, more "conversational" than the others I have heard; it is good news that the Arditti is to record all four Carter quartets. Ferneyhough's Third Quartet (1987), dedicated to the Arditti (can any other ensemble play it?), is formidably intricate. The composer describes the two movements as "two very different reactions to a state of extreme inner crisis." In the first, "more than twenty basic textural elements are constantly being mutated, erased and recombined." The second "explodes into an iridescent flood of irate images." There are those who believe that Ferneyhough is Britain's most exciting composer. Performances of his music in this country—even though he now lives and teaches here—are still rare. In my limited experience of Ferneyhough's work, it has proved impenetrable in unfocussed, under-rehearsed accounts (such as I once heard Claudio Abbado give of the orchestral piece "La Terre Est un Homme") but exhilarating and eloquent when the interpreters have mastered it (as the John Alldis Choir has mastered the Missa Brevis, and the Arditti the Second and Third String Quartets). What American ensemble has the resources, the rehearsal time, and the will to master a work like "Transit" (1975)—a forty-five-minute piece for thirty-nine players, six singers, and precise amplification?

Arditti prowess was further revealed at Buffalo's North American New Music Festival last month, when in the space of two days the quartet played four concerts, including the four Carter quartets and two first performances, and then crossed the border to give a fifth concert, in Toronto. More about that later. —ANDREW PORTER

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THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

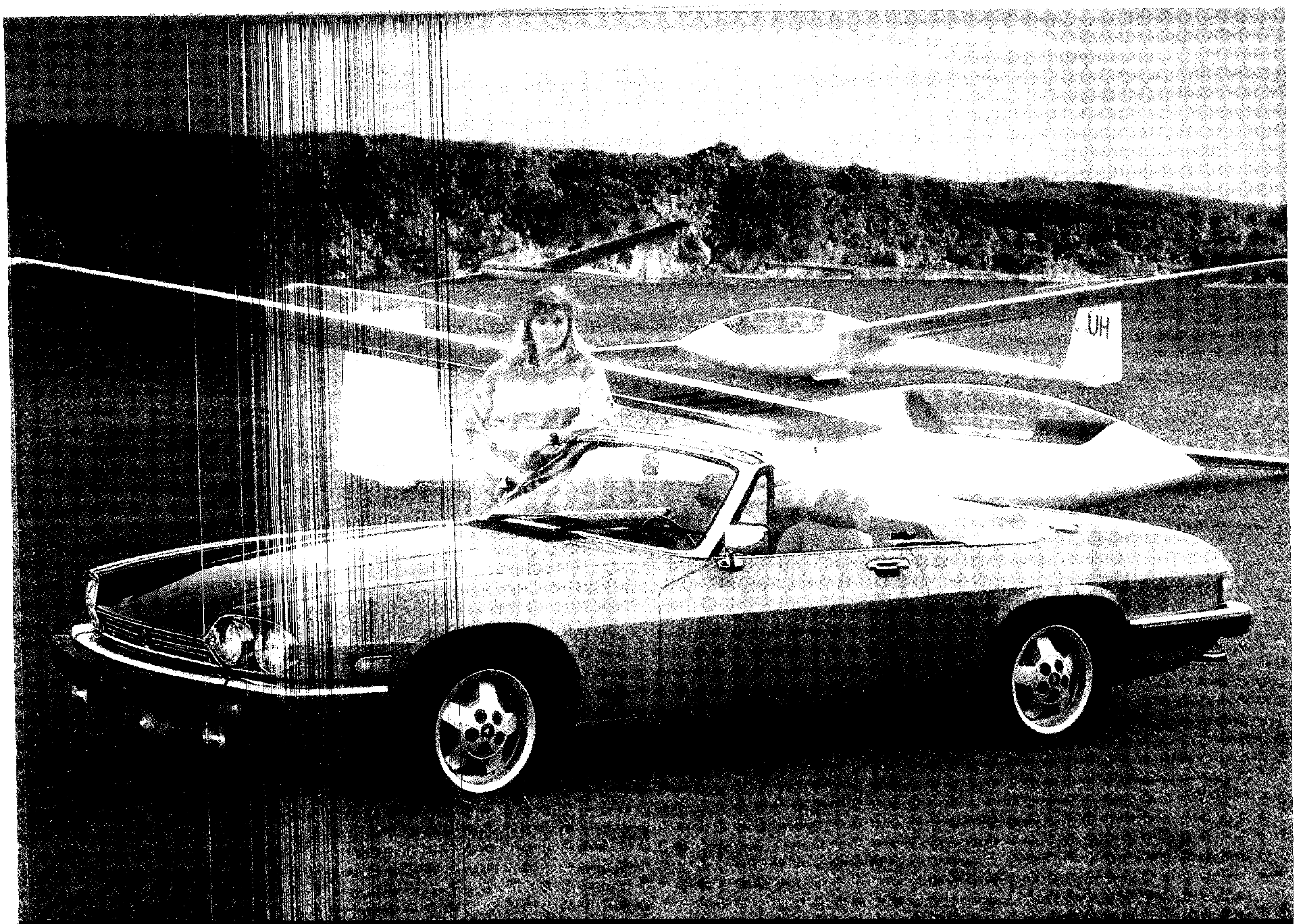
[*From The New Yorker, December 14, 1987, page 69*]

He began to look for a pretext to invade Tibet, and found two: the presence in Lhasa of a mysterious Russian monk of Mongolian origin named Aharamba-Agyan Dorjieff, whom Curzon—erroneously, as it turned out—thought was engaged in selling Russian arms to the Tibetans; and the matter of the yaks.

AND THE VANISHING WHO

[*From the same issue, page 93*]

While I was in Nepal, I asked an old friend of mine named Elizabeth Hawley, a principal in a trekking agency called Mountain Travel/Nepal and is undoubtedly the world's greatest expert on the contemporary history of Himalayan mountaineering, if there was a way to drive from Kathmandu to Lhasa, visiting as much of the intervening countryside as possible, and trek in to the base of Everest from the Tibetan side.



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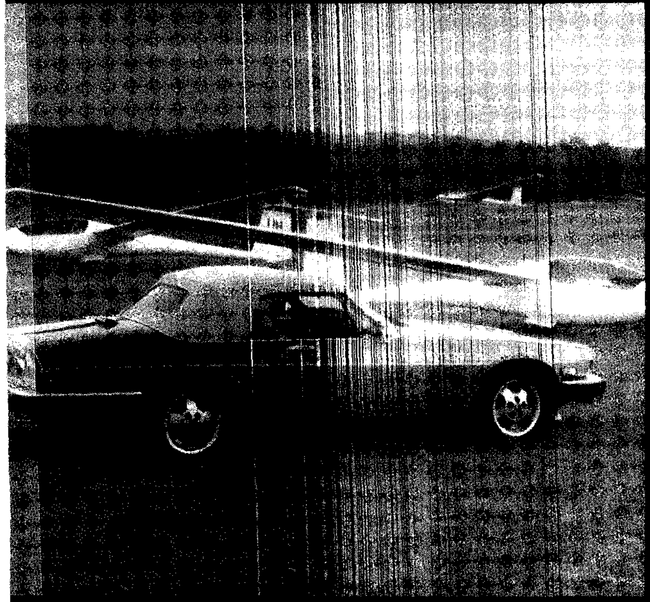

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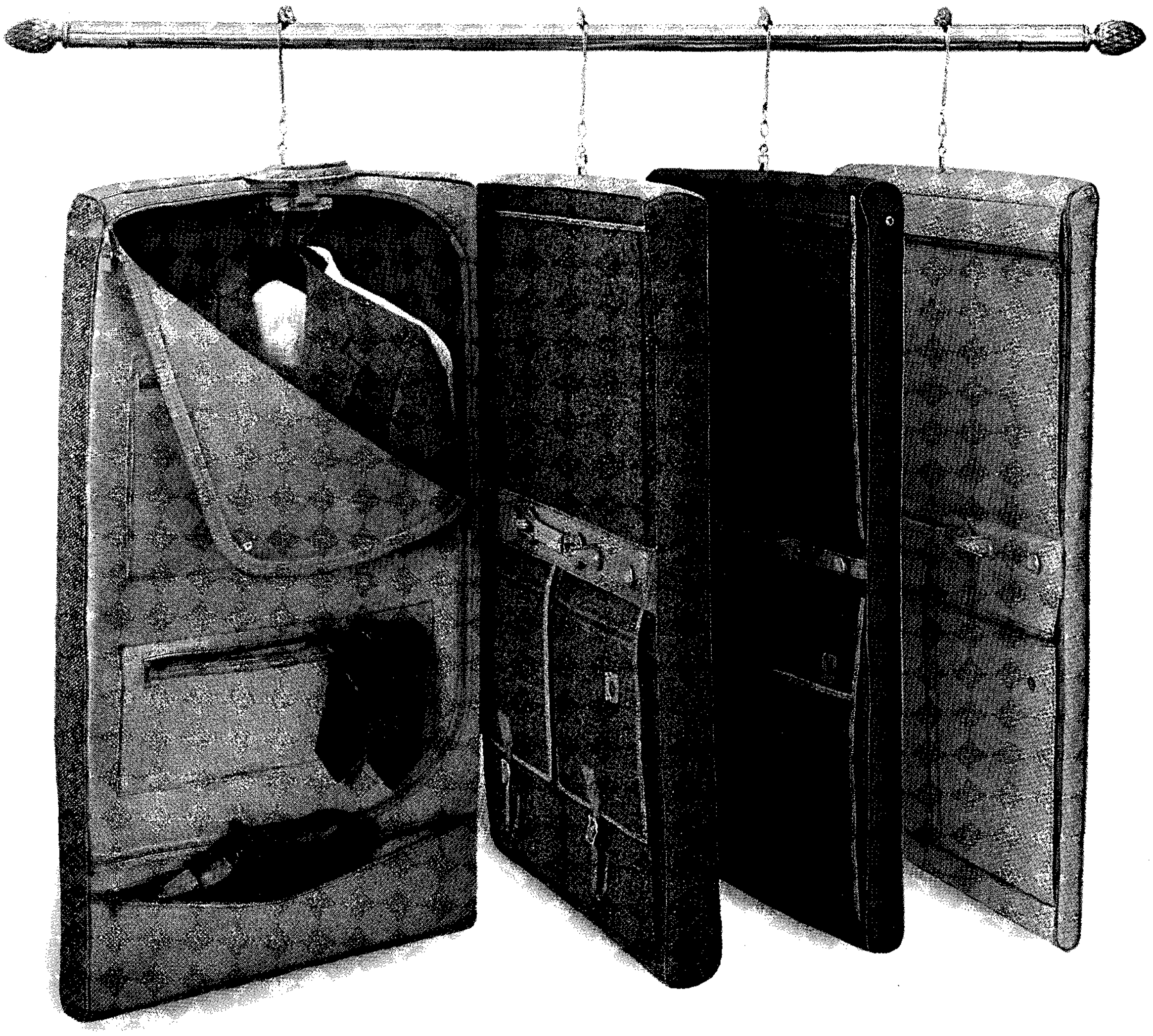

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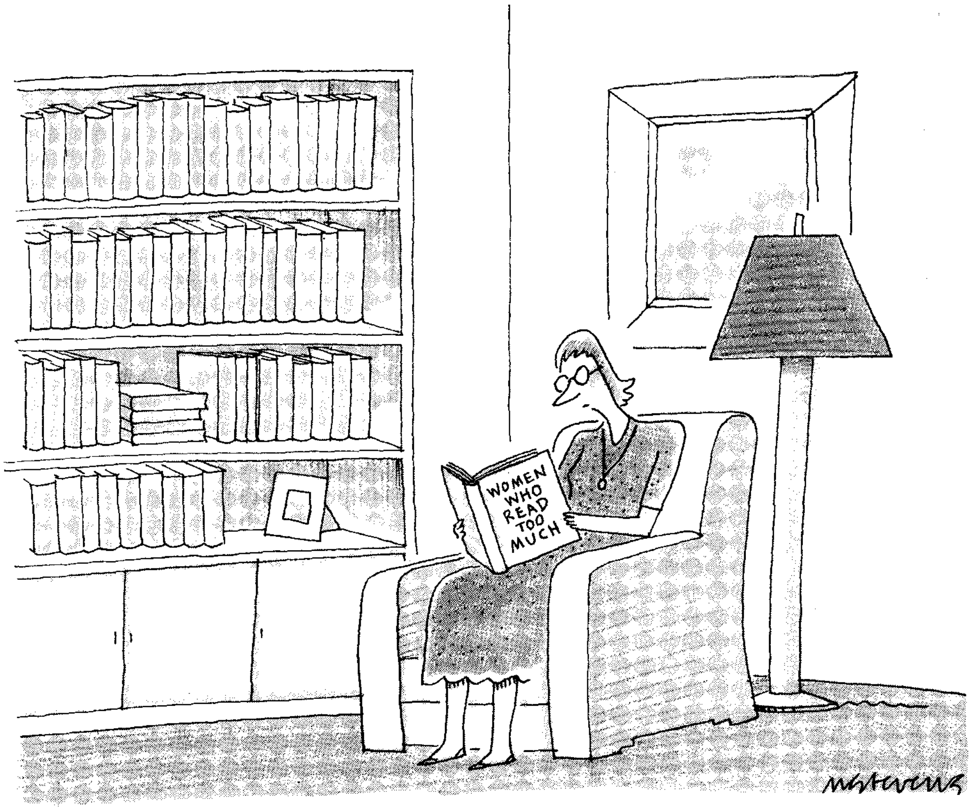
AROUND CITY HALL

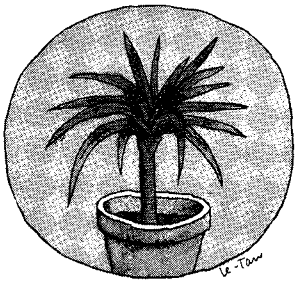
YOU NEVER KNOW

SOMETIMES a move undertaken for one purpose may have beneficial consequences in quite a different connection. For example, there is the current effort of the Bank of New York to take over the Irving Bank Corporation, which, if it is successful (the September 25th offer is still being fought), would result in a financial institution with assets of forty-five billion dollars. Shortly before the aggressor in this takeover attempt got ready to move in for the kill—as Irving Bank thought of it—the Bank of New York resolved some pending legal problems it had with ACORN, an acronym for the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now, which sponsors urban-homesteading projects in several American cities. Currently under way here is one in the East New York section of Brooklyn, where dozens of long-vacant city-owned buildings have been taken over, with ACORN's encouragement, by families that had no place to live. ACORN helps the new householders, also known as squatters, to convert the structures into habitable dwellings through a patchwork program of grants, loans, and the residents' sweat equity—one answer, if an unorthodox one, to what the city has so far found the almost intractable question of how to deal with the homeless, whose numbers have increased more than tenfold in the nineteen-eighties, a period when many New Yorkers have grown more and more prosperous. Late last year, ACORN filed a complaint with the Federal Reserve Board charging that the Bank of New York's lending policies violated the federal Community Reinvestment Act, which forbids redlining—that is, the drawing of an imaginary line around a neighborhood to render its residents, whatever their financial circumstances, ineligible for loans. Later, alleging the same discriminatory practices, ACORN also challenged the bank's proposed Irving Bank merger before the Federal Reserve Board. After the board formally approved the merger plan, on February 25th, it was learned that ACORN's complaints had been withdrawn six days earlier. The Bank of New York, not at all keen on having litigation clutter up the takeover process, had signed an agreement to give ACORN a quarter-million-dollar interest-free loan. Improving the organization's ability to repay it was the bank's promise to consider ACORN bids on lucrative contracts for the bank's office supplies and also to deposit a hundred thousand dollars in a credit union, which ACORN would now set up. In addition, the bank agreed to provide ten million dollars in low-interest loans for ACORN-sponsored construction projects. Thus the lives of some local residents with zero assets may be somewhat eased because a multibillion-dollar banking house concluded that harsh pragmatic realities required it to do business with such alien ideologues as community organizations for reform now.

FOLLOWERS of local government have recently noted, on the other hand, an example—though one of severely limited general significance—of how an ideological shift to what is considered to be the less pragmatic, more bleeding-heart approach on an issue may in time bring a material benefit to at least one person; in this case, Mayor Edward Koch. During most of his first seven years at City Hall (he completed his tenth year last December), Koch was adamantly opposed to the city's using its vast purchasing budget to demonstrate disapproval of the apartheid policies of the South African government by—as a City Council bill had proposed—refusing to buy products made in that country. The Mayor often explained that such a move would be inappropriate unless it was also taken against all of what he called "the pariah nations"—which he defined as not only South Africa but the Soviet Union, Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Libya. "Simply to ban the use of products of one monstrous government does not solve the problem," he wrote in 1983 to City Council President Carol Bellamy, whom, two years later, he overwhelmingly defeated in the mayoral race. About a year before that election, however, when it appeared that an anti-apartheid bill would pass the Council without his support, he delegated several members of his staff to work with Council members on a new version of the legislation. In the summer of 1985, after he'd complained a number of times that he had seen few, if any, black faces at a local demonstration against the treatment of Soviet Jews, a black reporter pointed out that Koch never took part in protests against the treatment of blacks in South Africa. A few weeks later, Koch turned up at one in the nation's capital, marching alongside, among others, the Reverend Jesse Jackson. A *Times* editorial had described Koch's shift on anti-apartheid issues as scrambling for electoral advantage, but, in fact, he would have been easily reëlected in 1985 without the black vote. A few months before his appearance at the


WOMEN WHO READ TOO MUCH

Washington protest, Local Law 19, which forbids the use of city funds to buy anything from a company that does business with the South African government, had been signed by the Mayor at an elaborate ceremony in City Hall's Blue Room, and he has since mentioned it with pride as one of his administration's significant accomplishments.



The Mayor's fervent desire to have a large car, preferably a limousine, to be driven around town in (he does not drive a car himself) also dates back to his first days at City Hall. He argued that it was a necessity for health reasons: because he is six feet one, he maintained, riding in an ordinary-sized sedan "gives me bedsores on my knees." He asked that a poll be taken among his constituents on whether he deserved to have a limousine. To his evident surprise, the vote was negative. Eventually, he settled for a Lincoln Town Car—one of the larger-than-average vehicles that the Ford Motor Company, as part of a sales-promotion program, makes available at a bargain cost of two hundred and fifty dollars a month to all fifty governors and about a hundred and twenty-five mayors around the country. The Mayor still complained of knee sores. The news that New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, who is six-five, drove a Chevrolet Citation did not change his mind. He looked for other ways to get what he wanted. At one point, he asked the police brass who were presiding over drug sweeps on the lower East Side to keep an eye out for a luxury car being driven by one of the drug kings and to confiscate it for him. "If we were able to remove one of these narcotics cars from the street," the Mayor, who tends to look at most subjects from a personal point of view, put it to the cops, "what greater victory could we have over the dope dealer than for me to ride in it?" Five years ago, he decided to take more direct action. He had found an automobile man in Brooklyn who would stretch a Lincoln Town Car and rent it to the city at the same monthly rate. Then some busybody at the *Post* turned up the information that a few years earlier the Mayor's generous benefactor had been convicted in an extortion case that involved arson. ("KOCH NIXES LIMO—DEALER DID A STRETCH" was the *Post* headline.) The ceremony at which the Mayor was to accept the new car was cancelled. This time, he blamed not his constituents but a higher authority. "God obviously does not intend for me to have a bigger car right now," he announced disconsolately. A few weeks ago, however, whether or not a higher authority had anything to do with it, someone told the Mayor's office that Ford has an interest in a subsidiary that does some business with the South African government. There was nothing for it but for Koch to cease violating Local Law 19 at once. On March 23rd, a twenty-seven-thousand-dollar black Cadillac Brougham was delivered to City Hall by VIP Cadillac of Queens. Though it's not a limousine, it's the longest passenger vehicle in production. The mayoral knees will doubtless benefit from there being three and a half feet of legroom in both the front and the back seats. The cost will be the same two hundred and fifty dollars a month that the city had previously paid Ford—or, indirectly, it appeared, the South African government. The car came equipped with numerous luxury items, including a stereo-cassette set; the city added flashing lights, sirens, and telephones. The Mayor was particularly pleased with the upholstery—gray leather and velours. "I'm looking forward to that fresh smell of new leather," he told reporters. "They ought to bottle it." As he glided out of City Hall Plaza in his new uncommon carrier, happily smelling the upholstery, one imagined that he might be repeating to himself a remark he made a few days earlier at the New York University School of Continuing Education. A member of the audience had asked him whom he would like to come back as in some future reincarnation. Koch did not mention some revered historic figure. "I want to come back as me," he said.

ALTHOUGH from time to time the Mayor still mentions his celebrated high spirits ("My ebullience is my trademark"), the fact is that the air of jubilation he displayed over the delivery of what was inevitably called the Kochmobile hasn't been much in evidence recently. His night out last month at the annual musical lampoon put on by the Inner Circle, which is the association of present and former City Hall reporters, didn't help matters. The title of the show was "Porky 'n' Bess," but it dwelt only briefly on the political embarrassment to the Mayor caused by the legal problems of his good friend Bess Myerson, whose trial on various counts, including obstruction of justice and violation of bribery laws, is scheduled for September. The "Porky" part of the title—referring to the Mayor's increased weight and constant preoccupation with food—received more attention. During most of the Koch era, the Inner Circle shows have followed the club custom of savaging many prominent members of the local body politic. "Made a few wish they could die," brags a line about their treatment of politicians in the song with which the shows traditionally end. (This approach contrasts with that of the Gridiron Club, in Washington, where the satire is gentler. This year's performance, on March 26th, which turned into a love-in for the departing Reagans, ended with the Gridiron's traditional finale: "Auld Lang Syne.") In contrast to their treatment of most local politicians, the Inner Circle shows in the last decade have usually let the Mayor off lightly—possibly because about half the Inner Circle members are in the former-reporter category, and thus are not exposed at four- or five-a-day mayoral press conferences to Koch's personal and governmental style, which some working reporters no longer find entirely persuasive or entertaining. In this year's show he received harsher treatment. This indication of a tendency, in and out of City Hall, to regard Koch's performance as mayor less indulgently is said to have caused some concern among his advisers, who are helping him get ready to run next year for a fourth term. The Mayor's theory, which he constantly stresses, that the municipal-corruption scandals not only are past history but have been largely forgotten was not the message of the Inner Circle production. Its very first lines, in the opening number, sung to the tune of "Oklahoma," were "*New* York City, where the graft and payoffs are profane." The Mayor's practice of—as some good-government groups complain—allowing higher and higher buildings in return for campaign contributions was the basis for another number, sung to the tune of "Me and My Shadow," in which reporter-performers, pretending to be skyscrapers (and, by extension, their real-estate-developer owners) sang, "We create shadows Up and down the avenues. Koch gives us tax breaks Then we take the sky away from you. And when Koch needs some cash For campaign bills He throws a bash. Then we fill his till.” The character of the Mayor, played by the Channel 5 reporter Jim Ryan, was treated with particular disrespect in “I’m Koch,” based on Michael Jackson’s “Bad.” It went, “Corruption is on every street. My friends all lie, my pals all cheat, And as I sip a chocolate malt I tell New York it’s not my fault.” The song’s chorus, repeated over and over with variations, was “You know I’m bad. I’m Koch. I’m bald. I’m fat. . . . I’m bald. That’s that. I’m bad.” A bit later in the show, a chorus sang, to the tune of “Can-Can,” “Koch says it’s four more years in City Hall. But we say . . . We’re sick and tired of listening to him shout. Let’s throw him out. Let’s throw him out, out, out.” Members of the audience sitting near the Mayor’s table reported that, understandably, he didn’t seem to be having a very good time.

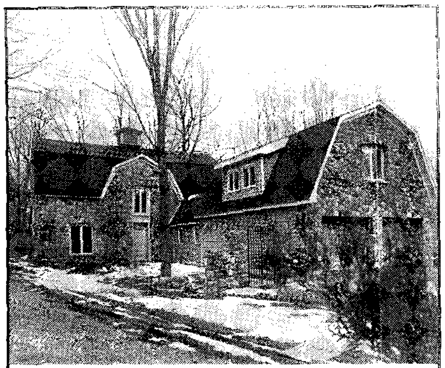
Although last month’s musical show put on by local political reporters featured a number of local officeholders, with emphasis on the Mayor, a large share of it was given over to figures who are prominent in the news beyond the city’s borders: Ron and Nancy, Jim and Tammy, Jessica, Donna, and Fawn, and New Jersey’s Governor Tom Kean, along with the principals in the Presidential race (in which, for the moment at least, there is no New York contender)—Bush, Dole, and the long list of Democrats. The reporter playing Gary Hart offered, inevitably, “What I Did for Love.” The evening’s biggest hit was the WRKS reporter Joe Bragg, as Jesse Jackson, singing new words to “Ol’ Man River,” including “Hear me good. Can’t you see? Nothin’s gonna happen Till you deal with me”—a sentiment that is certain to be valid no matter how Jackson does in the April 19th New York primary. In 1984, Jackson took thirty-four per cent of the votes in the city, coming in second, behind Mondale; in the state, his total was twenty-six per cent, one point lower than that of Hart, who was second. That year, several prominent black politicians here backed Mondale. This year, Jackson has nearly all of them in his corner. In 1984, Koch said that if Jackson should be the Democratic nominee he would stay home on Election Day. He doesn’t support Jackson for President this time, either, but has urged him to agree to serve as a national “drug czar.” Mario Cuomo has said that the Democratic nominee should be the primary-vote winner, and “if that’s Jesse Jackson, wonderful.” The chance of Cuomo’s eventually entering the race was deemed to be worth a song in “Porky ’n’ Bess.” The words of the song concluded that he might do it. The Governor was a no-show that night, and so wasn’t around to issue a definitive comment on the prediction—not that anyone present would have expected him to. A line assigned to his character in the show was “I used to be indecisive. Now I’m not so sure.”

REPORTERS whose specialty is local politics may appropriately allow their attention to stray to events in other political arenas for the purposes of musical comedy, to which the material offered at, say, the average session of the city’s Board of Standards and Appeals does not easily lend itself. In contrast to the challenge facing the Inner Circle members, the responsibilities of New York’s mayor are not to put on a show that closes after one night. Nevertheless, in recent months Koch has appeared to be almost obsessed with playing an active role in events in one place or another—sometimes, it seems, *any* place or another—outside the five boroughs; for example, in Northern Ireland, on the West Bank, or in Nicaragua. When he is interviewed on local or national television, which happens four or five times a week (a figure that does not include the almost nightly six-o’clock news reports of City Hall press conferences), it is hard to predict what the subject of discussion will be except that it’s a good bet it won’t be something going on in Brooklyn, Staten Island, or other areas for which he has political responsibility. On several occasions, beginning in late February, he described Ronald Reagan as a wimp—which in some circles is currently the negative four-letter epithet of choice—because the President had declined to order United States military forces to “interdict” (as the Mayor puts it) planes and ships approaching the nation’s tens of thousands of miles of borders with illegal drugs from foreign countries. In contrast to the alleged wimp in the White House, Koch has said in speeches around this city, the Mayor of New York has declared war on drug-exporting countries. “The President has to engage in his role as Commander-in-Chief and let the military do the job,” he said last month on one of his frequent trips to Washington, where he also denounced Mrs. Reagan’s anti-drug crusade as “ridiculous.” After a rookie cop named Edward Byrne was killed in Queens by an alleged member of a crack gang, Koch took out a full-page ad in the *Times* which featured a picture of the dead policeman. The ad implied that the President should be held responsible for future killings here and elsewhere if he did not cut off aid to nations that export drugs, including Mexico, Haiti, Panama, and Paraguay. Any doubt that, while the Mayor’s conviction concerning the need for such Presidential action was sincere, it was also intended to play well on the local political scene was dispelled by a line at the bottom of the ad, which said that its cost (about thirteen thousand dollars) had been underwritten by the Mayor’s reëlection campaign. On the David Brinkley show last month, Koch said that United States military forces should shoot down incoming planes if they were convinced that the planes were carrying illegal drugs, causing Sam Donaldson to ask him about the possibility of a mistake, “What do you do, apologize to the people?” On the same program, Attorney General Edwin Meese declined to support such actions. Since Meese was speaking from Washington and the Mayor was in New York, Koch unfortunately had no opportunity to confront Meese face to face about a letter he had recently sent the Attorney General. This matter, too, was one over which the Mayor did not seem to have official jurisdiction. After an article appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in which a doctor—writing anonymously and giving no indication of where the event took place—reported having ended the life of a terminally ill cancer patient, the Mayor wrote to Meese urging that the author be tracked down and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

This year’s St. Patrick’s Day parade, in which Koch marched, as usual, took place the morning after newspapers carried reports of the lethal grenade attack on mourners at the Belfast funeral of three Irish Republican Army members who had been shot by members of the British Special Air Service. In his morning homily before the parade, John, Cardinal O'Connor, urged "hundreds of thousands" of Irish-Americans to join him in a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Knock, in the Irish Republic, to pray for an end to the bloody confrontations between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland. The Mayor, who insists that he be referred to as O'Koch each March 17th, knew a summons when he heard one, and he announced the next day that he had told the Cardinal he would join the pilgrimage. Unless some other foreign crisis intervenes, it will be his first venture abroad since November, when, travelling unofficially on a trip paid for by some of his political admirers, he went to Nicaragua to oversee the progress toward ending the hatred and violence between the Sandinistas and the Contras. (Representatives of both sides politely did not ask him how things were going in Howard Beach.) His last trip before that was to Eastern Europe, in the winter of 1987. Part of his announced mission on that occasion was to persuade the Polish government to deal in a more understanding way with Lech Walesa and other Solidarity leaders. (During that trip, he informed Polish officials that there were no homeless in New York City. He explained to reporters later that this was a fair way of putting it: nobody was homeless, since everybody had the option of coming into one of the overcrowded and—as the city itself admits—dangerous city shelters.) On the morning before he announced that he would be joining the pilgrimage to Ireland, the Mayor was on national television discussing events in still other areas where there has been terrible violence in recent weeks: the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. On March 15th, the Jerusalem *Post* published a signed column by him urging the Israeli government to bar television cameras from the area; they only made things worse, he said. On ABC's "Good Morning America," Koch debated this view with Bernard Kalb, a onetime television reporter who was later with the State Department. Kalb believed that such action was a mistake. The Mayor cited an incident he had seen on television in which an Israeli soldier pulled back instead of doing whatever he had meant to do to an Arab offender, because the camera was watching. "If there were a riot . . . in your city, would you suggest the banning of TV cameras?" Koch was asked. "I'm not at war," the Mayor said, putting things personally one more time.

THE Mayor may not be at war, but bloodletting has not gone unmentioned lately around the seat of municipal government. "The blood of this woman is on that judge's hands," the Mayor said of a judge who ruled that Joyce Brown, who had been living on the streets, had a right to return there, rather than remain in Bellevue, where, on Koch's orders, she had been taken by force, and where she had resisted being treated against her will with anti-psychotic drugs. Although a major point of Koch's full-page ad in the *Times* had been that the deaths of Police Officer Byrne and other cops in the future should properly be blamed on the wimpish policies of the federal government, the head of the local Probation Officers Association blamed different villains. Unlike the Police Department, the city's Probation Department is not closely associated in the public mind—and thus in the minds of politicians—with crime in the city and with the safety of its residents. Probation therefore does relatively poorly in budget negotiations such as those that are now going on over how city funds should be parcelled out in the next fiscal year, which begins July 1st. The association leader, Wallace Cheatham, pointed out that the gang member who has been charged with having shot Byrne had been out on probation, which he had violated by being arrested twice again, but that the probation officer had had a hundred and sixty-four other cases and had not had time to track him down. Probation, Cheatham said, has the smallest budget of any criminal-justice agency—a circumstance for which he blamed the Mayor and the City Council. "The blood of this officer is on their hands," he told reporters. The members of the city's Emergency Medical Services, who operate the ambulances that respond to 911 calls, treat the sick and injured—who, they point out, are sometimes violent—and transport them to hospitals, also complain of being underpaid compared with the cops. After a ceremony last month at which he swore in new E.M.S. members and praised their dedication to duty, the Mayor—who could have left the matter in the hands of the city's collective bargainers—told an officer of the E.M.S. union that its members would never win pay parity with the police, and made it clear that in his view this was all to the good. A few days later, outraged by the Mayor's remarks, many E.M.S. members began calling in sick, and several hundred of them marched on City Hall carrying signs that said "The blood of the city is on Koch's hands."

ALTHOUGH they do not involve alleged responsibility for bloodshed, there are changes on the local scene that the Mayor is having to get used to. They include the first black chancellor of the city's school system, which has close to a million students: Richard Green, who previously served as head of the Minneapolis schools, was sworn in on March 3rd. A few days before Green formally took over, he was given a tour of selected schools. One that had not been on the list but that he insisted on visiting was Morris High School, in the South Bronx, a crowded, crumbling structure with a leaky roof and paint peeling from the walls. To startled students, parents, and teachers gathered to greet him, Green said, "I apologize for the condition of your building." The almost invariable reaction by local officials to bad news about something in their area of responsibility is to blame Washington or Albany or, perhaps, lower-level officials rather than take responsibility themselves. It was assumed that Green would soon catch on to local protocol in these matters. Nevertheless, for the moment, having to deal with a principal player here who sees himself as a truly independent force has been a new experience for the Mayor. Because his daily schedule often includes eight or ten events, he tends to arrive late for many of them. The custom among those with whom he will share a photo opportunity after his arrival is usually to hold up the start of things until he gets there. Last Christmas, when about a thousand of the city's poor and homeless were being served dinner, provided by various philanthropic groups, at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, the Mayor, who had been invited to help serve, was late. The homeless lined up and waited patiently until he arrived, put on a white chef's cap, and handed out



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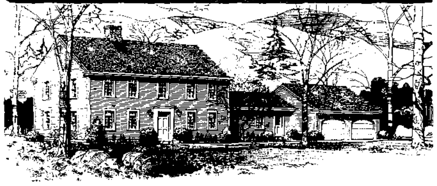

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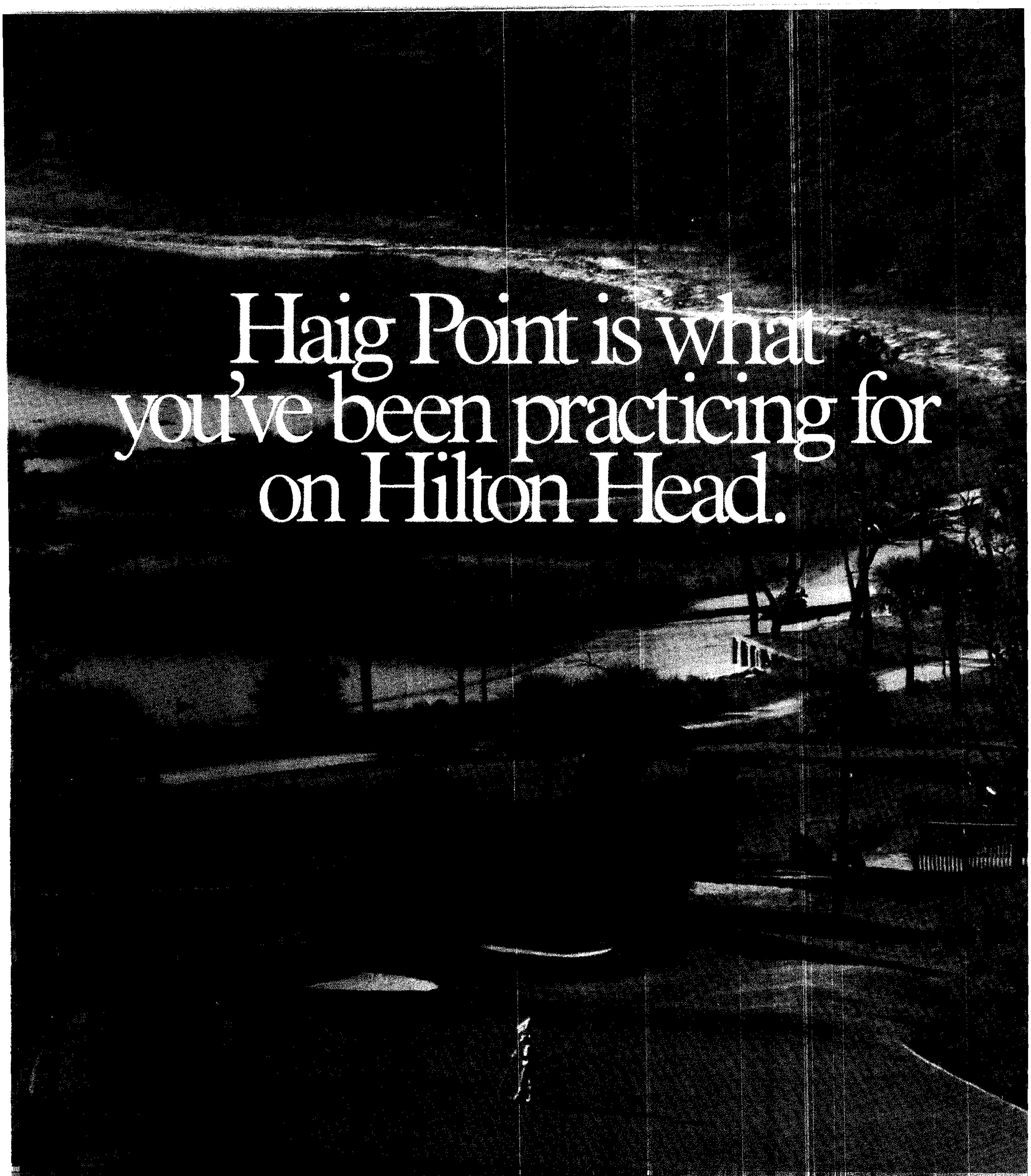
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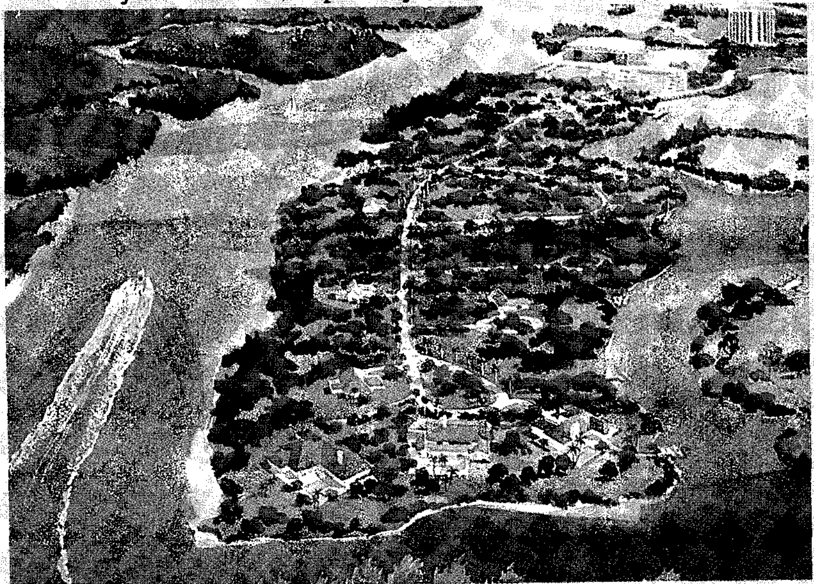

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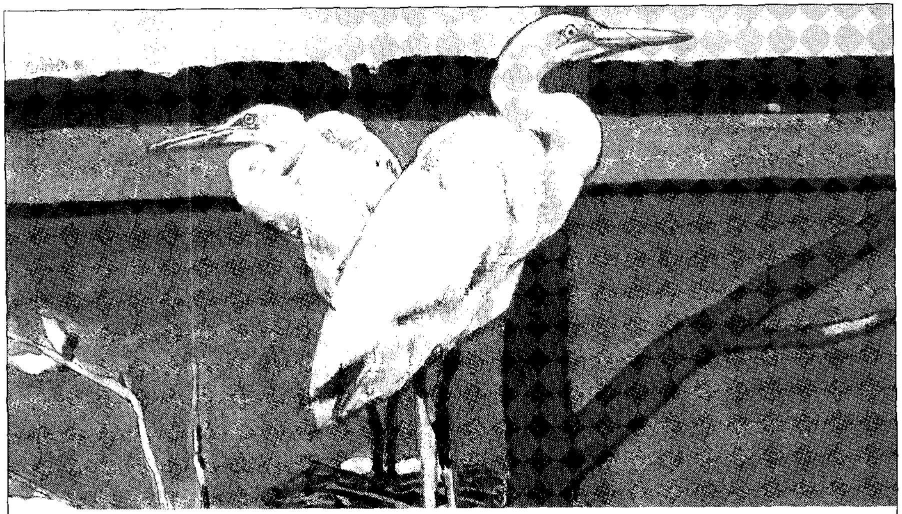
For more information on advertising in this section, please call Laura Baumstein at (212) 536-5463 the turkey. A few days after Chancellor Green was sworn in, the Mayor was scheduled to attend a ceremony inaugurating a program to provide summer jobs for young people. He was twenty-five minutes late this time. Green did not rap the Mayor's knuckles with a ruler, but he had a few words for the laggard. "We are trying to teach our kids that in order to be job-ready you must be there on time," he told the surprised Mayor, who apologized.

It may be that, increasingly, in the future the Mayor will be hearing back talk from politicians he works with daily who have previously made noises about disputing his ruling style and judgment but, in the end, have usually fallen tamely into line. A few days after the Mayor returned from a trip to Washington, where he attacked the White House for failing to take punitive action against foreign countries who continue to grow and export drugs, one of these often compliant politicians, City Council President Andrew Stein, took a band of reporters on a tour of a city-owned house in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn which had been taken over by crack dealers. As he led the procession through the house, kicking at crack vials as he went, he told his companions, "We cannot realistically point the finger of blame at foreign countries for failing to stop drug production if we cannot even control apartment buildings that the city owns and manages." He cited Police Department records in which seventy-eight city-owned buildings between 112th and 154th Streets on the West Side of Manhattan were identified as known drug locations. In many of them, Stein pointed out, there was no question that they were open for business: the city didn't even bother to keep locks on their front doors.

WHEN the Mayor is taking a strong stand on critical developments in foreign places and denouncing other political leaders for not resolving them in what he considers to be the appropriate way, he speaks with deep anger and passion. Back at City Hall, confronted by something that has gone wrong here, he often responds with a curious air almost of detachment. Last month, a three-year-old boy living in a welfare hotel in the East Twenties, where hundreds of other families live, was scalded to death by his mother. There had been charges of child abuse brought against

HOMES & ESTATES



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the family in the past, and the child had been put in a foster home. Last year, however, he was returned to his parents after the city failed to refile charges and promised a Family Court judge to supervise the situation carefully. City caseworkers did not do so, because of what the head of Koch's Human Resources Administration described as "improper" processing of the case. Asked about the matter on a local television show late in March, the Mayor said that "the caseworkers failed in their responsibilities" and that the death was "the result of human error"—taking no apparent note of the fact that the human was an employee of his administration.

The Inner Circle lyrics holding that corruption at the Koch City Hall was anything but a thing of the past were borne out when, on February 17th, five city housing supervisors were charged with taking bribes and rigging bids on city contracts, and Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau described corruption as "a pervasive problem" in the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development. Then, on March 24th, Andrew Maloney, the United States Attorney for the Eastern District, announced the arrest of twenty-eight current and former inspectors for the city's Health Department, who were charged with taking payoffs from restaurants in return for certificates declaring them safe to eat in. Their annual take had been several times their salaries, according to Maloney, and the local head of the F.B.I., which had led the investigation, said, "The restaurant owners dreaded to see them driving up in Cadillacs and wearing Rolex watches." In the last three years of the Koch administration, the *Times* account noted, "Other agencies in which officials or large numbers of employees have been accused of extortion include the Parking Violations Bureau, the Housing Authority, the Department of Environmental Protection, the Department of General Services, the Board of Education, and the Taxi and Limousine Commission." The Mayor was quoted as saying of the Health Department arrests, "I wasn't shocked when I was told." A *Newsday* editorial observed, "Undoubtedly an honest comment, but somehow all the more troubling for that. . . . This city corruption scandal . . . is no media hype. . . . It's real, it's repellent, and its full extent may not ever be known."

A popular politician can usually count on being invited just about anywhere he wants to go, so the failure to ask the Mayor to attend one press conference last month seemed an odd lapse. On March 7th, Senator Alfonse D'Amato, Queens Representative Thomas Manton, Rudolph Giuliani, the United States Attorney for the Southern District, and Phil Caruso, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, held a press conference at the P.B.A. offices, across from City Hall. The three politicians had announced that they were declaring a new war on drugs, which would include a demand for the death penalty for the drug-related killing of a policeman. The Mayor, who is certainly an advocate of a war on drugs and of the death penalty, found out about the meeting and came anyway. After he left, Manton, a onetime policeman and former member of the City Council, who, like D'Amato and Caruso, has been a strong supporter of the Mayor over the years, discussed an interview he had given a month earlier to John A. Toscano, the editor of the *Western Queens Gazette*. He had said then that he thought Koch should "think long and hard about seeking a fourth term." Koch, he said, "may have worn out his welcome." Koch had been "a good cheerleader in the early days," said Manton. "He should leave 'em laughing." The Queens congressman mentioned what he said was Koch's poor record of race relations in the city, and his increasing inability to get along with other elected city officials. "Perhaps it may be we need a quieter, more consistent approach to the city's affairs," he said. After the meeting at the P.B.A. offices, however, Manton reported that though he had been "beating the bushes," he hadn't yet found anybody who was ready to take the Mayor on. "Money talks. Money is everything," Manton commented later that month when asked who would win the Democratic Presidential nomination. And, in 1985, Koch was able to raise seven million dollars for his winning mayoral race. "He may win next year by default," said Manton. Despite the raucous lines about the Mayor in the Inner Circle show urging his fellow-citizens to "throw him out, out, out," few New Yorkers were laying large bets against Koch's being sworn in as mayor once again—if so, he would surely come back as himself.

—Andy Logan

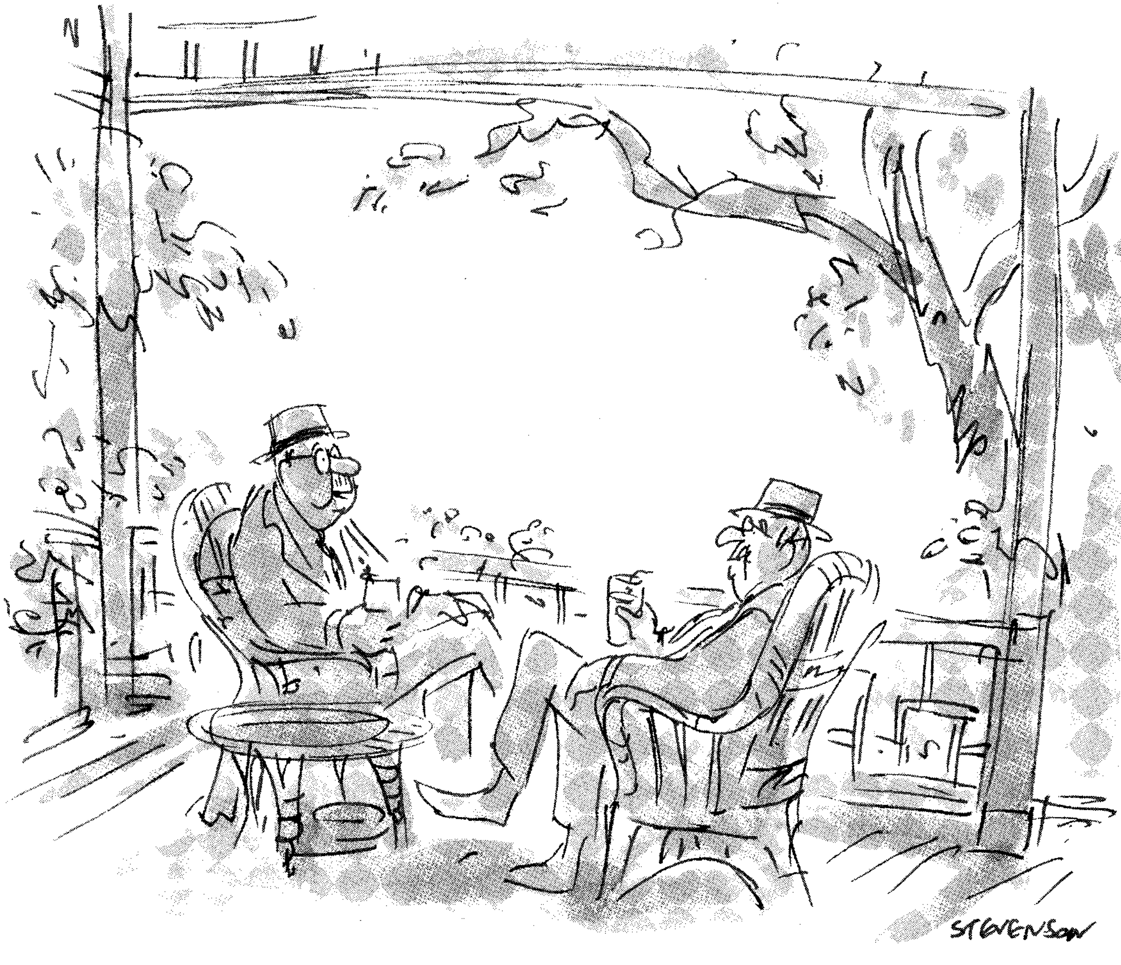
BOOKS

Dynasty

IN the opening pages of "A Renaissance Tapestry: The Gonzaga of Mantua" (Harper & Row; $22.50), the author, Kate Simon, gets off the train in Mantua and strolls the city's streets and squares. This ambling introduction foreshadows Ms. Simon's achievement: her book is an all-inclusive tour of four extraordinary centuries conducted at an easy tempo by an unpretentious, friendly, knowledgeable guide. The Gonzaga ruled Mantua from 1328 to 1707, and their rise, heyday, and decline epitomize Italy's history during that time. The Gonzaga's main business was war and politics, but they were also patrons. They sat for Leonardo and Titian, hired Mantegna as their court painter, Rubens as their court copyist, and Monteverdi as their court composer. Castiglione served as their ambassador to the Papacy, and Brunelleschi designed the dikes and canals that irrigated their farms. The Gonzaga missed out on Palestrina, who wouldn't leave Rome, and Galileo, who wouldn't agree on salary, but until the very last few, feeble rulers the family displayed an astonishing eye for talent, even while their attention was fixed on holding power. One way that Ms. Simon keeps us from feeling buffeted or surfeited by Gonzaga battles, murders, and sudden deaths is to alternate chapters of chronological narrative and brief essays she calls "Interludes." The interludes dilute the melodrama of Renaissance history and amplify certain aspects of the Gonzaga's world—the gentle and foresighted educational ideas of their famous tutor, Vittorino da Feltre (1378-1446), for instance. Both parts of this intelligent organization benefit from Ms. Simon's discreet, silky prose, which carries an enormous weight of information without lapsing into ponderousness.

We first encounter the Gonzaga when Ms. Simon, on her stroll, leads us to the Piazza Sordello, where they had their town house, a five-hundred-room ducal palace. Its oldest section is a medieval fortress, the stronghold of the Bonacolsi family until Ascension Day, 1328, when the Gonzaga and their supporters turned out in force, killed the Bonacolsi, and moved in. Like many other medieval cities, Mantua was, in theory, a self-governing commune, and, in theory, the Bonacolsi had merely been the commune's elected captains. The Gonzaga maintained the fiction of Mantuan self-government until the reign of Ludovico (1412-78), who acceded in 1444. His father had bought the title of marquis from the Holy Roman Emperor in 1433; the fifth marquis, Federico (1500-40), bought the title of duke in 1530. The Gonzaga worked as professional warriors even after they became the lords of Mantua. Down to the reign of Guglielmo (1538-87), they hired themselves out as condottieri, serving richer rulers in the wars of each against all that make up the history of the Italian city-states. The Gonzaga needed money, for Mantua's territory, hemmed in by Venice and Milan, was small. It was fertile, however, and the Gonzaga cared for and improved the land. They were innovative husbandmen; even their hobby, horse breeding, turned a profit. And they diligently built up the city. Francesco Gonzaga (1366-1407) welcomed nobles, merchants, and Jews, and imported Flemish craftsmen to found Italy's first tapestry industry. Mantua had always produced wool; the Gonzaga planted mulberry trees, and it became famous for silk.

The Gonzaga's amenities multiplied with their wealth. In 1349, when they entertained Petrarch, Ms. Simon notes, their furniture was sparse and their mattresses were straw; by



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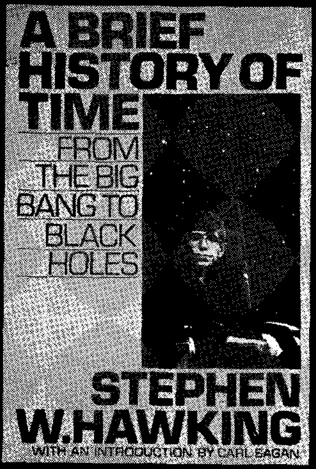
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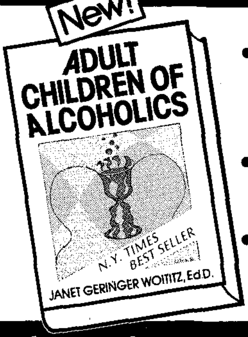

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1459, when they were hosts of a conclave called by the Pope, their mattresses were down, their sheets linen or silk. The Gonzaga aimed not at mere comfort or luxury but at ostentation. Ms. Simon reminds us that for the Renaissance "show was power," and the Gonzaga's show became the wonder of Europe. Their display was by no means limited to fine art. Their clothes were gaudy, their jewels flashy, their dwarfs the smallest they could find.

Ms. Simon quotes Giuseppe Coniglio, a twentieth-century historian, summing up the Gonzaga character: "The cynicism, the indifference, and the lack of scruples attributed to the first Gonzaga belonged to the group." When the Gonzaga were on the way up, these qualities rarely failed them; the Gonzaga on the way down were so ineffectual that one is tempted to suspect a genetic falling off. Ms. Simon tells us that Paola Malatesta, who married Gianfrancesco Gonzaga (1395-1444), bequeathed a tendency to deformity, and that Federico (1441-84) and Guglielmo were hunchbacks, like Richard III. Conceivably, the later Gonzaga were debilitated by syphilis, which made an explosive appearance in European history among the French soldiers at Naples in 1495. Ms. Simon surmises that the "lack of quality in body, mind, and spirit" of the penultimate Gonzaga, Carlo II (1629-65), "might have been attributable to congenital syphilis." By his time, however, Gonzaga grandeur had faded, for the world had changed in ways that earlier Gonzaga had not foreseen.

In 1453, the Turks captured Constantinople, and in 1492 Columbus discovered America. The Gonzaga responded to these events—for one thing, they began collecting American curiosities—but they could not anticipate the rise of an Atlantic world at the expense of the Mediterranean. The fifteenth-century event whose perils the Gonzaga and other Italian rulers should have anticipated was Milan's invitation to France to join in an attack on Naples. After the French invaded, in 1494, Italy became a battleground for powers—France, Spain, and the Holy Roman Empire—that no Italian city-state could match. Lorenzo de' Medici had hoped for joint action by Italian states, but after his death, in 1492, the magnates went back to fighting each other. They were convinced that they could outwit the kings and emperors who descended on the peninsula, and manipulate them for their own local purposes.

The Gonzaga and their rivals suffered from cultural arrogance. Ms. Simon quotes Machiavelli's account of his exchange with Cardinal Rohan in "The Prince": when the Frenchman said that the Italians did not understand war, Machiavelli replied that the French did not understand politics. But Italian politics were a collection of dirty tricks for immediate advantage, without any regard for the long term. The last Gonzaga was expelled from his duchy by the Hapsburgs for siding with the Bourbons in the War of the Spanish Succession.

Ms. Simon's thoughtful details suggest that the "barbarians" may have inadvertently nourished the Italians' unrealistic and overweening self-esteem by their admiration for Italy's artistic achievements, but she does not deliver a sermon. Her narrative poise also eschews the "gee whizz" wonderment that often addles writers about the Renaissance. Her book is simply accurate, and its unargumentative precision demonstrates that—at this moment in history, anyhow—the Italian Renaissance has lost some of its appeal. What earlier historians celebrated as the Renaissance's liberation of the individual now looks like a dedication to the self—and a self defined very narrowly, rarely extending beyond one's own skin. There is very little "natural" affection in this volume. In the fourteenth century, Francesco and Ludovico Gonzaga, two younger sons, killed their older brother, the heir; then Ludovico killed Francesco and, in 1369, inherited Mantua. This Ludovico's son, another Francesco, found, after a change of regime in Milan, that his wife had become politically inconvenient; he trumped up a charge of adultery and beheaded her. A century later, the scenario almost repeated itself; the fratricide failed, but the uxoricide succeeded. Here Ms. Simon reminds us that Gonzago is the name of the murdered duke in the play within a play in "Hamlet." Of the antagonism between a later set of Gonzaga, a father and son, she remarks, "The hatred was monumental, in the larger-than-life Renaissance style, as reflected for us in plays like 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'King Lear.' "

Was there any love at all? Well, several Popes loved their families, a few Gonzaga rulers loved their mistresses, and some Gonzaga mothers doted on their sons. Three Gonzaga women—Isabella d'Este, Maria Gonzaga, and Isabella Clara of Hapsburg—acted as regents, but their sons grew up ungrateful or incompetent, or both. With the disappearance of hereditary rule, that kind of mother-son relation has ceased to exist, though in Racine's depiction of Agrippina and Nero in "Britannicus" one can still feel its tragic possibilities. These Gonzaga mothers are not quite tragic, but the once glamorous, always greedy old Isabella d'Este becomes pathetic when her adored son turns her out of the rooms she decorated in her youth.

Ms. Simon describes some likable people, but they never wielded power. Perhaps because we seek principles of social integration, we are alert to the political incoherence that devotion to self-interest produced in the Gonzaga's Italy. No self had any reason to trust any other. Ms. Simon mentions that in "The Courtier" Castiglione brings up in a gingerly way the situation of a courtier who serves an evil prince, but he does not dare explore the conflict between the courtier's self-interest (holding his job) and honorable behavior (leaving it). Castiglione refers fatalistically to Fortune, as, of course, does Machiavelli—a passivity that suggests despair about the intellect, and about man's ability to control his circumstances. Ms. Simon here and there alludes to the beginnings of science, which in time helped man master the world, at least in part, and replaced reliance on Fortune with rational thought, but the rulers of Renaissance Italy, telling each other lies no one believed and making alliances no one kept, were shrewd but not rational. If the twentieth century has suffered from too much selflessness—our devotion to such causes as nationalism, Communism, Fascism, and religious faith has piled up massacres almost beyond our comprehension—the Gonzaga and their contemporaries show the drawbacks of the other extreme.

The Gonzaga treasures that were portable were dispersed by sale and plunder, with the happy result, Ms. Simon says, that almost every first-rate museum in the world owns a work that once belonged to them, and museumgoers of every nationality can puzzle over the aesthetic sensibilities of these violent and vainglorious connoisseurs. It is difficult to imagine that they saw their art as we see it. Mantua, founded by the Etruscans, has

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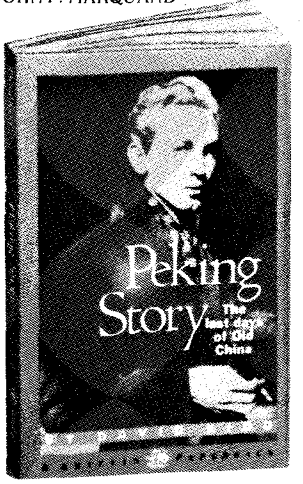

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become again what it was at the time Virgil was born nearby—a market town for farmers. In Mantua, the Gonzaga legacy, Ms. Simon discovers, is more splendid architecture than the present municipality can quite afford to maintain. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FIFTH CHILD, by Doris Lessing (Knopf; $16.95). Harriet and David Lovatt are a young English couple who are fiercely committed to the project of creating a large, happy family. To fulfill what they see as their destiny, the Lovatts steamroller relatives on both sides into providing emotional and financial support, and unlimited household help, as they produce one perfect baby after another. Obsessed and self-absorbed, they're artists of domesticity: their conviction that they're embodying a universal ideal is almost messianic, and they really seem to believe that the importance of their mission exempts them from ordinary standards of human decency. But Lessing gives them a brutally apt comeuppance: their fifth child, Ben, is a monster. Abnormally strong and totally amoral, Ben is like a throwback to some earlier stage in the development of the species, and he gradually destroys everything the Lovatts have constructed. For most of the way, Lessing's style is cool and entertainingly malicious, and the story's weird turns are never quite what we expect. The figure of Ben, which threatens to become overtly symbolic, remains suggestive and ambiguous—until, unfortunately, the very last pages, when the author seems to give the terrible child a too specific (and faintly reactionary) meaning, and nearly wrecks her own creation.

GENERAL

MUCH DEPENDS ON DINNER, by Margaret Visser (Grove; $19.95). Mrs. Visser, a Canadian born in South Africa and educated in France, invites us here to sit down to a carefully calculated but more or less conventional meal: corn on the cob with salt and butter, chicken with rice, lettuce with a dressing of olive oil and lemon juice, and ice cream. She then examines the nature, the history, the mythology, the nutritive value, and the methods of producing and preparing her nine selected foods. The result is an absorbing and instructive and increasingly depressing and even horrifying history of the human race. The horror is chiefly American and chiefly the work of science and technology in the employ of agribusiness, with its tireless debasement of the processes of nature in the name of volume and profit, its legions of "pesticides, chemical additives, colouring agents, shape-holding powders, mouth-feel enhancers, artificial flavours, and shelf-prolongers."

ELVIS PRESLEY BOULEVARD, by Mark Winegardner (Atlantic Monthly Press; $7.95, paper). In 1984, the author talked his friend Bob into travelling with him to some well-known American tourist spots: Graceland; Ruby Falls, Tennessee; New Orleans; Las Vegas. They go in Bob's 1968 Chevrolet Impala, which Bob (like the author, a graduate writing student at Miami University, in Oxford, Ohio) has given a Spanish name meaning "garbage heap." They visit the Stars Over Gatlinburg Wax Museum, in Gatlinburg, Tennessee; they see Ruby Falls ("the color of a hothouse tomato"); drink with "Navy burrheads" in Pensacola; learn the name of Elvis's everyday-china pattern (Buckingham) on a tour of Graceland; meet a group of ham-radio operators at the top of the Sears Tower, in Chicago; and watch a Thompson Twins rock video with the author's grandmother, in Tucson. Bob keeps track of every pecan log and cup of coffee he buys in a red Leatherette account book. And both he and the author appreciate "free entertainment," particularly the kind that tourist gift shops offer: "Only the most insufferable highbrow could deny the pleasure to be had in running one's hands through a box of rubber jumping frogs with Elvis tattoos on their bellies."

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the London Guardian]

SIR,—Full frontal nudity (Arts Guardian, January 20) may be all right for those who start the day with bacon and sausage, but if the most you can face at 7.15 am is toast and tea, the sight of all that meat is unnerving.

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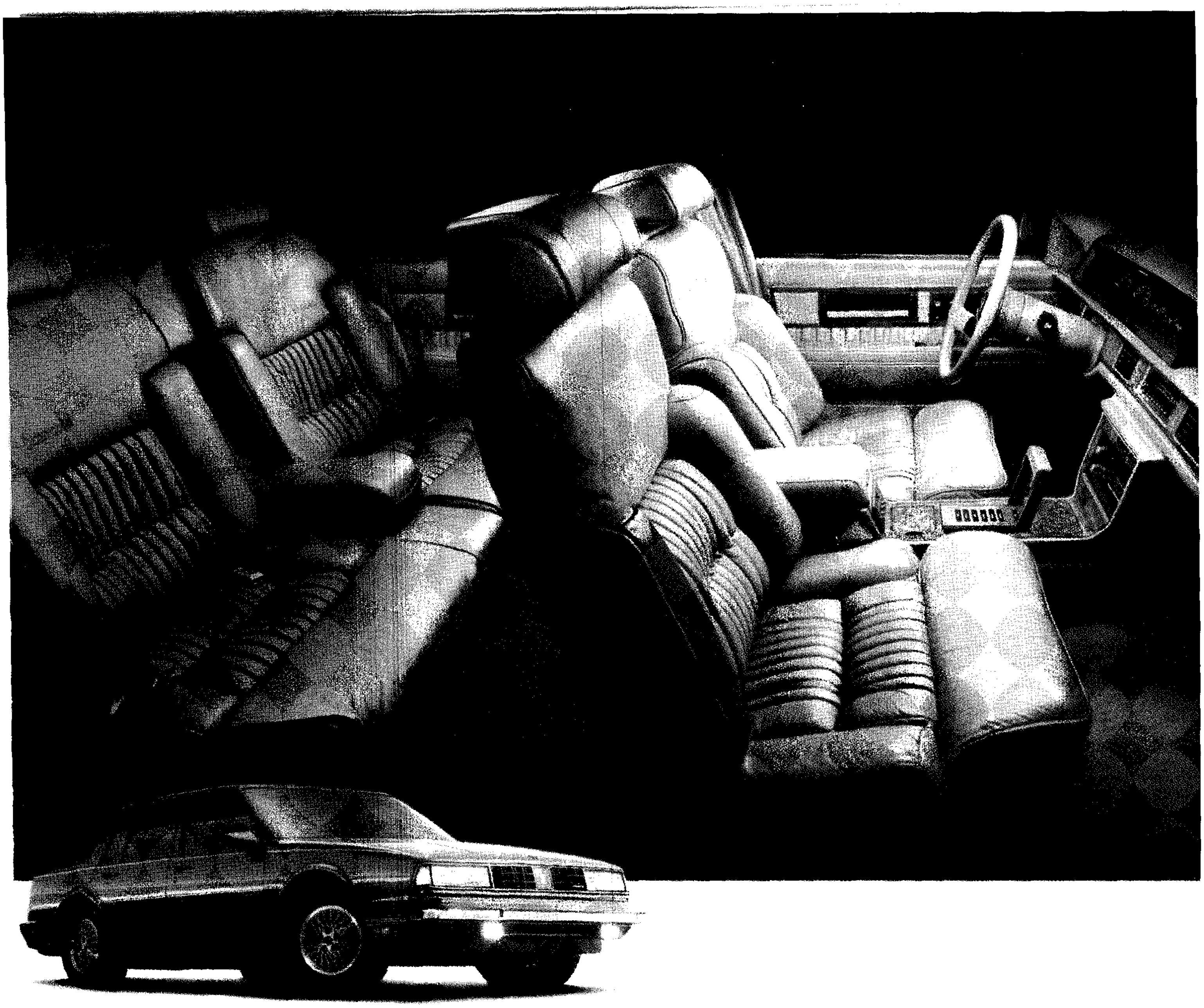

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An eight-hour process using iron blowing rods and tongs, pearwood molds, stone cutting wheels,

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and other tools so well adapted to their tasks that time has suggested few improvements.
It's quite a contrast to the soulless way other crystal is churned out by industrial robots.
And if one day you find yourself in the town of Waterford, we invite you to come by and watch us ply our craft.

WATERFORD
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.

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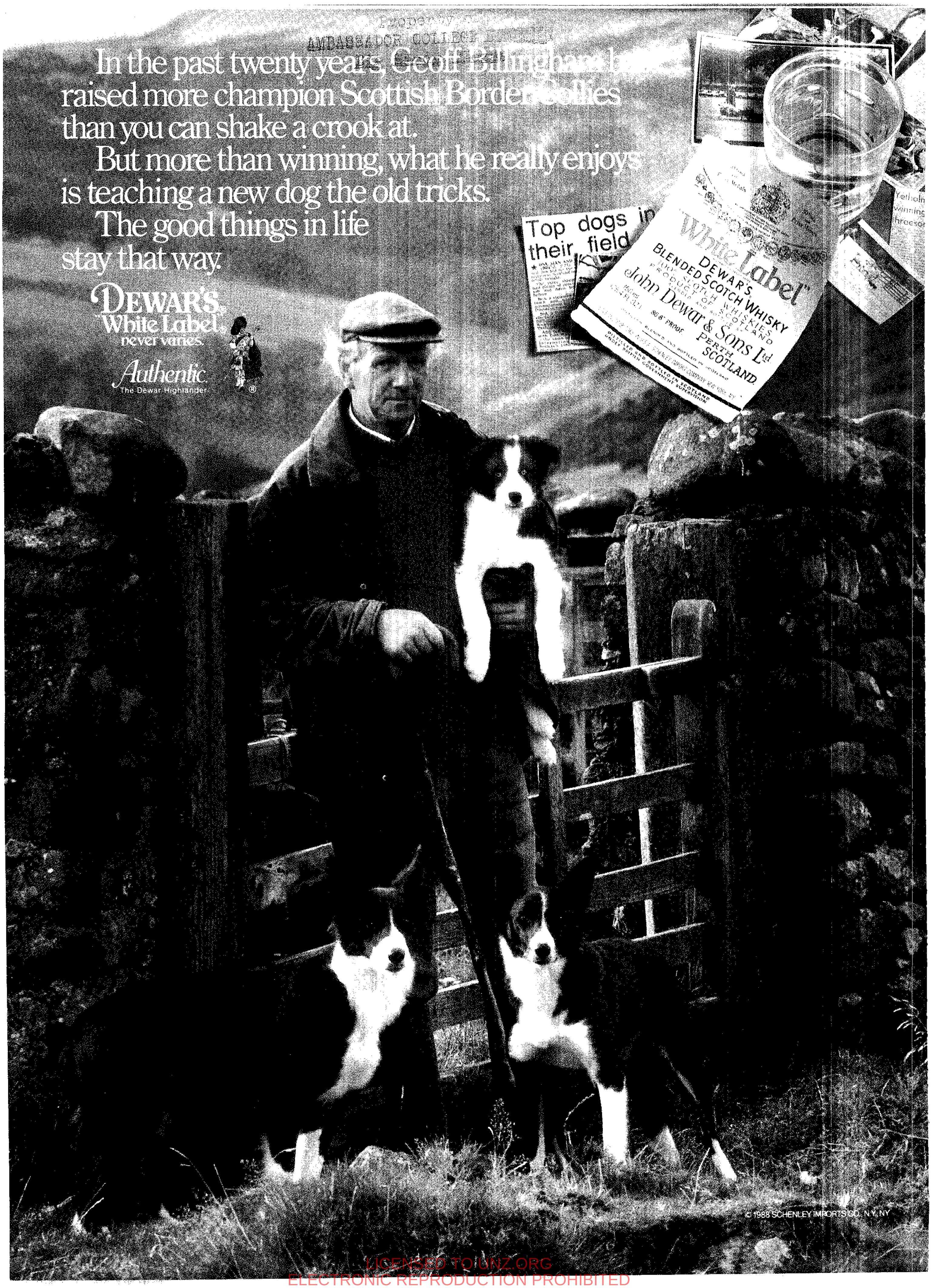

In the past twenty years, Geoff Billingham has raised more champion Scottish Border Collies than you can shake a crook at.

But more than winning, what he really enjoys is teaching a new dog the old tricks.

The good things in life
stay that way.

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